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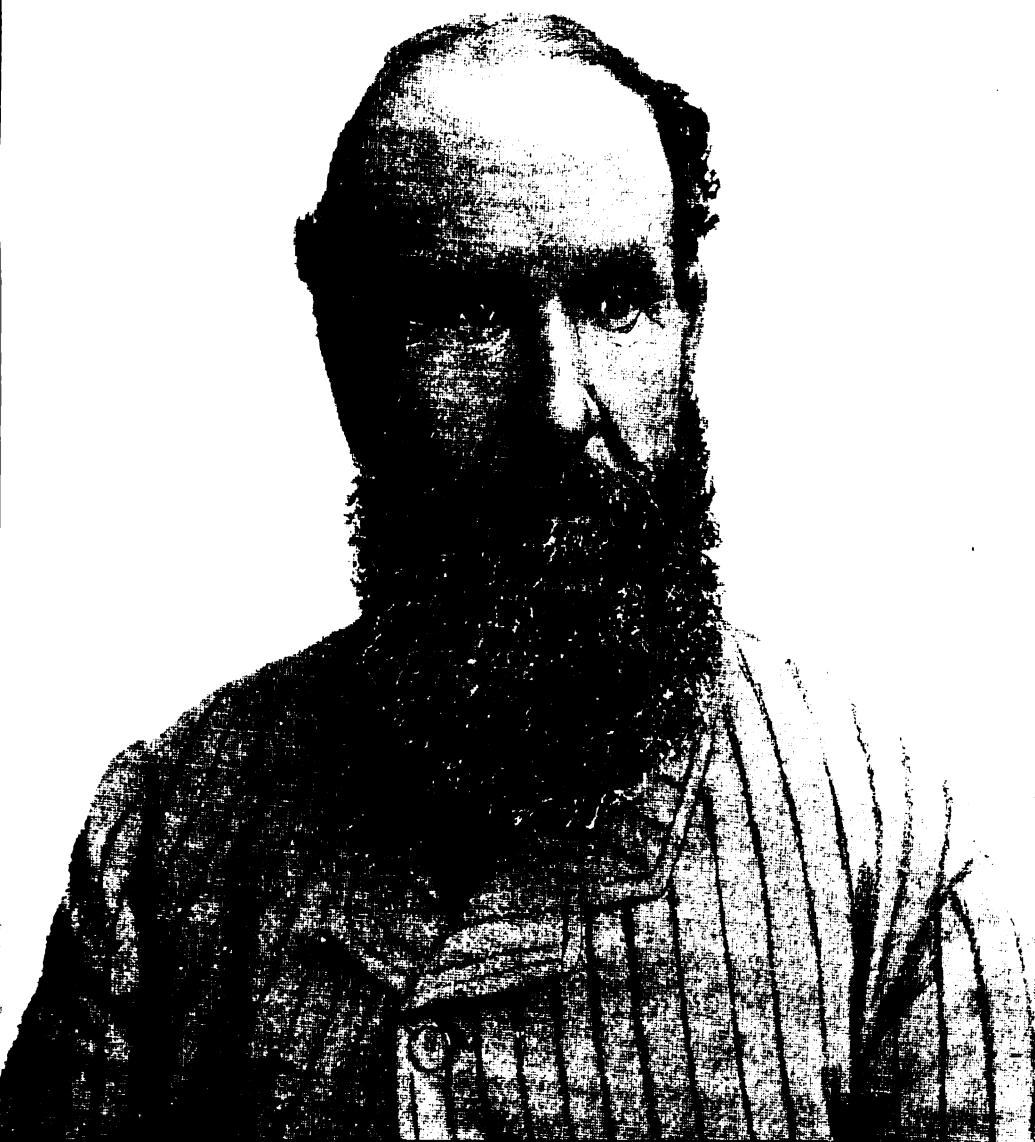
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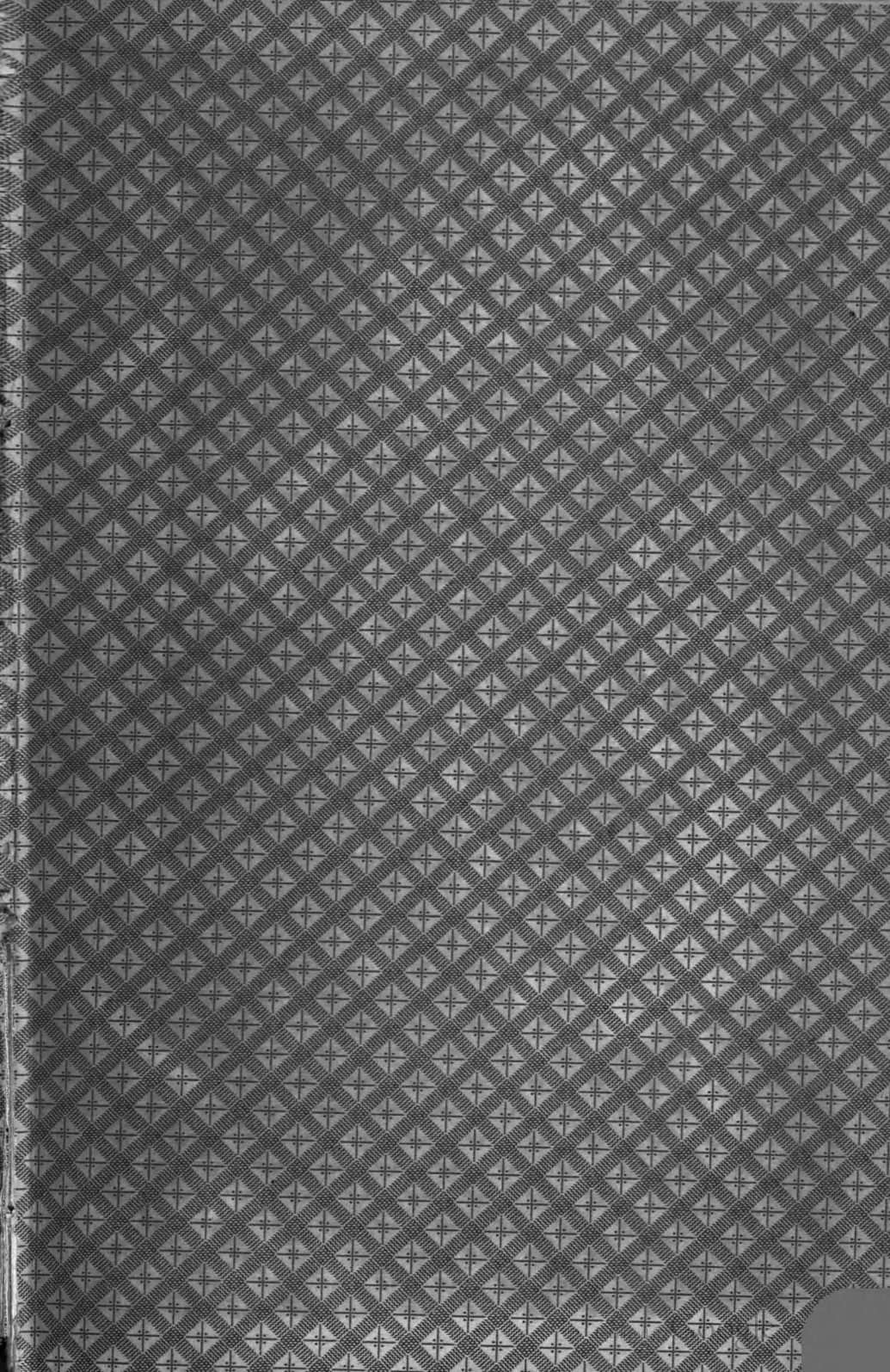


Echoes from Coondambo

Robert Bruce

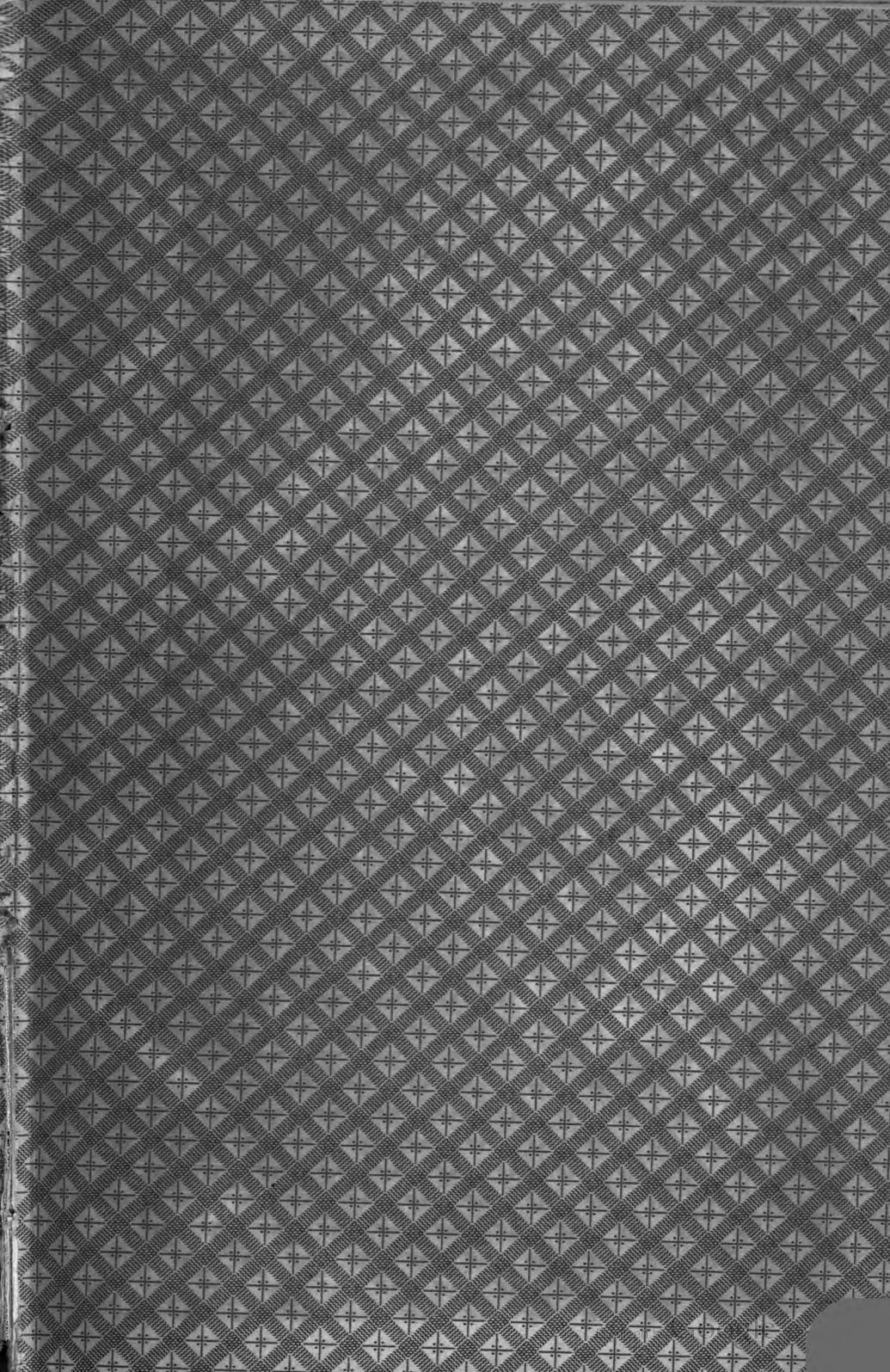
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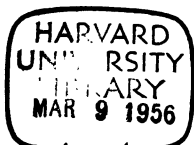
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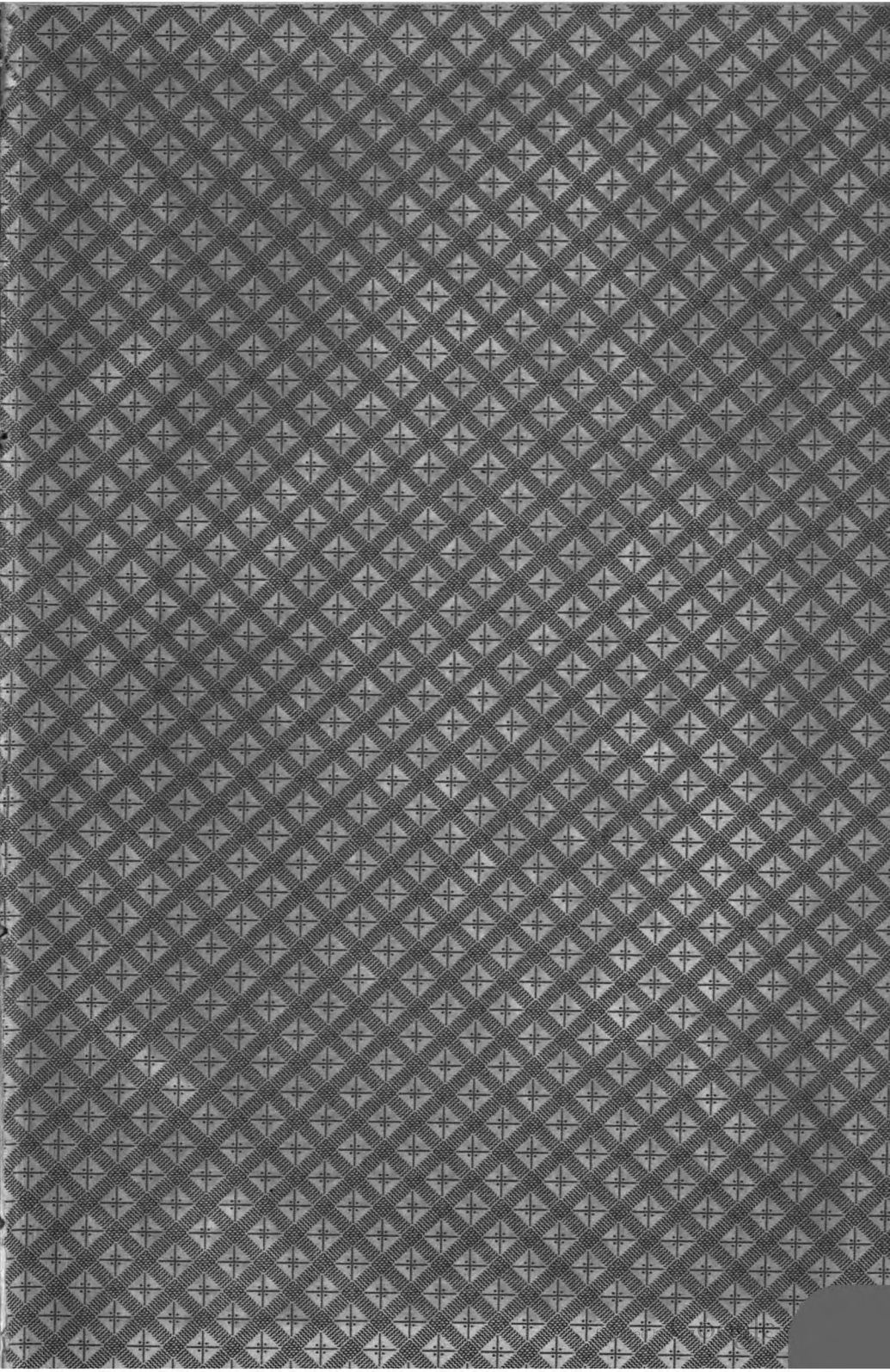
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ECHOES FROM COONDAMBO.

BY

ROBERT BRUCE, of

Waltham, S.A.

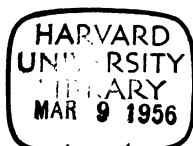
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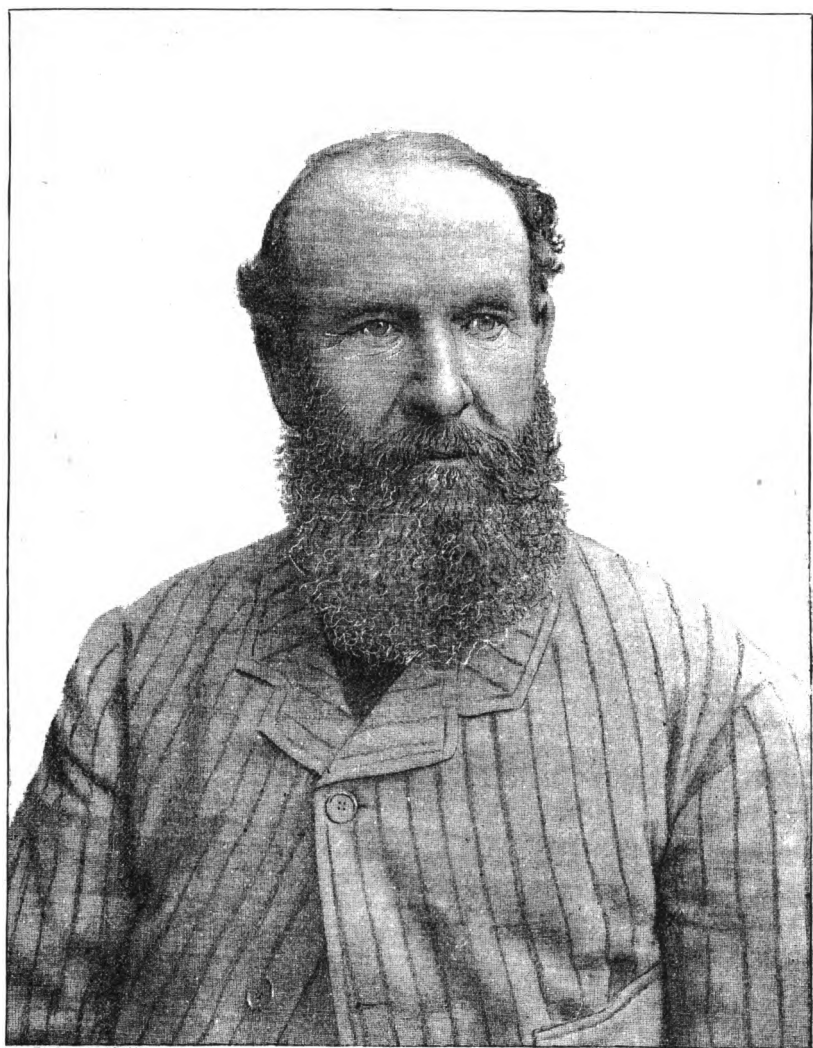
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Thapleigh



FREARSON'S PROCESS

Yours truly
Rob. Bruce

DEDICATION.



THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO
MY WIFE,
AS THE TRUEST FRIEND I POSSESS.

ROBT. BRUCE.

November, 1893.

PREFACE.

MY DEAR READER—

The miscellaneous poems and rhyming sketches I now present to your notice have nearly all appeared before, either in newspaper or book form, and I therefore have named the present volume "Echoes from Coondambo." I may say that I have crossed the Equator five times in sailing vessels—in three instances before the mast—and six times in steamers, and I have been engaged in squatting pursuits for thirty-five years, twenty-nine of which I have lived in the back bush of South Australia, so that whatever poetic merit the verses may or may not possess, they are at least the outcome of my own actual observation and experience. As one critic, in his review of my first book, published some years ago, said I had modelled the "Last Voyage of the London" upon Falconer's "Shipwreck," and that I had striven to imitate Bret Harte and Joaquim Miller, let me here say that I have never read Falconer's poem, nor have I ever seen Joaquim Miller's works; furthermore, I have read but very few of Bret Harte's poems, and I am modest enough to believe that no one can flatter me so much as to establish a similarity between their rhymes and mine. Since I commenced writing verse I have never had any volumes of poetry to which I could refer, save the "Ingoldsby Legends," "Tom Hood," and Brunton Stephens's "Godolphin Arabian," consequently, if I have unconsciously imitated any poets, they would be Scott, Byron, or Pope, my favorite authors when I was a young man, or one of the three authors previously mentioned. I have learnt that my sea and bush pieces are great favorites with sailors and bushmen who have read them, and who *can* recognise their truthful description, yet have not the critical ear to detect their literary shortcomings. Trusting you may find something to interest you in "Echoes from Coondambo,"

I am, &c.,

ROBT. BRUCE.

Coondambo, November 16, 1893.

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ECHOES
FROM
COONDAMBO.

DROUGHT.

My doleful theme is long protracted drought,
 That robs the landscape of its verdant charms,
 The anxious squatter of his nightly sleep,
 His flocks of life ; that swells his overdraft,
 Till, like invading host, it sweeps away
 His cash, his credit, all his dreams of wealth,
 And with them, too, a crowd of venal friends ;
 And leaves him stranded on life's shore a wreck !

Fled is the winter, fled its fruitful rains,
 That for a season all too brief, had made
 The face of Nature—erst so brown and parched—
 A pleasant picture, bright with varied tints
 Of luscious leafage, and the modest flowers,
 Which bloom not ev'ry year, but only when
 The clouds are most propitious ; gleaming gold,
 Pink, bronze, and blue, with crisp and glist'ning white ;
 These were their colors, which are faded now
 With advent of the spring ; its scorching winds
 And cloudless skies, too bright, have dried the soil,
 And robbed the plants of sustenance, yet still
 The everlastings rustle in the wind
 Like spectres sad of happy days and flowers.

Farewell to winter ! to the songs of birds !
 To lambs' blithe gambols ; to the snort and play
 Of wanton steeds, that, quite forgetting toil,
 And past starvation, o'er the plains career

With thunder-waking hoofs and straining nerves—
 In strength's elation—for the leadership !
 So healthy boys, by pedagogue released,
 Impetuous race across the village green.
 Oblivious now to all their troubles pass'd,
 And with no thought for troubles yet to come.
 Pass'd is the busy shearing time ; dispersed
 The roving band of shearers, who have gone,
 Like migratory birds, to regions south,
 Where still the spring *is* spring, in garb of green,
 Refreshed by Heaven's sweet rain, which *there* descends
 With each revolving year ; where grows the vine,
 And yields its clusters to the vintner's press ;
 Where wheat fields wave, where Sabbath bells are heard,
 And gardens flourish, boasting scent and bloom
 E'en in the year's hot prime. With shearers go
 The active rouseabouts, who fill'd the shed
 With all unwilling sheep ; who roll'd and press'd
 The woolly harvest from the eager shears,
 And fill'd the bales for market. Gone the teams,
 Whose bells made musical the frosty nights,
 In which their owners' camp fires brightly blazed
 By sheltered nooks, beneath the whispering trees,
 Which told strange stories to each passing wind.
 And now, except for sheep-dogs' lusty bark,
 The station slumbers in its normal calm.

As deepens fast the landscape's sober grey,
 Evanishes the glad exuberance
 Of animated nature ; fresh shorn sheep
 Once more to trough and waterhole repair
 To quench the thirst dry provender and heat
 Engenders in their vitals—thirst that now
 Will, as Sol's heat increases, still increase,
 And dwell with them till copious rain shall fall.

November passes, but without the floods
 That sometimes then from thunder clouds descend
 To fill the waterholes, which winter's rains,
 Too slowly, gently falling failed to do.
 And so all stock must to the wells repair
 To drink, as did the thirsty flocks of old,
 When Isaac served with Laban to obtain
 The fair Rebecca, and the weak-eyed Leah.
 Thus weeks glide by, the while a few stray clouds
 From time to time the firmament invade,

To vanish as they form, but, save the shade
 So pleasant, yet so transient, nothing give
 To satisfy the craving of the earth
 For one deep draught of all-reviving rain.

Now kindly Christmas comes to hold his court,
 'Midst sultry glare and ever-present heat ;
 But still the rites to him are duly paid,
 Though absent all are blazing fires, the snow,
 And joyous music of the chimes, which tell
 Of peace and gladness from the steeples high
 Of dear old England's churches. In their stead
 Are cloudless skies, a flood of solar heat
 Pervading all things ; doors and windows thrown
 To utmost wideness zephyrs to admit,
 Which bear no coolness on their viewless wings,
 Yet still by breathing on sweat-deluged skins
 Aid those refrigerators ; bring pure air
 To wellnigh fainting souls, which persevere
 In urging their perspiring frames to take
 In such a store of luscious Christmas lading
 That they themselves, though lurking in odd corners,
 Must near be crowded out. And then the tea,
 Hot, black, and sweetened till the spoon nigh stands
 Supported by the *fluid*. Now they pour
 Libations—save the mark !—down gullets which
 Have limitless capacities. But now,
 Is it not Christmas ? Shall the trifling heat—
 Some ten above the hundred in the *shade*—
 The cricket match delay ? No ! Pitch the wickets
 Out on the station flat, its dust and lumps
 Will make things lively ; those old tins will do !
 Now choose the sides, and if some oily stains
 Where fat men stand at eventide shall mark
 The places where they melted, be it so ;
 For Englishmen *must* play the game of cricket,
 Or, like great heroes, perish i' the attempt !

In January, with its length of day
 And fierce o'ermastering heat, the whirlwinds stalk
 Like slim, majestic giants, o'er the plain,
 All undisturbed by winds, which slumber then,
 But wake anon, and in a furious mood
 Pelt earth and sky with suffocating dust—
 As did the hand "Kihama." All things here
 Are sufferers alike ; the wretched sheep

Crowd, with their heads hung down, their shadows cast
 Upon their vile assailants, breathing dust,
 Like caravan beset by dread simoon ;
 The waterdrawer plods along the path
 Beside his oxen doggedly, until,
 By dust and sweat begrimed, his rugged face
 Assumes a mask of mud, while with it too
 His eyes, his ears, his nostrils, and his lungs
 Are filled to overflowing, and his beard,
 Earth'd up to half its depth, becomes a mat
 Would need a hoe to free it ; ropes of mud
 Hang from the muzzles of his wretched beasts,
 Which he perforce must drive ; their smarting eyes,
 Heaped round about with mud, distil great tears,
 Which overflow their dams and trickle down
 Upon their dusty cheeks. The traveller,
 Loaded with blanket and with water-bag,
 Fights grimly with the dust and scorching wind
 To gain the station, cursing inwardly
 The country, and the fate which brought him here.
 The squatter, too, who sits with pipe in mouth
 And watches listlessly the smoke that curls
 And eddies in the dust which fills his room,
 Thinks sadly of the saltbush, all defiled
 And nauseous to his stock till cleansed again
 By water from the clouds—and so with all,
 Who long for sundown, when the dust will cease !

The squatter sees each hope of rain dispell'd
 With anxious mind, for, though not lean his stock,
 The feed grows scanty, and remote from wells,
 Round which now cluster, from the early morn
 To dewless eve, his heat-vex'd flocks, which drink,
 And drink, and drink again with sateless thirst
 Of dipsomaniac for stronger liquor !

In February, gasps the thirsty earth
 For needful moisture with unnumbered mouths,
 Which but inhale caloric ! Oft at morn,
 At eve, and midnight hour the eager eyes
 Of anxious mortals scan the heavens to find
 Some hope-inspiring portents. Ah ! *at last*
 They see vast whirling clouds, their forms surcharged
 With electricity, whose baleful fires
 Dart earthward, like keen javelins of flame
 Hurl'd by a vengeful God at subjects who

Against him have rebelled ; his awful voice,
 Stupendous in its volume, following
 In dread denunciation ! And in wrath
 Must be the ruler of the universe.
 For, save some scatter'd drops which from them fall,
 He seals the clouds, and sends his stormy winds
 To hurry them, like fugitives, away.

With March come longer nights, but still the sun,
 In last expiring effort to maintain
 The southern summer in her fiery throne,
 Shines with a heat supreme ; while round the trough
 The sheep—fast failing—seek by liquid aid
 To stay the pangs of hunger and of thirst,
 Till, when at sundown they set off to seek
 The distant acrid bush, they scarce can bear
 The loads of water which distend their sides
 And make them look like animated casks !
 The horses, too, that for the last half-mile
 Of their long journey from the far off grass,
 Get up an eager canter to attain
 The troughs the sheep are leaving, showing thus
 Their osseous formation, while their flanks,
 Tuck'd in by two days' absence from the well,
 Show like depleted purses. Now they drink,
 And seem to fatten as the fluid finds
 Its way into their stomachs. Will they cease
 While whole integrity their skins maintain ?
 Or will they burst like over-charged retorts,
 And flood the dusty plain ? Ah ! see, they take
 Their muzzles from the water, stand and groan,
 Then drink again, as if those groans escaping
 Provided further space ; but all at last
 With heavy gait, like laden trains depart !

A pleasant temperature fair April brings,
 And would bring grass and herbage if the clouds
 Would be but kind, and give their liquid stores
 To penetrate the harden'd crust of earth,
 And to the germs, which lurk in buried seeds,
 Give quick vitality. But drought prevails ;
 While what, in happier times, were certain signs
 Of pluvial gifts to come now go for nought,
 And with bright hopes depart, while azure skies—
 Of evil omen here—resume their sway,
 And gird with blue undimmed the horizon ;
 Yet still, with coolness, to the stock return

Some slight activity to seek for food
 In distant places, unexplored, while heat
 And thirst in durance held them ; now they stay
 No longer at the troughs than will suffice
 To quench their thirst, then bend their eager steps
 To paddock's bounds in quest of sustenance.

Now *surely* rain will fall, for May has come—
 The month by fruitful showers so often blessed—
 But hope deferred that maketh sad the heart
 Mocks still her votaries, who only find
 Delusion in her smiles, for drops—not showers—
 Which leave no record that the gauge can mark,
 Or tinge of verdure on bare Nature's face,
 Alone descend, like messages of ill,
 To tell of cloudland's empty treasury.
 In May the mothers of the flock should give
 To hopes of future years their birth, and crown
 The squatters' expectations of fresh flocks
 To yield their yearly fleece ; but, weakly grown
 From want of proper nutriment, they lack
 The needful milk to keep in life the lambs
 That owe their lives to them, and wanting milk,
 They want in love ; so carelessly depart
 With comrade sheep, and leave their young to die
 Of hunger's pangs, or by the cruel beaks
 Of felon crows, which gaily feast on eyes
 They steal from living sockets. 'Tis a scene
 To melt the hardest heart, if yet a heart
 And not a stone holds empire in the breast !

The rainless days creep into hopeless weeks
 And winter reigns, all desolate and bare,
 For though the troughs at early morn oft show
 A film of ice, the dust is still unslaked,
 The bushes foul and sere ; while crawling sheep
 Creep in to drink, but, drinking, overload
 Their nerveless limbs, which, staggering, refuse
 To bear their heavy burthens ; hopelessly
 They lie for days—beset by cruel crows—
 And seem to pierce, with fix'd far-seeing eyes,
 That mystery to all, till grown too weak
 To offer faint resistance to the crows,
 They lose their sight and find relief in death !
 The horses too, in miserable plight,
 All masquerade in skins with shaggy hair
 They surely must have borrowed to conceal

Their too protruding bones ; the aged mares—
Which last year galloped with the heedless mob—
Now, with their starveling foals, creep out alone,
But come not back again ; the station cows,
That erst with frothing milk o'erflowed the pails,
Now roam at will, and, with their large-eyed calves,
Search day and night for scanty sustenance !

In deep'ning gloom the weary weeks drag on,
And August comes with shearing in its train,
But shearing of all fun and feasting void—
A dismal travesty on shearings past—
Few are the shearers, and the sheep they shear
Mere frames of bones enclosed in baggy skins—
Afford scant fat for pudding or for lamp,
Or carcase fit for food ; and when their wool
Is taken from them *now* their lean backs arch,
As, wanting *cud* to chew, they grind their teeth
And shiver in the wind. The teamsters' camps
Have now no tenants, yet from smould'ring fires
The night is fill'd with gleams of flick'ring flames,
And odours such as sacrificial rites
Might give in days long pass'd. To jeering crows
It is a carnival where plenty reigns,
A ghastly feast, whose president is death !

The shearing over, in the shed is piled
The season's clip, excepting some few bales,
The camel train—which brought the needful stores—
Has carried with it on its dreary march
To distant railway or the nearest port ;
The rest must stay till rain descending fills
The tanks once more, and opens up the track
Now closed to traffic save by " desert ships ! "

His cheerless home the squatter seldom quits
To visit distant portions of the run,
For nothing he can do will aught avail
To stay grim ruin's march or save the stock—
The *water* duly drawn—and then his store
Of precious horse feed *once* expended, he
Can get no more ; and so, as miser hoards
His shining gold, he hoards that precious chaff
For case of great emergency. Besides, when'er
He drives abroad his eyes encounter sights
That haunt him in his dreams, and render life
A burthen to him. Here, repulsive heap

Of ghastly rottenness, was late a horse
 No tempting price would buy ; those forms half hid
 In drifted sand, his much-prized hogget ewes ;
 His oxen also, which admiring friends
 So envied him as owning, lie beneath
 The mulgas, where they perished, those tough bezoars,
 Like skittle balls, attesting cause of death,
 Protrude from their remains. But why go on ?
One case word-painted, *thousands* are described.
 'Tis hot November, and in desperate state
 Are all the stock that still have breath of life,
 Yet want the strength of enervating heat
 To reach e'en sticks their teeth can masticate.
 When thus implacable stern Fate appears,
 Comes rescue borne on wings of scorching wind
 That nearly slays them ere it brings relief ;
 For rolling up, by that rude blast propell'd,
 A bank of ebon cloud fast mounts and spreads,
 While water-beetles speeding through the dust
 Are heralds of the storm ; the sky is rent
 By fiery coruscations ; thunder rolls,
 Great drops descend, then with pervading roar
 The rain comes down in torrents, and the drought,
 Like suffered nightmare, is a memory.



A DREAM OF THE DROUGHT.

With harassed mind I lay and thought
 On long-continued, dismal drought,
 That desolation spread
 O'er all the cheerless Western Plain,
 Whose leafless plants for want of rain
 For months had all been dead.

I thought on all my fruitless toil
 On Providence-forsaken soil ;
 I thought on prospects fair,
 Which pleased awhile my cozened sight,
 Like buoyant bubbles passing bright,
 To burst like them in air.

And so in vain I call'd on Hope,
 For far too faint was she to cope
 With Ruin grim and vast ;
 But fled away when on her ear
 Rang out his bitter mocking jeer
 From dreary howling blast,

Which, sweeping round the chinky walls
 In quick succeeding heavy squalls,
 Did clouds of dust detach
 From where it had, from day to day,
 Been gathering, in masses grey
 Amid the dry rush thatch.

I gave my mind to form some plan
 To save the stock ; but what is man
 When under God's dread frown ?
 And so I thought and thought in vain,
 Till weary grew my aching brain,
 When gentle sleep flew down,

And on mine eyelids set her seal,
 Though still my brain no rest could feel,
 For then, as if the steam
 From some unholy magic pot
 Bewitched it with its vapours hot,
 I dream'd a fearful dream.

For swift unfolding to my view
 A panoramic picture grew,
 Till spread before me lay
 The plain, with dust-clouds driving fast
 Before the ever-hissing blast,
 Against the face of day.

And silent horror shook my frame,
 For from the earth hoarse murmurs came ;
 While sandhill, tree, and rock
 All reel'd and tottered to their base ;
 Convulsed was Nature's sterile face—
 It was an earthquake's shock !

Shock followed shock, and dust-clouds grew,
 And changed from grey to pitchy hue,
 And through them lightnings burst
 To meet the flames which from the ground
 Flash'd fiercely forth through rifts profound,
 Like Tophet's fires accurs'd.

And from each blazing red abyss
 Arose a mingled roar and hiss,
 As if the fiends were risen
 In arms once more to try the might
 Of Him who drove them from His sight,
 To their eternal prison.

I heard unnumbered thunders roll
 With ceaseless crash from pole to pole,
 Above the ebon mass
 Of smoke which on the plain now fell,
 Like that might roll 'neath roof of hell—
 No cheering ray could pass.

But soon again all things did rock ;
 Three times I felt the earthquake's shock,
 And then a spire of flame
 Shot upward from the lofty Pound,
 And shed its baleful glare around,
 While molten lava came

In one terrific blood-red tide
 Of blazing billows down its side,
 And fell'd each stunted tree,
 Which flash'd with flame, and then was lost
 Beneath the flood, like snow-flake toss'd
 Into a stormy sea.

That raging torrent onward swept,
 In awful cataracts, which leap'd
 From earthquake-shaken height,
 Till s on 'twould reach the spot of ground
 Where, horror-struck, I glared around
 On that infernal sight !

But soon from that volcano vast
 A roar burst forth like cyclone blast !
 I gazed in mute amaze ;
 For there above the crater's rim
 Three fearful phantoms, huge and grim,
 Were thron'd amid the blaze

On horrible putrescent heap
 Of ghastly oxen, steeds, and sheep,
 Which well became the three,
 And oh ! they grinned with horrid mirth
 Upon the God-forsaken earth,
 And on unhappy me !

Despairing wrath within me grew,
 I questioned then that ghostly crew,
 And ask'd what they might find
 To raise their mirth ? When one and all
 Affirm'd they had since Adam's fall
 Been scourges of mankind !

That human dread was their delight,
 A trophy of their ruthless might ;
 That plagues and deadly strife,
 With flood and fire were pastimes rare
 When famine stalked with wild despair
 And all the ills of life.

And then I saw that, as they spoke,
 In flaming characters there broke
 A name upon each brow,
 At which the grimmiest cried—" Behold !
 For to *me* all the North is sold ;
 My wretched slave art thou !"

To me thou dost unwilling pay
 A teeming sacrifice each day
 Of oxen, steeds, and sheep,
 Which these, my servants good and true,
 Extort from earthworms vile, like you,
 And on mine altars heap !

And now, the sacrifice to crown,
 Thyself shall soon be stricken down—
 To me resign thy breath ;
 For tortured in that burning sea
 A prey thou shalt become to me,
 Thine enemy—King Death !

At once those characters of flame,
 To my enlightened eyes became
 An alphabet of ease,
 Which told me that the comrades dread
 Of Death were those whom Death had spread—
 Starvation and Disease !

But ah ! my anguish of despair
 Was more than mortal well might bear,
 Yet tied was limb and tongue ;
 Down roll'd that flood of roaring flame—
 Those demons' sacrifice to claim—
 It close above me hung,

And in an instant more would hide
 My calcined corpse within its tide.
 I felt its burning heat,
 Like deadly dragon's burning breath,
 My hot blood boil with blast of death,
 Yet there was no retreat.

It on me leap'd, while jibes and jeers
 From spectres three assail'd my ears,
 And startled slumber fled ;
 For with a stifled cry I woke
 To find thick dust, in place of smoke,
 In clouds above me spread.

The sweat had stream'd from ev'ry pore,
 And mud was darkly coated o'er
 My visage as I lay,
 With thicker masses round my mouth
 And smarting eyes, while burning drouth
 Had made my throat a prey.

From vessel, foul with grimy dust,
 I strove to quench the sateless thirst
 That held me in its chains,
 And wished that rain or ruin might
 Accord relief or haste my flight
 From curséd Western Plain,

Where I for weary years had toiled,
 To be in every object foiled
 By drought (that tyrant dread),
 Till, harass'd out in frame and mind,
 I curse the destiny unkind
 That here my footsteps led.

—————:o:—————

THE MUSIC OF THE RAIN.

In dear old England, long ago,
 When courting in a verdant lane,
 Methought my sweetheart's whisper low
 Was music's most delightful strain ;
 But now, in Austral desert sere,
 Where oft we woo the clouds in vain,
 The sweetest music to mine ear
 Is liquid whisper of the rain.

No other power, it seems to me,
 The harass'd mind so well relieves
 As raindrop finger'd symphony,
 The keys unnumbered thirsty leaves.
 With cadence low, like ocean's sigh,
 Begins the all-pervading strain ;
 Then swells, with loud-voiced winds to vie,
 This cheerful music of the rain.

With magic might, that monotone
 Drives haggard care in haste away,
 The squatter sees the run *his own*,
 And hosts of happy lambs at play ;
 Kind Fortune's smiles are his, he deems,
 While truant Hope returns again,
 Her whispers mingle in his dreams
 With midnight music of the rain !

THE BUSHMAN'S LAST DRUNK.

(WITH SUITABLE APOLOGIES TO E. A. POE)

On a scorching summer's morning, an old horseman, sunstroke
scorning,

Looking like a fly-hive swarming, with those insects waging war,
Reached a shanty by the roadside, round which careless hands
had strew'd wide

Broken bottles by the broadside, empty bottles by the score,
Bottles that had done their duty to inflame a social sore—

Mute mementoes on Time's shore.

To the shanty-keeper then he handed, proudly, every penny
Of his cheque, not keeping any. "O! the boss would keep the
score"—

And the landlord and landlady, each of reputation shady,
Smiled and smirk'd, and call'd him *Daddy*, look'd as if great love
they bore

For that frowsy, foul-mouthed fellow—love they'd lavish ever-
more,

While of coin he had a store.

"Whisky, Daddy?" "*Rare stuff* this is!" "O! it's our *shout*,
ain't it, Missis?"

"Who'd leave this for ladies' kisses?" "Here, you'd better have
some more!

Then I'll take your horse to water." "*Feed!* there's boggins in
this quarter,

Grass and saltbush! and he orter fatten round the bloomin' door."
Here the lady poured more liquor. Dad drank his—upon the
floor—

They their poison tilted o'er.

Like a corpse in close verandah, fly besprinkled, in his hand a
Dirty glass—he'd done it grand, eh?—Daddy lay upon the floor,
When the fierce sun next morn rising, all intent upon surprising
Cringing caitiffs, whose carousing had defiled the night before,
Rous'd them (swarms of flies their eyes in) just to clamour at the
door—

Parch'd and fever'd at the door!

" Roust up Dad ! come, roust up, sonny ! cause you see we've got
 no money,
 So no bloomin' score to run he won't allow us any more ;
You're a bloated money order !" Here old Dad rose, in disorder,
 And, with bummers a thick border, gained admittance at the door ;
 On the rude bar lean'd his elbow, while uprose his liquor score—

How those bummers drank and swore !

A short stage of time, the rover, during which old Dad in clover—
 That is, more than " half seas over "—has been snoring on the
 floor,
 Sees his pleasures rudely ended, for with hundred pounds
 expended,
 And his nag in pawn rescinded, his *carte blanche* to swell his score ;
 On the " high horse " is the landlord, as he growls—" You'll get
 no more !

You old *bummer*, there's the door !! !"

Poor old Dad, his pulses throbbing, beastly blue things round him
 bobbing ;
 Not a bob his ragged fob in, staggers shaking from the door ;
 Takes a blind track, wild and lonely, by the flies attended only,
 And *in propria persona* is by mortal seen no more ;
 Scared by crows, not cheer'd by clergy, seeks his soul the silent
 shore—

Seeks the unknown silent shore !



LOST.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

In summer season, in the arid North,
 The mid-day sun glares down with lurid wrath,
 From steely sky that has no fleecy speck
 Of kindly cloud the solar flood to check ;
 A burning flood of searching heat and light,
 That fries the landscape, and afflicts the sight
 Till Nature's children all too plainly tell
 Of hardship suffered 'neath grim drought's dread spell.

At mountain side, suspended, see appear
 A lovely scene portrayed in atmosphere—
 A shining lake with fringe of sombre pines,
 Its water sleeping in bright, silver'd lines;
 While round about, and backing it, are high,
 Bold timeworn cliffs, that seem to kiss the sky ;
 A picture forming, passing fair and grand,
 Like artist's dream of some enchanted land.

Like dreamland scene, that lake is an illusion,
 And, fairy like, will brook no rude intrusion,
 For, from the curious, that vision fair
 Will flee in haste and lose itself in air,
 While in its place there meets the eye instead,
 Huge sandstone rocks, all timeworn, bare, and red ;
 And sombre scrubs, which clothe the southern face
 Of lofty range, that bears the name of "Chase,"

Which here encroaches on a saltbush plain,
 Whose arid face proclaims that dew or rain
 For weary months has never fallen there ;
 While playing o'er it, in the blinding glare,
 A lesser mirage, like to water waving,
 Sends added sting to all insatiate craving
 For sparkling element in those who may
 Wander without it, and on such a day.

Deep silence reigns, like that of lonely grave,
 For zephyrs sleep and leaves forget to wave,
 Though stalking whirlwinds, their grey heads thrown high,
 Like slender smoke clouds, seek to scale the sky ;
 No living creature glads the wearied sight,
 Save where an eagle, in majestic flight,
 On buoyant pinions wheels in upper air—
 A dusky speck 'midst universal glare.

For vex'd by thirst, all else have gone to seek
 Water and shade in some umbrageous creek,
 To linger there until the sun resigns
 The crown of day, and to the west declines.
 But ah ! a fugitive invades the scene
 With hurried steps and agitated mien,
 Who, speeding onward, with suspicion peers,
 As if fierce foes around his path he fears.

A timid man, he never should have stray'd
 To bushland wild, but, satisfied, have stay'd
 In peaceful village of his native land—
 His life the care of law's far-reaching hand—
 For curlew's scream, when mingled with the breeze
 Or sighing wind, that whispers to the trees
 When darkness reigns, are to his eager ear
 Dread warning sounds, which tell of danger near.

What frenzy, then, his hind-like spirit filled
 When rumour told of comrade shepherd killed,
 By natives swart, on close adjacent run ;
 His abject fear compell'd him, ere the sun
 O'er hill-top glanced, to leave his sheep to fate.
 He slain would be if he relief should wait ;
 And so we see him, like a hunted deer,
 For safety fleeing to a station near.

But, ah ! he stops, throws troubled looks around,
 Then, panic-stricken, scans the dusty ground ;
 For now two paths his puzzled sight confuse,
 Both plainly marked, he knows not which to choose ;
 Fears either course, and yet must choose or stay,
 While abject terror will not brook delay,
 On *safety's* path he takes some hurried strides,
 But turns in haste—'tis fate for him decides !

For then, as others in like strait would do,
 He treads the path that plainest strikes the view ;

And, like the broad one, to eternal rueing,
 'Twill compass now that fugitive's undoing ;
 For does it not conduct to sterile plain
 Where nothing lives, except when heavy rain
 Has water left in surface pools to lie,
 Which summer's drought leaves deeply crack'd and dry ?

With beating heart the man pursues his way,
 In growing dread that he has gone astray,
 While agitation and the sun's fierce beams
 Wring blinding sweat from him in trickling streams ;
 He heeds not heat or densely swarming flies—
 A noxious pest which trouble mouth and eyes.
 For what discomfort can compare with fright ?
 Which dulls the senses and distracts the sight.

The path grows fainter, lesser paths again
 Diverging from it intersect the plain,
 Till even he, who reason seems to lack,
 Concludes at length that 'tis a cattle track,
 So quickly turns ; but now the path is left,
 As if of fright he had become bereft,
 Or careless grown from headlong haste and fright,
 He gives no thought to what is wrong or right.

For, heedless all of lofty landmarks round
 ('Midst barren hills which mark the landscape's bound,
 Which then might guide him to his morning's track),
 On fatal plain he hurries swiftly back ;
 Unnumber'd fears within his mind combine,
 And fate, relentless, all his steps incline ;
 He sees, yet sees not—has no power to think,
 Save of fresh fears and mad desire to drink !

To drink ! but ah ! his canteen left behind,
 Where on that plain shall he some clear pool find ?
 Where shall he run ? Where strain his eager sight ?
 'Midst stifling heat and all too brilliant light,
 Where ? Where, indeed ! for save in winding creek
 Amidst the hills need he for water seek ?
 And 'tis to creek and hills he turns his back,
 To blindly trace annihilation's track !

O ! ye who dwell in England's favored land,
 With wealth of water everywhere at hand,
 When from a fountain did ye drink with pleasure,
 And truly know the value of the treasure ?

And so with blessings, all too cheaply bought,
 Upon their worth we scarcely give a thought ;
 But let us lose them, be they ne'er so small,
 They're straightway sought, pursued, and prized by all.

'Tis so with him who pines for water now,
 Oh ! how he longs, the while he wipes his brow,
 At some clear stream to take a breathless drink,
 Compared with which e'en costly wines would sink
 In estimation, and be left until
 His thirst was banish'd at the sparkling rill ;
 For though of wine some bards the praises sing,
 The truly thirsty would *all* choose the spring !

On, on he runs, still harrassed by the flies,
 With cracking lips and smarting, sweat dimmed eyes ;
 A bitter slime pervades his gasping mouth,
 His swollen tongue and throat are rack'd with drouth ;
 While on his head—convulsed with throbbing pain—
 The sunbeams strike and seem to pierce his brain ;
 His feet are blister'd, and his state of mind
 Can by no pen or language be defined.

But soon he strikes the beaten road again,
 Where "Chase's Range" abuts upon the plain,
 Once more to trace that fatal erring track,
 Once more on plain to wander hopeless back ;
 In senseless haste he runs the fatal round,
 E'en when the sun, with golden glories crown'd,
 Sweeps, with his train of wide divergent light,
 Down in the west, and leaves his realms to night.

Exhausted, then, he sinks on glowing ground,
 And, barely breathing, marks each sylvan sound ;
 The noisy locust, shrieking in the trees,
 And dingo's howl, borne faintly on the breeze ;
 While "oolka boorachie" * hop close around,
 In friendly guise, but with peculiar sound,
 As hungry night-hawks pause awhile in flight,
 Then onward flit, like spectres of the night.

No charms for him have constellations bright,
 That grandly crown the majesty of night ;
 But through the gloom he peers, with longing eyes,
 For morning's advent in the eastern skies ;

* Oolka boorachie—kangaroo rats.

From burning eyes big tears pursue their course,
By trouble wrung from long forgotten source,
Till wearied nature can no longer keep
The fearful vigil, and he falls asleep !

Sleep ? Yes, 'tis sleep ! but of the fevered kind,
That seals the eyelids, but permits the mind
To be tormented by malicious host—
The evil genii of strange dreamland's coast—
Of varied shapes, of varied terrors, they
'Midst shades nocturnal hold their horrid sway ;
Gaunt, grinning spectres o'er the starving flit,
Vile shapes, enormous, o'er-gorged gourmands sit !

But to the man who sleeps, unhappy there,
A savage seeming all the spectres wear ;
Huge, naked blacks to him appear to rage
Round lonely hut—which is to him a cage—
For human blood, they shake their horrid spears,
While fiendish yells assail his startled ears ;
Till, ah ! a demon, darting from the band,
To dry reed-thatch applies a burning brand.

Up springs the blaze, and soon, with whirlwind roar,
Great red-tongued flames towards the heavens soar ;
Of cruel agony must be his death,
He prostrate falls 'neath conflagration's breath ;
Too great the tension on his nerves—it breaks
The awful spell—the wretched man awakes
To dread reality 'neath midnight sky,
Consum'd with thirst ; no friend or water nigh.

He sleeps no more, but strains his aching sight
For roseate rays, that herald morning's light,
O ! would that day, so long'd for, hopeward borne,
Would cheer his heart, by mental anguish torn !
Those weary hours seem lengthened into years,
Each one close crowded by a lifetime's fears ;
He deems old Time, with folded pinions, stays
His onward flight, and daylight long delays.

Those dreadful hours of darkness flee at last,
And night's black mantle from the scene is cast
In light too glaring, soon again 'tis dress'd,
But comfort brings not to the lost one's breast
For on his march he speeds with early dawn,
And with swift steps pursues his way forlorn.

Ah ! whither bent ? 'tis to no haunt of man,
But to the fate that yesterday began !

For now again, as on that luckless day,
O'er desert plain he wends his weary way,
The ranges now seem whirling to his sight,
His eyeballs burn with wild and frenzied light,
With digging nails he probes his fever'd palms,
And waves aloft, unconsciously, his arms ;
His mental tortures, acting on his brain,
Fast sap his reason—he is near insane.

Still hurries he, but now, without a change,
O'er arid plain and past the frowning range ;
And like lost barque, on chilly northern sea,
By maelstrom caught, so madly circles he ;
But worse by far than on sharp rocks to burst,
He soon must die of all-consuming thirst,
Of hunger's pangs he now is unaware,
For what are they to *thirst* and deep despair ?

The mid-day sun from burning, cloudless path,
The earth regards with unabated wrath,
Till arid plain flings back a sullen glare,
And mirage vapors, mockingly, in air ;
Yet onward still, with redly glaring eyes,
The luckless one, from foes, imagined, flies
With reeling gait, and in erratic lines—
For to no track his course he now confines.

Anon, by suffering and madness driven,
His scanty clothing from his form is riven
By trembling hands, that heed not what they do,
As on the saltbush they the garments strew,
Till naught remains—yet still he feebly strays
To nudely bear the dreadful solar rays,
While, furnace like, its raging flames in-pent,
With horrid heat his vitals all are rent.

O'er dreary Torrens' wild and silent shore
The sun descends in cloudless glare once more ;
Then staggers down that tortured man, to die—
By all unseen—save by his Maker's eye.
Now fear and madness fly his stricken brain,
And from his frame its all-pervading pain ;
He starts not now at any fearsome sound,
But lies unconscious on the still, hot ground.

The solemn night assumes her silent sway,
And stars shine forth in numberless array,
When death's dread call to fainting spirit rings,
Which now must try its all-unfetter'd wings
In flight momentous to a hidden state
Of pain eternal, or seraphic state ;
For who shall judge the soul of mortal, save
HE, who to man his erring nature gave ?

The morning sun mounts o'er the hills again,
To flood with radiance that Austral plain,
And steep in light the body, void of breath,
Which silent lies in dreamless sleep of death—
No more its eyes shall Nature's beauties scan,
Or its still brain poor human business plan—
Dust it shall be—and mix with kindred clay,
Till once more quicken'd on the judgment day.



THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

"Good night ! Good night !" the mother said,
While, leaning o'er her infant's bed,

She kiss'd his mouth so rosy ;

"Good night ! Good night ! she said again—
Another loving kiss, and then

She left him warm and cozy.

And going out with footfall light,
She left the candle burning bright,

Till sleep, on downy pinions,
With fingers light his eyes should close,
While fervently her prayer arose

To Heaven's supreme dominions :

That he, her son, should grow in grace,
And run with credit in the race

Prescribed on earth for mortals ;
And when, with years and honors crowned,
He shall by kindly Death be found,
His soul should win the portals

Of that Bright Land where sin is not—
Where pain and sorrow are forgot—

Where tears can trickle never !
And, doubting not that she would fly
For shelter there when she should die,
Trusts they shall joy for ever.

And soon she seeks the little bed
Where—sleep's bright visions round his head—

Her darling now lies dreaming ;
While sunny smiles upon his face
Appear to her, from Throne of Grace,
Replies of hopeful seeming.

So, taking up her light, she goes,
 With noiseless tread, to seek repose,
 And leaves him to his slumber ;
 But never dreams that her fair child
 Shall grow up like a nettle wild,
 Earth's smiling face to cumber !

* * * *

On far off, dim, and silent shore,
 Long years are cast for evermore,
 Since in his cot that child
 Reposed 'neath guardian angel's care—
 A happy mortal, passing fair,
 With soul yet undefil'd.

Can *this* be he, who on the sand
 Lies dying in this desert land
 From thirst and hunger pangs ?
 A ghastly creature, ragged, worn !
 Too mean for word, or glance of scorn,
 A prey to conscience-fangs !

But see, upon his face a light
 Gleams, as his spirit takes its flight !
 Yes, 'tis indeed no other !
 And ah ! a soft word leaves that tongue,
 Whence oft the ribald curse hath rung—
 That cherish'd name of "Mother !"

O ! heart-wrung parents, do not weep
 When Death your budding flowers would reap,
 'Tis surely for the better ;
 For life has oft rough, stormy days,
 Which shatter blown by evil ways,
 Dying in sin's dread fetter.

[The above poem was suggested by the grave of a man who had been well brought up, but who had fallen through drink to be a homeless vagrant, and who died of thirst on a back bush track, beside which he was buried.—R. B.]

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

In fury howled the hurricane beneath the sullen sky,
 Our storm-rent barque had just gone down, the last man left was I;
 High o'er my head the rocky coast look'd down, with cruel frown,
 The rav'ning waves were merciless, I felt that I must drown;
 I gave one shrill despairing cry, clutched at a shattered spar,
 Then sank through ocean's formless wastes from elemental war,
 And soon the tempest's din above decreased to murmuring hum,
 Like distant echoes, indistinct, of mournful muff'd drum;
 Then slowly, as I downward sank, the light grew dim and grey,
 As that in great cathedral aisle when fades the winter's day;
 Strange dreamland creatures crowded round to bid me welcome
 there.

But cruel was their courtesy—it heightened my despair.

O! vision dread! *an octopus*, with diabolic eyes,
 Bore down on me, as spider would upon some insect prize;
 I could not cry or close mine eyes, a horror seized me then,
 Transcending all I'd felt before of horror—tongue or pen
 Could adequately never tell—a marrow-freezing fright,
 Past nightmare's agony supreme to gormandising wight.
 For ah! with snake-like tentacles, projecting here and there,
 It gloated like Diabole upon its human fare,
 And gliding imperceptibly, in hell's worst goblin shape,
 I saw from pangs unspeakable no rescue—no escape.

A shark had been more merciful! A shark? it, too, was there;
 I surely did not wish for one; it lessen'd not my fear.
 But active were my senses all, I saw him ope his jaws,
 And then ensued a tangled scene of frightful teeth and claws,
 Of gleaming eyes, of fins and beak, of tentacle and tail,
 Transcended was the wild waves' war, the fury of the gale:
 They bit, they tore, roll'd o'er and o'er, huge bubbles filled the sea—
 I thought them better far employ'd than banqueting on me.
 "Rage on ye ocean fiends," I cried, "I bid ye both adieu,"
 And through a mighty cavern's arch I glided from their view!

A cave? A wat'ry wilderness! that stretch'd on ev'ry side;
 Its floor the slimy ocean's ooze, its roof the dark-green tide.
 Around about, where'er I gazed, lay tempest-shattered wrecks,
 With men of ev'ry bygone age upon their mould'ring decks.
 There lay the bearded Viking bold, and there a fair-hair'd boy,
 Whose parents nightly pray for him they deem their pride and joy;
 At mothers' breasts small infants slept, beside decrepid age,
 And brawny naval combatants, still grim with battle's rage.
 There, too, the peaceful merchant crew; the pirate's bloody band;
 And slavers, with their human prey, lay stretch'd on ev'ry hand;
 True lovers in each other's arms were locked, as if in life;
 Foes clutched in drowning's dread embrace; the husband with
 the wife;
 Of ev'ry race of mortals they, of ev'ry garb and clime—
 They waited in that silent place the end of tide and time.
 While mixed with shells and seaweed strange, of varied hue and
 form,
 Were piled the treasures of the deep, the harvests of the storm;
 Earth's merchandise, in box and bale, in heaps on heaps was roll'd
 By spear and shield, by sword and gun, and wealth of coin untold;
 Unheeded gorgeous raiment lay, unheeded precious stones,
 But where was he—their treasurer—the dreaded "Davy Jones?"

The water waved, I gazed aloft, a film fell from mine eyes,
 A mighty shade before me rose, methought it touch'd the skies.
 But no! its feet were in the ooze, its head amidst the waves
 Of that far-reaching, restless thing that ev'ry country laves;
 The locks about his crown were bright, with thunder clouds
 o'erspread,
 Those round his temples snowy-white, and fring'd with icebergs
 dread;
 The pupil of his eye is blue, the iris green as grass;
 And through his mouth, with coral teeth, unknown earth's fleets
 might pass;
 Of many hues his tangled beard, that toss'd in wild unrest,
 And mingled with the foam of rage upon his heaving breast;
 Scant neck had he, but rolling swells huge shoulders were, and
 strong;
 Of ruthless waves for arms and hands he has a countless throng;
 His weapons are insidious tides, dread whirlpools, rocks, and
 shoals,
 Wherewith to slay his victims sad—he cannot touch their souls.
 Small windfalls hath he from disease, rich crops from nature's
 wars;
 His storeroom vast contains them all, as heaven its scattered stars!

Beneath his breast no mortal man his giant bulk may see,
 Unless within his treasure house he chance to stand like me ;
 And though the seamen picture him as ever gaunt and grim,
 He is of grand and stately port, though indistinct and dim ;
 It is his allies terrible—fog, frost, and raging blast,
 And thick, black, starless darkness—that such horrors on him cast.
 For when unmov'd, nor urged to ill by that dread harpy brood,
 His face is fair to look upon, and gracious is his mood.
 Then human welfare fosters he, and health bestows on all ;
 He bears the commerce of the world, and sends the rain to fall
 Upon the sister by his side, who soon would, fainting, die,
 Were he not sent to wait on her by HIM who reigns on high !

E'en as I gazed his wrathful face began to lose its scowl,
 His arms unnumber'd sank to rest, the tempest ceas'd to howl ;
 Then, bending down, he questioned me—"Ho ! mortal, who art
 thou,

That to my locker penetrates ? Right bold art thou, I vow !"
 I told my name, and said I came not willingly at all,
 But that *his* hands had hurl'd me there, thro' portico and hall.
 And now, quoth I, "If I intrude, just hurl me back again,
 I like not this, your residence !"—I almost said his den !
 He smil'd, as if my thoughts he knew, then, pointing all around,
 He cried—"Behold thy brother worms strewn thickly on the
 ground !

For some are grim and terrible, as e'er they, cursing, died,
 Despair and dread their heartstrings wrung, while sinking 'neath
 the tide.

Now view those forms, with faces bright, which eastward turn'd be,
 They merely came for calm repose from life's aye stormy sea.
 Scant terrors had I for their eyes, for they had hope and trust
 In HIM, whose humble slave am I, like meanest thing of dust,
 At HIS commands I stretch mine hands to crush the haughty
 pride

Of those who boast they rule the waves, and subjugate the tide ;
 And if I take the good and true, with those of evil mind,
 They know, when in their haven fair, that I have been most kind.
 Now watch and pray, and hope, like they—the spell on thee is
 broke !

So bid farewell to 'Davy Jones' ".—I started and awoke !

HOW TONY BLAKE BECAME A PAPIST.

Near Limerick's town, by the broad Shannon's side,
A Protestant gentleman used to reside
In a very fine house, with garden to match,
And shrub-bordered fishpond, in which you might catch
The finest of carp, if you only could make
Those prudent, though tasteless, old fishes to take
Your bait, in the shape of a fluffy March fly
(They're fish hard to capture—those carp—by-the-by).

This Protestant gentleman well loved his kind,
So took care his *hand* kept in co. with his mind ;
For never a peasant in parish around
Who went to bed supperless then could be found.
He'd very nice daughters, and also a son,
Whose doings you'll read of before we have done ;
While as for his wife, with her silvery hair,
She'd once been a beauty, and still was most fair ;
While, better than all, she was pious and kind,
Her frame a fair casket, a jewel her mind !

Now, old Mr. Blake, like the rest of mankind,
In due course of nature was destin'd to find,
Not good deeds, nor riches, could keep from his heart
That keenest of weapons we know as Death's dart ;
And so, much bedew'd by the tears of his wife,
His son, and his daughters, he gave up his life,
Most truly lamented by all the poor peasants,
Who often had dined off his meat and his pheasants—
The former bestow'd by the kind-hearted wight,
The latter *jist kem* to their cabins at night !

Boom ! Boom ! tolls the bell ;
'Tis a sorrowful knell,
That seems from the turreted steeple to tell
The peasants, who hear it—"A friend you have lost,
A friend you'll much miss, as you'll find to your cost,

For, though a black proddy, his heart and his hand
 Were aye the most open ones found in the land ;
 And now he is dead, why, your little gossoons
 May find *little* porridge to ate wid their spoons ;
 While little girleens and their mothers may find
 It hard to find garments to keep out the wind ;
 And as for yourselves, you will miss the kind greeting
 He'd give to the raggedest boy he'd be meeting."

The sombre hearse, with lifeless load,
 Rolls slowly o'er the dusty road ;
 While those who scarce can realise
 That he is gone, with tears and sighs,
 Lament the ever-faithful friend—
 Whose dust with dust must henceforth blend—
 Recall his deeds, his sterling worth !
 And speak of void he'll leave on earth—
 A void, like writing on the shore,
 Shall soon be noticed—never more—
 Especially if Tony Blake
 His father's friends will welcome make
 To share his provender and wine—
 In fact, invite them oft to dine !

What need to tell of churchyard scene ;
 Of open tomb 'midst hillocks green ;
 Of glorious words of faith and hope ;
 Of coffin lower'd on grating rope ;
 Of straining gaze of mourners round ;
 Of clods thrown in, the hollow sound ;
 Of solemn thought, too quickly cast
 Aside, the churchyard wicket pass'd.
 I'll only state that Father Flynn—
 Who'd sampled oft the choicest bin
 Of good old Blake—was there to pay
 A due respect to him that day ;
 Though to himself he said—" Ah ! well,
 By this time he is not in hell !"
 O ! had that thought within his breast
 Been strictly lock'd, it had been best ;
 But leaking out, it caus'd a ruction,
 Yet saved some proddies from destruction.

" Ould Misther Blake was an illigant man,
 And wantin' will be all the praties and male
 Himself did be sindin', an' sorra a wan
 Will shtip in his brogans ; we'll miss him a dale !

But whisht now, yer Riverence, fhwat do ye think
Himsilf will be taking up there fur his dhrink?"

Of good Father Flynn thus enquired Pat Maloney,
Who of the departed had been the tried crony ;
A humble one truly, but to him devoted,
For kindness received, since as gossoon, short-coated,
He'd often received from the old squire a pat
On tuft of red hair that escaped through his hat.

The pious old padre he cast up his eyes,
As if he was seeking his friend in the *skies*,
Then glanced up and down the green lane they were in—
For cautious indeed was the Reverend Flynn—
Then, with a dry cough, and a scratch at his ear,
He said—"Though our friend was a good man *while here*,
That is, to a loose and profane way of thinking,
In *place where he's now* there's no eating and drinking ;
Yet, though he may miss his old port and his tripe,
He'll not need a *match when he's lighting his pipe !*"

There's a quick-set hedge by that verdant lane,
And a thick-set man at its back again ;
And this thick-set man, who has heard the priest
And Paddy conversing, now mutters—"BEAST !"
And adds, as he grinds the grass 'neath his feet—
"I'll force that Papist his words to eat !"

There's a stir in the kitchen of Tony Blake ;
There's soup vermicelli, a pike from the lake ;
A plump brace of pheasants ; a woodcock or toast ;
A saddle of mutton by way of a roast ;
There's curry and rice, but the rice has been boiled
As English cooks boil it, and therefore is spoiled—
For 'stead of the grains being firm, full, and free,
They're flaccid and moist to the utmost degree ;
But done to a turn are the mealy potatoes,
And also the sea-kale, which on the estate grows
(A bad rhyme the last). Now the *menu* to take on :
There's Brussell's sprouts, boiled with a small scrap of bacon ;
And added to this rather long list of cheer, a
Dish of the esculent root call'd "*scorsnera* ;"
There's cold apple pie ; there are *custards* and tarts ;
And trifle, stuck over with almonds like darts ;
There's mouldy old Stilton, well mottled with port ;
And celery, quite of the snowiest sort ;

There are walnuts, with crackers, lest guests' jaws be hurt ;
 And almonds and raisins to crown the dessert.
 Yet stay, there are pears ; and ripe medlars—these
 Not all Tony's friends are expected to please—
 While Barney, the butler, brings in the best wine,
 For is not the priest with his master to dine ?

O ! Father Flynn is a man austere,
 But still he loveth good Protestant cheer ;
 And his old yellow chaise, and his lean-headed nag,
 With its keen cock'd ears and the eyes of a stag—
 A horse of a stamp you'll not see about town,
 But will in the pictures by "Hablott K. Brown"—
 Are bringing the father—who sniffs at the roast—
 To hob-nob and feast with his heretic host.

The footman opens the study door,
 Announcing "Father Flynn !"
 And his master cries, with a flash in his eyes—
 "Good Father, please step in !
 A little matter I'd settle, good Sir,
 Before we go to dinner :
 Just take that chair, and do not stir—
 One move, as I'm a sinner,
 Will stop your taking ever more
Your port wine and your tripe !"
 And added, as he locked the door,
"A match to light your pipe.
 This pistol's cock'd, and I tell you,
I heard the words you sed !
 And now, should you not *prove them true,*
 I'll shoot you through the head !"

Just fancy a prodigal led to believe
 His father's vast wealth he is sure to receive,
 Who's found the rich sheenies most willing
 To lend him their monies at shent per shent,
 When he finds his late father (tyrannical gent)
 Has just cut him off with a shilling !

Or think of the Czar of all Russians, when he
 Is morally certain as monarch may be
 That he is to be bomb-busted ;
 Bot finds 'tis a jolly old Nihilist sell,
 And trots home to dinner as sound as a bell,
 Dumbfounded and disgusted !

But never was Czar or prodigal son,
 Or mutineer blown from the muzzle of gun,
 So utterly disconcerted
 As Flynn, when his, erstwhile convivial chum,
 With scowl of a bandit, bull-headed, and glum,
 Those truculent words outblurted.

'Tis past, that fear, that sharp surprise,
 Though pistol clutch'd, relentless eyes,
 And door fast lock'd, by iron will,
 Sustains the sense of peril still ;
 The *man* is now the *priest* again,
 Disdaining earthly fears as vain ;
 And who, with calm unflinching gaze,
 And low, clear, voice unfalt'ring says—
 " I own my words you heard aright,
 My hands are tied, I cannot fight,
 So if you will that I should prove
 The state of father, whom you love,
 Let me my " breviary " bring
 And stole. Now for my chaise please ring ;
 But do not blame me for the pain
 I must inflict, 'twill be in vain !"

" Ring for your chaise !" young Blake replies,
 With lurid lightning in his eyes,
 " *That door* for you shall *never* move
 Till you your vile assertion prove—
 Or failing that, to let you pass
 As food for worms, beneath the grass,
 False priest ! false friend ! no vain pretence
 From just revenge shall take you hence.
 Come ! prove your words, or quickly hie
 To him who reigns, *like you, to lie !*

" *Send* for my book," the priest replied,
 " And stole, your pleasure I'll abide"—
 Then sits with hands together press'd,
 His thoughts lock'd in his aged breast.

The groom (despatch'd) has now returned :
 The stole assum'd, the leaves are turn'd
 Of breviary. " In that book
 The words you'll find, if you but look."
 The priest read with incisive voice,
 As if the task was his by choice.

But hark ! those sounds of distant moans,
 Those clanking chains, and dismal groans,
 Those rumb'ling thunder peals, which sound
 As if they issued from the ground ;
 A horrid advent, sure presage,
 Which all Blake's faculties engage.
 No clap-trap imitations these—
 His very life's blood seems to freeze—
 'Tis plain to him it is no sell—
His father's on the way from hell—
 And says as much, in words that burn,
 Like heater thrust in hissing urn.

Poor Tony rather wishes now
 He'd not so hot been for a row—
 Or if he'd quarrelled, it, at least,
 Had not been with a holy priest—
 And now begins, with downcast eye,
 To eat most wholesome humble pie :
 " I'm satisfied, good Father, stay
 Your words of summons now, I pray ;
 For as he really *is* below,
 'Twere best to *leave him there, you know !*

" As you might hail a ship at sea—
 It passing swiftly on your lee—
 Your words, borne on the mighty blast,
 May reach the ears to which they're cast,
 But no response to you can win
 Its way against the deaf'ning din,
 And you are left to doubt if you
 Were even heard by stranger crew ."
 So Tony speaks that padré grim,
 But gets no answer'ing word from him,
 Save only those in sounding Latin—
 A language he appears quite pat in.

There's a brimstone smell that steals through the floor,
 And 'scapes up the chimney—it can't through the door—
 Though he who had locked it now wishes that he
 Was distant outside it, we'll say a degree
 And one equatorial, all the miles in,
 For nearing him fast is a horrible din,
 As if a whole convoy of convicts in chains
 Had seized on a warder to beat out his brains,

Whose terrible cries,
 Entreaties and sighs,
 Would bring the salt tears to an image's eyes ;
 But Father Flynn,
 Not caring a pin,
 Proceeds with his Latin as if he would win
 Some wager he's made, that he'll read, without stop in
 Nonchalant voice, though Apollyon should pop in.

Now cease the clanking, groans, and cries,
 And plain before poor Tony's eyes
 His father's gloomy shape arises,
 Though it uncertain as to size is.
 One thing is certain, it has *horns*,
 And hoofs, which still exhibit corns
 As big as bunions, while its eyes
 Blazed out like flames 'neath midnight skies ;
 And Tony, too, can plainly note
 A tail protruding from its coat ;
 And ah ! from son to priest, and then
 From priest to son, it looks again,
 As if to say—"What ! *don't you know me*
That you no sign of welcome show me ?"

'Tis a terrible fix, for, without any doubt,
 A devil once in, is right hard to get out,
 And even the mildest satanical shade,
 Like vulgar and shabby old father in trade,
 A nasty sharp thorn is, and Tony begins
 To feel as if sitting on needles and pins,
 So whispers the padre—who shuts up his book—
 "*Do send him back, Father, by hook or by crook !*
I own you are right, and that good deeds down here
Are apprais'd in Heaven as very small beer !"

The priest replies, with a steely eye,
 He's come here *to stop*, so I'll wish you good-by !
 There, open the door, Sir, you now have your will,
 He *is* what he *is*, and a *Protestant still* !
 While you, I declare, for no mercy may hope,
 Except through confession, the Saints, and the Pope !"

The priest has gone, but the "what-you-may-call-it"
 Will budge from the premises never a small bit,
 But always of nights,
 When they've blown out the lights,
 Some horrible torment appears to befall it—

Its cries and its clatter
 Would make your teeth chatter,
 And turn you, in time, quite as mad as a hatter :
 Then no one will stay, for the servants all leave,
 And Tony seems damn'd without chance of reprieve,
 While as for the guests who that night came to dine,
 They wither away, like phylloxera'd vine ;
 And even the carp in the fishpond die out,
 That uncanny lodger oft bathes there, no doubt !

Now mark the man, who, grey and thin,
 So meekly kneels to Father Flynn,
 And pours into his ghostly ear
 A tale of sorrow, sin, and fear ;
 Who owns, at last, to Mother Church,
 He's left by all things in the lurch ;
 Except by IT—of which we know—
 That links him with the fiends below ;
 Who sees his only hope of Heaven
 Is, *after duty*, being shriven :
 'Tis Tony Blake—the thick-set man—
 Confessing as a sinner can !

What need to tell of all he told ?
 Enough, though to the devil sold,
 The padre cancelled soon the bond,
 And sent *that thing* to shades beyond ;
 Excising then Tone's sinful hunch,
 He took him home with him to lunch,
 And since then Blake, with all his clan,
 Have been staunch Papists to a man !

MORAL.

A moral is the thing, I know,
 And this is very clear,
 You should not for traducer go
 Till you *both sides* shall hear ;
 Don't pistols at friends' heads present,
 Don't think you are no sinner ;
 And don't abuse some pious gent
 Yourself has asked to dinner.

PLANTING THE VINE.

A FRENCH LEGEND.

When old Captain Noah was planting the vine,
A notion had he, I imagine, of wine ;
But did not see Satan, who, perched on a rail,
Secured himself there by a turn of his tail.

Said Satan, said he,

" Here's a red flaming spree—

The juice from that vine my best trump card shall be ;
And if I don't use it to ruin mankind,
May small boys excise my extension behind."

Nick nodded his head, and Nick wagged his tail—
Of course when he did so he'd let go the rail—
Then, full of his mischief, he gave a great lurch,
And, losing his balance, fell off of his perch !

The terrible clatter

Made Noah's teeth chatter,

And caused him to bolt, like a hare-pursued hatter,
To little mud shanty, which, standing hard by,
Had outbuildings round it, a cow-bail, and sty ;
When, not even waiting to see that his family
All safely were housed, or to glance at his camel, he
Banged to the door, put the bar up, and sank,
Quite breathless, on settle of roughly adzed plank ;
And there we will leave him, with terror near sick,
To see his pet vine hocus-pocus'd by Nick.

" Ho ! ho ! ah ! ah !" laugh'd all liars' papa,
" Old Noah for valour is not a bright star !"
Then added, while rubbing the fruits of his tumble,
" I have *my own luck*, so no reason to grumble ;

Old Noah has left,

With hoofs neatly cleft,

Like my own—and, indeed, of my patent a theft—

His little pet lamb ; and 'tis just what I need
 To make two-legged lambs truly foolish indeed."
 So saying, he seized the poor beast in his paws,
 And cut its carotid by means of his claws ;
 Then poured out its blood,
 In red gushing flood,
 Round queer-looking stick that was stuck in the mud.
 'Twas done :
 And begun was the spell that would make
 A lamb of the man who one bottle should take,
 Said Nick, with fat chuckle,
 "Like lamb's sober suckle,
 'Twill leave such an elegant taste in the throttle
 That, thirsty or no, they'll go back to the bottle ;
 And then—But I'm prosing while work's to be done—
 One act, is this, only, in programme of fun !"

In parenthesis here, I may say that 'twas queer,
 Old Noah the noise of Nick's tumble should hear,
 And yet should not see him, but such, I surmise,
 Was truly the case, for, with comic surprise,
 A monkey had paused in its tail-sustained gambols
 To see Noah's garden turn'd into a shambles !
 The lamb was there,
 With terrible tear
 That severed it's throat—in its eyes the death-stare ;
 But how, or by whom, was it robb'd of its life ?
 Poor Pug saw no butcher, and never a knife !
 But Pug would see—
 For true monkey was he—
 How the thing had been done, so he dropp'd from the tree ;
 Then chatt'ring away, as if he would say,
 "A horrible murder, and done in broad day !
 And so, being here, why, an inquest I'll hold ;"
 He ran to the body, to find he was sold—
 No time to scream, no time to call,
 His neck was twisted, and that was all.

His neck, like a chicken's, was twisted round,
 Till a twist too much made it roll on the ground ;
 While blood gush'd forth from quivering trunk,
 To be in the mischievous red wine drunk.
 O ! Pug had found, since he dropp'd from the limb,
 That Satan, indeed, had got hold of him ;
 As *pugs evolved* will find also,
 When fond wives go for the fuddled—you know !

Then Satan laughed with cynical glee,
 And hung by his tail from the branch of a tree ;
 He ran on all fours again and again—a
 Travesty strange on the "quadrumana,"
 Then sang he chansons, of flavoring queer—
 Saint Sankey had written them not, I fear—
 And had there been girls in that garden, he
 Had proved himself perilous companie ;
 But, grimly pausing, he said, "The mask
 Of *Pug* shall fall on the *second* flask !"

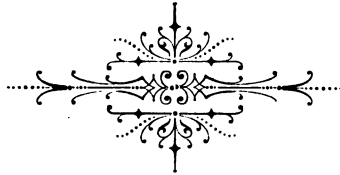
Nick pinched his chin, he scratched his head,
 And, musing audibly, then he said,
 "Two beasts are slain ; I must have four ;
 I'm needing yet a couple more !"
 And, even as the arch-fiend spoke,
 A lion's roar the echoes woke,
 And Leo—while they loudly rang—
 On slaughter'd creatures fiercely sprang.
 But, ere his tongue could lap the blood,
 Himself lay, slaughter'd in the mud,
 With wrench'd wide jaws, whence crimson tide,
 In torrents, spouted hot, and wide—
 A horrid murder-blend to wine,
 The future vintage of the vine.

Like roaring lion, the "Prince of Lies"
 His sharp teeth ground, while he flash'd his eyes .
 Till foam-flakes flew from his horrid jaws,
 And talons gleam'd from his twitching paws,
 Then roared he fiercely, "I'll have your life !
 You swindling thief, you have wronged my wife !
 Base coward, liar, this at your head,
 To-morrow's sun shall see you dead !"
 Then Satan laugh'd, and he said, said he,
 "The *third* flask feels already in me—
 And so with all toppers, to come, let it be !

"*One* other beast, and my task is done,
 And souls, as the sands of the desert, won.
 Ah ! there is a grunt ! 'tis old Noah's sow ;
 She lieth supine in that reeking slough ;
 I'll give her a mango, with choking fraught,
 And then she will die with a stifled snort.
 O fitting indeed, with her seething blood,
 Will be a mixture of stinking mud—
 Yes, fitting indeed for the crowning rite
 Of terrible curse, that on man shall light."

'Tis done ! The last libation flows ;
 The sow, convulsed in death's dread throes,
 Is cast by Satan in the mud,
 Besmeared with slime, and foam, and blood.
 " Lie there," he cried, " O beast unclean,
 Fit emblem of the man obscene
 Who shall of sense by drink be reft,
 Till he a human swine be left ;
 A swine in gutters foul to lie,
 The butt for scornful lip and eye,
 A wretch, with soul *already dead*.
 Enough ! my rites have gaily sped ;
 And you, my blood-besprinkled vine,
 Shall be the servant-chief of mine !"

'Tis ages ago since that curse was laid
 On glorious vine, whence wine is made,
 But listen ! A fiend can't scathe the good,
 And so I would have it *well* understood,
 That juice of the grape, when mellow with age,
 Is pleasant indeed, when the dog-days rage,
 And giveth fresh life to a fainting soul
 To speed him along to a wish'd-for goal ;
 But, please to remember, 'tis all I ask—
Enough at a sitting is one good flask !



TO ÆOLUS.

Great ruler of the restless race,
 From Zephyr, robed in airy grace,
 To Boreas, the bully,
 Pray send us, as we sail along,
 That member of thy gusty throng—
 The one to suit us fully.

From Western plains, swift rushing down
 Through Port Augusta's sandy town,
 Let burning "Northern buster"
 Inflate our lofty canvas stout—
 From Spencer's Gulf to urge us out
 To where the South winds bluster.

From Borda's light to "Stormy Cape,"
 O'er Ind's wide ocean, let escape
 Thy Eastern subjects balmy—
 With chilly Southern ones at times,
 To temper heat in languid climes—
 Full oft too close and calmy.

And recollect, now, gentle king,
 Don't suffer that outrageous thing,
 The cyclone, to come ringing
 In madding waltz, with shrieking glee—
 Our timbers torn on raging sea,
 And corpses to be flinging.

So chain him up with double care
 Till, favor'd by the current fair,
 We pass Aghulla's shallows.
 Then never mind the homicide,
 But loosen him to madly ride
 O'er Neptune's foaming billows,

Till "South-East Trades" we then attain,
 No Northern member of thy train
 Permit to near us rustle :
 For, kindly Master Æolus,
 Although we do not make a fuss,
 We're really in a bustle.

[* The south-east trade wind is the steadiest in the world.—R.B.]

To pleasure us you will, of course,
 Imbue the Trades with *steady force
 In South Atlantic ocean—
 To urge our spreading, snow-white wings
 To latitudes where shiny things
 From purple sails find motion.

Where greedily **sea-lawyers* roam,
 And Neptune used to be at home,
 With barber rude and Triton ;
 Where sudden squalls with noisy wrath,
 Like bullies cross the vessel's path,
 Poor Jack to vent their spite on.

Be certain that when we are there,
 Those roaring imps shall all be fair
 (That is, our good ship *after*) ;
 Of outward-bounders take no heed ;
Us only trouble on to speed,
 Like staunch old equine shafter.

In Northern Trades much easting put,
 That through the waves with cleaving "foot"
 Our ship, her course aye lying,
 Round "Western Islands," right or wrong,
 Shall, checkless, reach thy vassal strong,
 O'er Western Ocean flying.

This cause to blow with steady might
 Till, having pass'd the Isle of Wight,
 We take a tug and pilot ;
 Then, gliding up the winding Thames,
 We'll laugh at all the little games
 On ocean play'd by thy lot !

Of course, you'll note, dear Æolus,
 Altho' I've often dwelt on *us*
 In this my prayer to you, Sir,
 No selfishness is in it found
 Not common to the *homeward bound*,
 Or other vessel's *crew*, Sir.

So do your best ! and we will pour
 Libations, when we reach the shore
 Of proud Britannia's Island,
 To thee, kind Æolus, and all
 The restless vagrants from thy hall
 That roam o'er sea and dry land.

* Sea-lawyers, sharks.

HER GRACE'S DOG.

Her Grace's dog has a house complete—
 A curtain'd couch, and the choicest fare,
 Nothing *he* knows save of *primest* meat,
 Nothing of bones nigh bare !
 Nothing of scraps that the tramp outside
 Would deem a luxurious feast,
 A ducal diet alone is tried
 By this fastidious beast !

From tenderest chickens he'll turn away,
 From turtle, from turkey, and ham ;
 He's weary of game and fish, they say,
 And also of *foie gras* and lamb ;
 While utterly crushed is Her Grace's heart,
 Convulsively wrung her hands,
 When all unnoticed his menu carte
 Before her idol stands !

With steaming milk they his plunge-bath fill,
 His servants dry him with care ;
 For what would they do if he caught a chill ?
 To a Duchess's despair !
 Yet starving children in rain-soak'd rags
 With bare little feet may go
 Unheeded past on the ice-cold flags—
 Out in the street, you know.

NOTE.—It is said that the widow of a late Duke maintains her favorite dog at a cost of £300 per annum ; that he has a house of three rooms, and that he is bathed every other day in hot milk.

HER GHOST OBJECTED.

(A MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF DIVORCE IN AMERICA.)

Young Mr. Washington Jefferson Blank
 Was slender of figure, inclining to lank.
 He talked through his nose with a Yankeeified twang,
 The tails of his coat had a Yankeeified hang ;
 His loud-pattern'd pants were in fashion ; his hat
 A black band *had* sported—he'd stripped it of that.
 For now I must tell you, though wedded before,
 Quite lately a fair bride he'd led to his door.

Please note here at once he had buried his wife,
 Not cut Hymen's knot through some conjugal strife ;
 No, death did the business ; but ere Judith died
 He swore, just to soothe her, that no other bride
 Her shoes should e'er step in—I mean should not boss
 His stylish town house to his profit or loss—
 He'd sadly bewail her ! His tears they should rain—
 He paid for her tombstone; and—married again !

I know not if Wash. told the dear little thing,
 Whose pretty, plump finger now filled a plain ring,
 Of oath he had sworn to the late Mrs. B.—
 I think that he did *not*, between you and me.
 But this I declare : If the newly wed knew it,
 She'd wink'd at deceit, and right surely would rue it ;
 For, not even death from a woman can sever
 The monster, green-eyed—it will urge her for ever !

Thus Judith was waiting—or rather her wraith—
 To welcome the rival who'd plighted her faith
 To Wash., the untruthful, and gave her a scare
 Before she had even set foot on the stair.
 For, though a pale ghost, she with female perversity
 Plagued Washington not, but consigned to adversity
 His innocent spouse, whom she worried until
 Her bloom was fast fading, and she very ill.

Small wonder indeed, for the ghost (rather ghostess)
 Would pinch her severely the while she played hostess :
 Would pinch her in bed, and would pinch her at meals,
 Till bruises appear'd from her head to her heels.
 And then, how provoking ! her spouse who had brought her
 To trouble like this, a delusionist thought her—
 If Judith had only just pinched *him* instead
 His hair would have jerked itself out of his head !

The wraith-haunted bride a young sister invited,
 Who dreamed not of ghosts, and was therefore delighted,
 To dwell in the city—but Wash's lost dearie
 The maiden soon scared with her company eerie.
 Like dog in the manger, to kiss though unable,
 How Judith would rage when her Wash. kiss'd his Mabel !
 The house and his company all to herself
 Was just the sole aim of this shadowy elf.

She soon had them, too, for her rival decided
 To be, by the law, from her hubby divided,
 So sued for divorce, got the lawyers to aid her,
 And spinster at large the learn'd judges soon made her,
 While Wash. wandered home to the ghost of his wife
 To commune with spirits the rest of his life ;
 And greatly I fear that, like others, I see with 'em,
 He'll come to grief yet through making too free with 'em !

MORAL.

Now, Benedicts all, who may promise your spouses
 A costume by "Worth" or the pick of town houses,
 Go straightway and bargain, or, what would be better,
 Just hand *them* the coin—ease the conjugal fetter ;
 Leave the choice with themselves—do not growl at expense—
 They'll make the pounds fly, but they'll haggle on pence ;
 Besides, should the dress or the house prove unsuitable,
 They'll not be there after to call you a brute able.

And now, to conclude, if you promise a woman
 What service soever, why, that you must do, man,
 Or look out for squalls, *vide* Washington, truly,
 A lady deceived will, at times, prove unruly,
 And even return from the grave—as a ghost—
 To pinch, peradventure, your wife, but *you* most !

THE BOSS'S NIGHTMARE.

The boss reclines on his bushland bed—
 A canny, elderly Scot is he—
 On chops and bread he has heartily fed,
 And filled up the chinks with tea ;
 At whisky, too, he has nipped and nipped—
 The half of a bottle, less or more,
 And now as he sleeps he is horribly hipped
 By spirits on the dreamland shore,

Who've taken the shapes of the woolshed crowd,
 And dumped him down in the great woolpress,
 He deems he is dumb, though he snores aloud
 In agonised distress.
 They've gagged him, too, with some torturing thing
 That stops both his tongue and his mind O ;
 He's worried it forth, and managed to fling
 His teeth through a pane of the window.

MORAL.

Now, elderly bosses, whoever you be,
 Who gaze with dear dentistry's third ones,
 Leave whisky alone and stick to your tea,
 If ready you'd be for e'en hard buns.
 And also, as seldom you supper in bed,
 Wherever at night you may quarter,
 Just shift those grinders out of your head
 To a toilet glass of water !

TO AN ALBATROSS.

(IN THE CENTRE OF THE SOUTHERN
OCEAN.)

Where art thou bound, huge snowy bird?
That on wide pinions lightly sweeps,
By wildest tempests undeterred,
Above mid-ocean's boundless deeps—
Far, far indeed, the nearest land,
Surf-beaten, lies o'er billows grand.

Thou hast no compass to decide
Thy course to distant kin and mate;
Yet, roaming o'er the trackless tide,
Thou fearest not a lost one's fate,
But eagerly, with gleaming eyes,
You search the waves for your supplies.

How farest thou from day to day,
When tempests fierce and cyclones reign,
And, far and wide, beneath thee play
The lawless children of the main?
What can'st thou find as sustenance
Amidst those Titans' lusty dance?

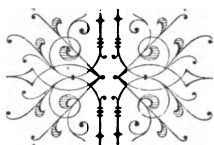
How retest thou? Is't on the deep,
Toss'd high upon the billow's crest?
Does ocean's tumult lull to sleep
You, rocking on her foamy breast?
Or sleepest thou in ghost-like flight,
Wind-wafted through the dreary night?

Full four degrees our speedy ship
Has o'er the Southern Ocean sped,
Since last we saw Day's Ruler dip,
Cloud-curtained, to his western bed,
And thou art here, still wheeling round,
As he descends with glory crown'd.

Thou art at home, and instinct tells
 Whate'er is good for thee to know
 Of guidance o'er the ocean's swells,
 And what may glide for thee below.
 No labor'd stroke thy pinions need,
 They skim the winds with matchless speed.

O what, with all his gold, is man ?
 What all his wisdom, ages-taught ?
 For could the very wisest plan
 A thing like thee, in life of thought ?
 Yet art thou but a simple thing
 To HIM who gave thee life and wing !

Ship Carnaquheen,
 Southern Ocean, 1877.



ROUNDING THE CAPE.

The night was dark, each starry spark
 Was veil'd in heavy fog ;
 Each sheet and tack, and sail hung slack—
 No need to heave the log !
 Old ocean's breast no snowy crest
 Of foaming wave could show,
 For, lacking blast, each groaning mast
 Waved, ghost-like, to-and-fro.

The captain sighed, as o'er the tide
 He wistfully did gaze,
 And whistled low, to tempt, you know,
 A breeze from out the haze.
 Then mutter'd he, " When shall I see
 Fair London town once more ;
 These calms, so bad, will drive me mad—
 O ! for the tempest's roar !"

I nudg'd his arm, and said, " A calm
 Was peaceful and serene ;
 While tempests rude provided food
 For sharks, white, blue, and green ;
 But, Captain dear, what have we here ?
 What evil spot is this,
 That you say nought, in jest or sport ?"
 He mockingly did hiss—

" We're off the *Cape*, the *noted Cape*,
 The dreaded ' Cape of Storms,'
 Where wildest waves o'er seamen's graves,
 For ever rear their forms ;
 And, in the dark, the ' Dutchman's barque'
 Is looked, *in vain*, for still,
 Where stormwinds wail, and mast and sail
 Must bend them to their will."

"Is *this* that Cape?" quoth I, agape,
 "No awful storms have we,
 That sullen swell alone might tell
 We're on a stormy sea!
 But O! ah me! what's that I see?
 Flames wheresoe'er I turn!
 Is magic might abroad this night
 To make old ocean *burn*?"

"No fire is there, I do declare;
 You see not any flames,
 But shark and sprat, and such as that,
 Are at their little games;
 'Tis friction makes those shiny wakes,
 Just as when cat or muff,
 With might and main against the grain
 You rub—'tis phosphor stuff."

"O dear! O dear! Well, that *is* queer,
 And then those little stars
 Which so abound, in shoals around,
 Are they what sprat mammas
 Leave to become small fishes, dumb,
 What 'Buckland' would call 'spawn'?
 Oh! Captain dear! incline your ear,
 Turn not away in scorn!"

"No scorn feel I, but such small fry
 As those quite puzzle me;
 But p'raps they're bones that 'Davy Jones'
 Has ground beneath the sea.
 Now go and look into some book—
 The lamps are burning clear—
 No wind may blow, right well I know,
 While you are yarning near."

"My eyes are sore, and bookish lore
 Affords me scant delight;
 And so I'll walk, and with thee talk,
 To while away the night;
 Then, Captain dear, let's have some beer,
 Or eke a glass of rum,
 And Neptune, then, shall think us men,
 Of wind to merit some!"

"O! You be blow'd! That sentence flow'd
 From off my tongue untold;
 But *sheer* off now unto thy vrow,
 Thou prating landsman bold;
 My heart is sad, my head is bad,
 I want to be alone!
 Cape Horn for me while on the sea"—
 I left him to his moan.

Then to the mate (not too elate)
 I went to question some,
 His gimblet gaze transfix'd the haze—
 I thought him deaf and dumb:
 He was not, though, for from below
 His nose queer greetings came,
 Which had to do, I think a few,
 With more than phosphor flame.

I did not stop, lest more might drop
 Like aught than honey dew,
 So dived below, and straight did go
 Unto my partner true,
 And said, "My dear, 'tis very queer,
 This is a sullen sea;
 From Captain brave to tarry knave
 They're crusty as can be."

A note I heard, no singing bird
 Or even crow could make—
 A restless sigh, and then, oh my,
 I *knew* she was awake!
 Yet not e'en she would yarn to me,
 But these words growling said—
 "What are you at, you prowling bat!
 Why *are* you not in bed?"

When daylight broke, and I awoke,
 There blew a south wind strong,
 And nor'-nor'-west, o'er waves' foam dress'd,
 Our good ship bowl'd along;
 Then bland to me the mate could be,
 The skipper frank as aye—
 Their mood unkind was left behind,
 The helmsman he was gay.

"Hurrah!" quoth he, "we're bound, d'yeseec,
 To London village gay ;
 The Cape's astarn, as you may larn
 If you'll just squint this way ;
 Have you a nip a cove cud sip ?
 The 'old man' needn't know—
 Ah ! that's the style ! here's ' for a while
 May this here southern blow !"

And thus, you see, a calm may be
 More hateful than a gale,
 And worry more than tempest's roar
 Brave tars who homeward sail ;
 So, if I heard a naughty word
 Or two, why, even then,
 If you reflect, you'll not expect
 Much less from mortal men.

Ship Carnaquheen, off Cape of
 Good Hope, 1877.



A TALE OF A CRAB.

Off stormy old cape on the edge of the *bank,
 Whose waters with polypi ever are rank,
 A youthful crab dandy one day from his hole,
 Self-satisfied, strutted, like human ass-foal,
 Resolved on exploring the ocean of life,
 And in some strange crabland to marry a wife
 With worldly possessions, with beauty, and better,
 Those virtues which lighten old Hymen's tight fetter—
 That is, when *he'd* breakfasted, dinner'd, and supp'd
 On all sorts of pleasures, profane and corrupt !
 His friends saw him going, so crying "Take care,"
 Informed him how "tyros oft fall in some snare,
 How fierce foes are lurking to burk him inclined,
 From swift barracouta to booby unkind !"
 Then added, "Be cautious, where'er you may be,
 For dangers crowd thickly as salt in the sea ;
 But really, fair neighbor, you'd far better stay
 And wisely your parents' last wishes obey,
 To settle in business your talents employ,
 Court fair fame and fortune, and calmly enjoy
 Pure pleasures, more lasting than aught you can find
 By roaming, like vagrant, unstable as wind,
 For careless wild comrades your nature will mar ;
 Then follow, *dear fellow*, the steps of your Pa !"

"Ah ! ah !" laughed our hero, "you stay-at-home crew
 May follow *your* pleasure, but *that* I'll not do,
 Though should I need schooling I'll ask it, and now
 Will drop your grave worships this elegant bow."
 An impudent gesture—which made, he retreated,
 Lest *juryless* justice on him might be meted,
 And in the sleeve laughing of shelly surtout,
 Wise counsels then slighted, as youngsters will do ;
 When, spreading their feelers, his elders declared
 For *his* speedy ruin *they* quite were prepared,

* Aguillas.

Then, business resuming, right quickly forgot
 Our cockscomb, gone off to D. Jones at a trot !
 He garbed in the fashion—at crabesses leered—
 For love of his lifetime, the object appeared ;
 When, if, like *good* hero, he'd wooed and been wed,
 Of him very little would need to be said—
 Except that in simple crustacean way
 He likely had fallen *insolvency's* prey—
 Assailed by whole clutches of crabs, which in trade
 Insanely expect for their goods to be paid.

Through all sorts of pleasures he waded until
 From profligate surfeit he felt rather ill,
 So went into euchre, whist, *poker*, and *loo*,
 And *cash-moving hazard*, with sharp-witted crew,
 Who, balancing kindly his purse and his wit,
 He soon became sleepless through being *hard hit*.
 And then, though a shellfish, for pigeon mistook,
 He soon from sharp plucking became a lean rook !
 And, awfully clever, next started a book !
 When, recklessly laying against a *dark* horse,
 Was soon, as a welcher, kicked off of the course.

A regular rascal was Crusty, for he
 Pursued to betray every maid he might see—
 But what did it matter, so he was delighted,
 How fresh young affections and prospects were blighted.
 He even was heartless enough, I believe,
 To boast to his fellows his skill to deceive :
 But Nemesis waited stern justice to mete,
 From which our Lothario could not retreat.

One day as he skirted the edge of the bank—
 Resolved, as at all times, on villainous prank—
 He spied a grand creature, who quickly withdrew
 Within a gay sand-cave, as if from his view ;
 But just as she did so she threw him a look,
 Which Crusty, quite simply, for *shy* love mistook.

“Ho ! ho !” cried that rascal, “this lass is fair game—
 Most graceful of carriage, although a bit lame ;
 But limping's the fashion, and so I've no doubt
 Gazelle-like, at pleasure, she'd trip at a rout :
 Her features are perfect, her eyes rather bold—
 But *that* is considered *the thing*, I am told—
 In fact her tight garments and confident way
 Proclaim to the knowing a belle of the day.”

Thus musing, our hero his points newly trussed,
 Assumed his most killing expression, and thrust
 His eyes through the doorway, like snail's horns, and cried—
 "O, fairest of creatures neath ocean's blue tide,
 Thy graces my senses have thrown in confusion,
 So pardon, bright goddess, this seeming intrusion ;
 All vainly I've struggled to hasten away—
 Like needle to North Pole, I yield to thy sway :
 Stern duty and business must call me in vain—
 A captive am I whom thy beauties enchain.
 Then, lovely maiden, O deign to delight
 My soul with sweet favors, and make me thy knight !"

Thus saying, our Crusty, with impudent gait—
 By sweet smile invited—marched in, when too late
 He found that his charmer was wicked and sly,
 At heart even blacker than beaming of eye ;
 For though with reluctance she granted his prayer,
 'Twas part of the garbage which baited the snare
 That took in, and did for, our lying young knave,
 Who then had far better been laid in his grave—
 For she whom he fancied an innocent prey
 Soon showed to perfection how *maids* can betray !

For false Crabiana was gross in each taste—
 Dress, eating, and drinking, much given to waste—
 And when bare of lucre our Crusty became,
 She left him to fly at more payable game :
 When he, who derided the pangs of the fair,
 Now yielded to jealousy, rage, and despair ;
 Till, lacking all credit, with hunger grown lank,
 He, wretched and reckless, next raided the bank :
 When, dreading stern justice, our recreant knight,
 To save his shell-armour, betook him to flight.
 Now, as he was doubtful where hunters might hide,
 He braved the fierce fishes and rose thro' the tide
 To where, on the surface, a feather he saw—
 He reached it and clutched it with desperate claw,
 As mortals, when drowning, will clutch at a straw.

He knew he'd done vilely—had known it before—
 But had not his villainy thrust at his door :
 Now all his assurance was gone (for 'tis clear
 There's nothing that bothers and flusters like fear,
 Especially such as from guiltiness springs,
 For then 'tis a nettle which bristles with stings).

And Crusty, though longing to settle again,
Was borne by the current far out on the main :
O'er depths so alarming he dared not descend,
So drifted on, starving, with never a friend !

Then, then in that season he thought with regret
Of chances neglected he could not forget—
Of counsels once laughed at, of friendship betrayed,
Of tearful reproaches from heart-broken maid :
And looking with optics divested of scales,
He saw some advisers had horns and queer tails,
And 'stead of sharp foxiness, found that, alas !
Though lacking the lugs he'd the brains of an ass !
There's nothing like hunger to sharpen the senses
And drive from the foppish all foolish pretences,
Conceit to crush quickly, unstring iron nerves,
And scatter on villain the flames he deserves.
So, dodging the sea birds and fish day and night,
Our hero, despairing, near perish'd of fright.

One foggy, dull morning the curling mists rose,
And pearly drops glisten'd on Crusty's cold nose,
His nippers felt numby, his trotters still worse—
He pondered in sorrow, then mutter'd a curse
On evil companions whose wicked advice
And naughty example had broken the ice
So thin and transparent, between him and sin,
When he, sliding onward, of course tumbled in,
With never "a dragsman, yclept the humane,"
To land him and cleanse him from pestilent stain.
And, nibbling the feather, he wished then and there
'Twas poison most deadly, to end his despair !

But, ah ! there came sailing a ship on the sea,
And Crusty cried faintly, "A rescue for me !
I'll cling to her closely, a haven she'll reach,
Then try reformation on neighboring beach,
Where no one will know me to brand me with shame ;
I'll go in for piety—yes, that's the game !
All yet may go smoothly—I'm weary of sin,
So now for religion and wife with some 'tin !"

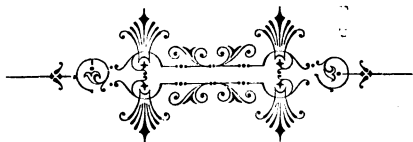
Now nearer and nearer that vessel of hope
Came breasting the billows, but never a rope
Was overboard towing : her sheathing was bright
And glass-like, permitted no hold for our wight,

Who back to his feather retreated again
 And managed to fashion it into a pen,
 With which, as the good ship retreated from view,
 He sketched the sad story now handed to you ;
 When down on him sweeping a mollehawk black,
 To red bourn alarming, soon showed him the track.

MORAL.

The moral, dear readers, this story would point,
 Is how all his fortunes a fool may disjoint,
 Throw good reputation and friendship away
 On ruin's wide ocean, to hopelessly stray
 Where, sport of fierce billows, he clings in despair
 To even a feather of hope, light as air,
 So low in the water no succour can save :
 Fate swoops on him sternly—he sinks in the grave.

[Ship Carnaqueen, South Atlantic, 1877.—The above poem was suggested by sight of a crab floating on a feather near Aguillas Bank, and which, as the wind was light at the time, tried to cling to the side of the ship, but had to go back to his feather.—R. B.



THE DOUBLE GHOST.

A LEGEND OF THE LINE.
A Tough Tale for the Youngsters.

FYTE I.

Tom Tabby was a feline pet, a favorite with all
The company, from Captain brave to happy children small :
As agile as a catamount, as watchful as a cat—
What could have more agility or watchfulness than that ?
And though he was too wide awake to leap through arms all day,
He used to prowl the livelong night the roaming rats to slay,
And if he ate not myriads, he kept those pests at bay ;
For though we heard them skirmishing between the decks, none
came

To range at night the steward's den, its toothsome tarts to claim.
All stateroom doors wide open yawned, except for waving blinds,
That fair limbs, veiled in shades of night, might woo the cooling
winds

Which through the side ports rambled free, and eke some salt
seaspray—

The sleepers recked *that* little, if the rats would keep away.
But, ah ! another state of things loom'd nearer than folks thought,
When not an inch-wide chink might glint in doorway or in port,
For from the rail, while capering before the dawn of day,
Tom tumbled headlong overboard, abreast of Algoa Bay.
The mate and Captain wonder'd much—they said he *jumped*,
not fell—

I do not know, I was asleep, and therefore cannot tell.

On wings, one black and sombre-like, the other shining bright,
Old Time, the thief, sped silently, while gay were rats at night—
They knew our champion was dead before he well was drown'd—
And loudly squeaking pæans there, skipped gleefully around ;
In cabin and in foc'sle rude, by swinging lanterns' light,
The seamen sought to slaughter 'em, the children scream'd with
fright ;

And though the heat was terrible, each stateroom door was closed,
While fair ones wriggled sleeplessly when they at last had dozed,
But in their startled hearing rang unholy squeals and squeaks
From quadrupedal choristers at wild nocturnal freaks,

While on the table mustering, or worse, upon my slate,
 To play the dickens with the tale o'ernight I'd written late !
 A malison upon them all, but " Rheims' Prince Bishop " e'en
 Had cursed, and kept on cursing till himself had died of spleen
 Before those rats had turned a hair—the foragers unclean !
 But, ah! black fate was dodging them, those most pernicious pests,
 From grey ones with terrific teeth to toothless ones in nests ;
 Yes, though no trap nor feline foe might rend that scented host,
 It vanished like a spendthrift's coin before a hybrid ghost !

FYTE II.

We're like wet, well wash'd linen, for we're hung upon a *line*—
 That line on which the sea god once did levy liquid fine,
 And had his novice seamen shaved, and eke some landmen, too,
 With those afflicting instruments he number'd one and two,
 Which forc'd from *rumless* innocents a verbage strangely blue—
 Indeed, far more cerulean than e'en the ocean waves
 From which Nep, Amphitr,te, and the oakum-bearded knaves—
 Sham Tritons—issued foc'sleward to hold those mystic rites,
 With screaming farces oft commenced, to end in savage fights,
 When blood from noses freely flow'd, evoked by brawny fists,
 Which often strange astronomy exhibit through strange mists.
 But not of knave Neptunian, of razor, brush, or bath,
 Have I to give description here, but of a thing of wrath—
 Of wrath to rats as terrible as that Achilles bore
 To Hector, when the armour he of slain Patroclus wore.
 Then squeak, marauders odious, squeak ! squeak ! your end is near !
 Though marlinspikes amused you much, you now must die of fear !

Old Phœbus's bright chariot, with axle-beds on fire,
 Has rush'd above " Columbus I and " as if that cheery sire
 Had supped on blood-red capsicums, and tippled by mistake
 Some lava from Vesuvius, his ceaseless thirst to slake,
 While all the cloud-capped portico through which he'd swiftly
 driven

Had lurid friese and capitol, like—certainly *not* Heaven !
 Then Mrs. Brown told Mrs. Jones " the morrow would be hot ;"
 And I—well, I just dived below to take another tot—
 For hot or cold, so I am told, there's nothing like a sup
 Of right down three-star *battleaxe* to keep the spirits up ;
 And then in hammock (Ashantee) I coiled myself away
 To muse upon the dream-like past, fast swelling day by day,
 And watch with scarcely conscious eye the night with starry crown
 On wings, each moment darkening, o'er ocean lighting down,
 While to and fro, like restless bear, the skipper paced his deck—
 As if he thought the *doldrums* there quite tantamount to *wreck*—

And, as 'neath blue cloud canopy, he passed me swinging there,
 He pithy observations made, to which I answered "Ne'er!"
 Or "Yes," or "No"—for, don't you see, I heard not what he said,
 But wish'd he'd take his anecdotes and growlings off to bed.

But ah! dear me, that's singular—"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"—
 It is a feline songster, sure, beneath our starboard bow.
 It nearer came, it louder grew, 'twas just beside the waist,
 And so from out that "Ashantee" I sprang in headlong haste,
 For sweetly, sadly musical, those tones I knew right well—
 Yet for a mouser it was *damp*, beneath an ocean swell—
 And then methought some mermaid, all hopeless on the shelf,
 Had taken Thomas for a pet—the lucky furry elf;
 But yet *that* really could not be—his mew betokened pain—
 And so I bawled out, "Captain, hi! here's Tommy back again!
 There! there, beneath the mizzen chains, just hear him crying out!
 'Tis Thomas, for a dollar, sir—a *dozen* if you doubt—
 Call aft your salt junk slanderers—quick, lower down the gig!
 This is a strange phenomenon, a most surprising rig!
 Sh! Toby, Tom, and Wrinkly Joe, you red-haired Davy, come,
 Fish up Tom Tabby presently and drink your fill of rum!"

"On *that* I'll clap a stopper quick, such things I do not wish,"
 The Captain growled: "besides, the thing is *just* a great cat-fish;
 So forward to the cat-head men, the cat-falls overhaul,
 The cat-hook and the cat-fall block, for we shall need them all;
 Now, capture all the rats you *can*, and bait with them the hook!"
 "Aye, aye, sir!" cried the sailors sly, and went for rats to look—
 That is, they stowed themselves away in tarry-smelling nook.

We, leaning o'er the taffrail then, beheld a fearsome sight:
 No pestilential pussy fish, but ghostly thing alight!
 Quite useless clumsy cat-hook there, absurd a live rat bait—
 It was a frightful fellowship in phosphorescent state—
 A shark of hue sulphureous, with horror gleaming eyes,
 Which glared as if astonishment had made of them a prize.
 And well it might feel ill at ease, for in its lantern frame
 A "scarlet cat," all teeth and claws, ranged nimble as a flame—
 Or gay and festive squirrel pet, fresh caged and not too tame.
 But, ah! no gall or gizzard tough that shark had left to tear,
 For Tom had been industrious and scratched its inside bare!
 And thus, like fam'd Kilkenny cats, they'd rubbed each other out,
 Though still the fiend-fish held its prey, like poacher's bag a trout.
 But Tom, with pangs particular, shall cause to grin and gape
 That squalline shade satanical, which off the stormy cape
 Will share with Vanderdecken's ghost its cruising grounds for aye—
 Except when to Nep's shaving shop it wretchedly may stray.

FYTE III.

The morning's sun shines cheerily, it gildeth sea and sail,
 And rats that to the ratlines small are hanging by the tail—
 Not cunningly, like possums cute on gumtrees' waving twigs,
 But ghastly, as on gambles strong depend well-scalded pigs.
 No more on choicest provender those vermin vile may feast—
 They're dead as old Methuselah, or Cæsar at the least !
 I gazed on them in wonderment, I saw no mark of claws
 Or aught of feline handiwork that sudden death might cause ;
 So to the Captain quickly then I hied, and said, " Good luck !
 I've seen a modern miracle since Tommy's ghost came back ;
 It rats hath slain a hecatomb—they're hanging dead outside !"
 He answered not one syllable, but stretched his talk-mill wide
 To give vent to the laughter rude, I hoped might crack his side.

The meaning of his merriment I begged to learn, and then
 He ask'd, his eyes like gooseberries, to hear my tale again.
 I said 'twas plain as sailors' duff, with not one plum at all—
 I thought him apopletical, I fear'd lest he might fall—
 He did not though, for presently he caught his breath and said,
 " The ghost of poor old Tommy ?" No ! 'twas prentice Tom and
 Ned ;
 They trapp'd 'em in the deckhouse there and knock'd 'em on the
 head !"

" O ! *hang* it all ! Why, *don't* you know ? You *must* remember well
 That feline, squalline, *double ghost*, like awful ones which dwell
 In 'pit' pet parsons preach about, when consciences they'd shake—
 A crib than *this* more tropical—so *you* should surely quake
 While awful crammers uttering, as you've been coining now."
 The Captain like a lion roared, " I'd like to learn as how."
 I wagg'd my head right knowingly, I stared him in the face,
 And with my finger pointing straight I argufied the case.
 " Ho ! ho !" said I, " sham Abraham, your memory is short :
 You *don't* remember all the *rats* you ordered to be caught !
 Nor yet about the *pussy-fish* you sent your shellbacks all
 To capture from the *cat-head* there, with *cat-hook* and *cat-fall* !"

At this the villain had a fit—a laughing fit, O dear !—
 As if he'd taken laughing gas, or tippled too much beer.
 He shook his head, he stamp'd his feet, he sat him swiftly down,
 And snatching off his batter'd hat, on deck he dash'd it down !
 Then, rubbing at his starting eyes, from which some moisture ran,
 Exclaimed, " O ! O ! this is a go—you'll kill me yet, my man !
 That pussy-fish ! the cat-fall block !—you've dreaming been again,
 From last night stuffing cold plum-duff, enough for twenty men !
 I'm busy now, so off you go and yarn to Johnny Greens,
 In very verdant rigging, of the goose-step horse-marines !"

PHOSPHORESCENT.

HIGH JINKS.

Old Neptune's toll-bar is astern,
 With scorching calms that almost burn
 The men-of-war, called Portuguese,
 Whose filmy sails invite a breeze ;
 The *"doldrums," too—which language blue
 Evoke from ever hauling crew—
 Are, with their squalls and heavy rain,
 Discomforts of a distant main.

Now flying fish and albacore
 Are seldom seen our prow before,
 As gaily on the starboard tack,
 Alow, aloft, all sail we crack
 To woo the steady trade wind strong
 That wakes the waves' low murmured song,
 While tars with scrapers, paint, and varnish,
 Obliterate all rust and tarnish,
 That gallant ship when sailing in
 To port may shine like brand new pin.

For "Ursa Major," ranging high,
 Points down to where in northern sky
 The Pole star, like a beacon light,
 Speaks volumes to the seamen's sight,
 For does it not, with beaming glance,
 Cast on their souls a longing trance
 In which home joys, on English soil,
 Reward them for their slavish toil.

The second watch is set, and now
 Diana, with her crescent bow,
 Has o'er the western ocean flown,
 And left the stars to shine alone ;

* Doldrums, variable winds on equator.

While in my hammock, swinging free,
 I practise for a singing bee
 A droning song, with nasal twang,
 When on my arm a sudden bang,
 And in my ear a loud "ahoy!"
 Soon puts to flight the sluggard's joy.

Then up I sprang with headlong haste—
 Expecting shipwreck at the least—
 And, though 'twas not exactly wreck,
 I just miss'd stays and struck the deck;
 For, don't you see, before that night
 I'd perched at no such giddy height,
 But in a shelf-like bunk reclined,
 With plank protection ever kind—
 I felt e'en then a plank behind!

"What now?" I cried, "you sea cook's son!
 Look what your foolery has done!"
 And then—right strange it is to tell—
 I found we saw each other well:
 For shining through the dead-light there
 Stream'd down a pale and ghastly glare,
 Which lighted up that sea boy's face—
 Replete with aught but saintly grace.
 "What now?" cried I again, and he
 Replied, "You'd better come and see."

"The ship on fire, eh! eh! Not it;
 The *sea* is, though, a little bit!
 The sea? They used to say in flames
 In time I'd set the River Thames;
 But as for ocean! Come now, Dave,
 Just own yourself a lying knave!"
 He would not—so in boot-urged flight
 Fled deckward, like a startled sprite.

Then in those things—which ladies fair
 To hear of spoken cannot bear,
 Yet from their hubbies fiercely wrest
 To wear as knight would haughty crest—
 I rushed on deck, when to my gaze
 The ocean seem'd in one wide blaze—
 For ev'ry wave a lamp was then,
 Like *ignis fatuus* in fen—
 A dancing flame of mocking light
 That darker left the dome of night.

So then I perched upon the rail,
 'Neath breezy foot of swelling sail,
 And gazed, and gazed, till on my view
 A most entrancing picture grew ;
 For there, like circus, spreading wide
 A vast pavilion girt the tide
 With walls of night-mist, dense and dark :
 Its vaulted roof had many a spark
 Of liquid silver, while the floor
 With silver flakes was studded o'er :
 It was a ballroom in the deep,
 Where Neptune's self might revels keep.

Now low and soft, now loud and strong,
 Rang music—not a mermaid's song—
 But such as "town bands" play beside
 The margin of the dark green tide ;
 For Æolus and gusty crew
 On mighty conch-shells deftly blew,
 While Triton trumpet solos play'd—
 To which much praise was justly paid—
 For, with his cheeks distended wide,
 He sent his music o'er the tide,
 Till some small starry god on high
 A cat-call ventured on the sly—
 But Jupiter, with awful frown,
 Soon put the cub, unruly, down—
 For Jove, from blue Olympian height,
 With all his court enjoy'd the sight.

In royal box, enthroned high,
 The ocean monarch roll'd his eye
 At sly "Salicia," passing fair,
 Whom amphitrite cannot bear.
 Nep's sposa with her father now,
 And Doris sits with gloomy brow,
 While they unto the oldest gods
 Reply with most attentive nods ;
 For "Oceanus" and his wife
 Spun' prosy yarns of early life,
 And such-like twaddle, for you see
 No card-room there appear'd to be
 Where old Neptunian fogies might
 With cards and scandal pass the night.

There sat "Eurymone," still fair—
 Her daughters, too, as guests were there—

For Venus, at old Nep's desire,
 Had let them come in her attire,
 Which, though they were of faultless grace,
 Sent fresh attractions to each face ;
 Then, as they posed themselves with care,
 Sea dandies crowded round to stare ;
 And, had the place not been so damp,
 His mother would have sent that scamp,
 Young Cupid, with his bow and darts,
 At random, to transfix all hearts :
 While, as it was, from high above
 The ever watchful God of Love
 At Æolus a shaft let fly,
 Which made him cast a longing eye
 At Dione—the granddam white
 Of that young mischief-working wight.

Indeed, when " Rule Britannia " he
 (The Wind God) played, by Nep's decree,
 He wandered to the " sad sea wave,"
 Then desultory snorts he gave ;
 And it was strange, the less blew he,
 Faint, and more faint, grew Dione :
 And had he ceased I do believe
 Her absence all had cause to grieve.
 This Neptune saw, and as his pride
 Is to behold that goddess ride
 In snowy garb on coursers green,
 He used, like pin, his trident keen,
 And touched up Æo', till he thought
 Of sting-ray he had been the sport ;
 So rubb'd and blew, and felt unkind,
 Till he was almost out of wind,
 While round and round the dancers flew,
 And Dione resplendent grew
 In veil of phosphorescent light,
 Before which fled the shades of night.

Fair Thetis and her Nereids
 Next enter'd, nude, as Peri kids—
 For nothing could improve their lines
 (See Flaxman's exquisite designs).
 These quickly mingled with the throng,
 While Nep, with handshake warm and long,
 His " ancient friend, divinely fair,"
 Achilles' mother, welcom'd there,
 And made her sit at his right hand
 To flourish of his conch-shell band.

Now lightly tripp'd, with flying feet,
 The sea-green sisters, trim and neat,
 In gleaming garb of starry ray—
 Transparent as the light of day.
 But who are they with yellow locks,
 Who to those jills were comely jocks?
 Why, gay young river gods, who glanc'd
 At lovely nymphs with whom they danc'd
 With eyes of amorous desire
 Would set a frozen sea on fire.
 But Oceanus and his "vrow"—
 Old "Lethys"—would not them allow
 To more than glance, for they were old,
 With wrinkled brows and pulses cold,
 And so their frail descendants bright
 They guarded well throughout the night,
 And even frowned at Nep when he
 At some sweet nymph would winking be.

Around sat quasi saline dames—
 Wall nosegays, with unholy names—
 Whom sea-god partners, with a glance,
 Entrapp'd at times to join the dance,
 While mermaids with their mermen flew
 In gallopade around the crew;
 They could not waltz or polk, 'twas clear—
 Their trains were too far in arrear—
 These, dolphin pages bore with grace,
 And seem'd right well to go the pace.

A horrid shape next caught my sight—
 It hovered in the outside night
 And glower'd with tremendous eye
 At whirling throng, like huge Paul Pry:
 Especially where Galatea
 Mused softly of her mortal dear,
 And sometimes, just to soothe her mind,
 Permitted some gay god to wind
 His arm around her faultless waist,
 The light fantastic joy to taste;
 And then, ye gods, old Polypheme—
 His rage was something to be seen!
 And had he got in with his club,
 Old Nep had surely lost a sub.

He could not, though, so took to drink,
 And soon had but a sightless wink,

For as he snored within his cave
 I saw Ulysses—cunning knave—
 With forky stick his eyeballs tear,
 And leave him groaning in despair.

But, ah ! false Circe stood behind
 A gorgeous bar, with liquor lined,
 And smil'd and smirk'd, like tavern belle,
 On young and thoughtless ocean swell,
 Who, as he drank and ogled there,
 Soon beast-like grew, I do declare ;
 When Circe cried, with scornful eye,
 Oh ! *let the nasty creature lie !*"
 This to his friends, who thought that she
 Was far gone on *them* as could be,
 And strok'd their sprouting beards in glee.

Then to those youngsters, fresh and green,
 She o'er the bar would smiling lean,
 And look as if she thought that they
 Eclips'd the glowing god of day :
 While one, more forward than the rest,
 Her fingers squeezed, her cheek caress'd ;
 And as the rest with envy glower'd
 She favors on the hero shower'd,
 Till he, elated with success,
Would treat the others favor'd less,
 To show to all that he combin'd
 With god-like grace a lofty mind.
 And so he'd drink, and drink, till he
 Was fitted for a piggery—
 A sort of maudlin link between
 A monkey and a swine unclean.

But who are they who in the pit
 And lower boxes dimly sit ?
 Why, as I live, they're mortals queer !
 But who or what I'm not so clear,
 For ev'ry garb beneath the sun—
 From that before e'en dress begun
 To latest fashions—all are there,
 And, yes, I know them, I declare !
 Of course I do, *they're "Jones's" crowd !*
 And so aloud I hail'd and bowed.

But as I spoke, like flash of light
 The whole thing vanish'd from my sight,

And Mr. Buntline said, "Look here,
 To bed you'd better quickly sheer,
 Or, next thing, overboard you'll go—
 If sleep you must, just sleep below."
 Then added, in his accents gruff,
 "Of phosphorous you'll have enough,
 And of a hotter mixture far,
 When 'Davey' gets you in his bar!"

I merely said that *he* would be
 A comrade kind to comfort me,
 Then dived below to try again
 My hammock, like a single swain :
 When, cast away on dreamland's coast,
 I supp'd with Neptune for a host,
 Then afterwards to Circe's isle
 Went wandering to stay awhile :
 And, drinking of her magic draught,
 Soon changed my shape, when someone laugh'd
 And said I snored, just like the thing,
 Which at his noise, like bird, took wing.

Now, readers, if this tale should test
 Your wonder-turnpike, never rest
 Till, sailing on the ocean free,
 You for yourselves those high jinks see.
 But, mind, be silent when you do,
 Or vanish will that phantom crew.

[Ship Carnaqueen, North Atlantic, May, 1877.—For two nights running in the Northern trades the ocean was illuminated with phosphorescence, and presented a most fairyland-like spectacle, which suggested the subject for the above poem.—R. B.]



TO A SWALLOW

(Which came to the ship and lighted on my wife's head when we were four hundred miles from land, in the Western Ocean).

Poor little bird, what dost thou here,
 With weary wings and eyes of fear,
 From land so far away?
 For over hedgerow, mead, and stream,
 And gardens, whence sweet flowrets gleam,
 Thou should'st be skimming gay.

Thy comrades twitter 'neath the eaves
 Of human friends, the verdant leaves
 Are singing to the wind :
 The swarming gnats whirl high in air
 (Of swallows aye the dainty fare)—
 Why left thou them behind ?

O'er ocean yet the norther blows,
 Chill-hearted, from eternal snows :
 The petrels' vagrant train
 Flit lightly in our vessel's wake,
 With eager appetite to take
 The flotage of the main.

From "Stormy Cape," through cold and heat,
 In ocean's waves they've *dipped their feet
 And follow'd day and night.
 But thou ?—though similar in form—
 When worsted by the cruel storm,
 Where, where could'st thou alight ?

* The name petrel is derived from the Italian diminutive for Peter, i.e., "petrillo," and was given to the petrel owing to its habit of dipping its feet into the waves as it skims along their surface, as Peter dipped his feet when attempting to follow our Saviour's example on the sea of Genesaret.

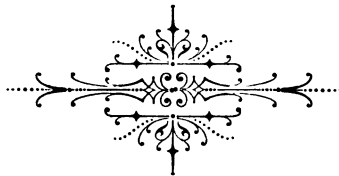
Right welcome wouldst thou be if I
 Knew not that thou must surely die
 Of hunger, friendly bird ;
 For nothing can we offer thee
 As provender—upon the sea
 No buzzing fly is heard.

My children laugh with ringing glee,
 Thy charming confidence to see,
 As folding pinions light—
 By instinct to the gentle led—
 Thou perchest on their mother's head
 To rest awhile from flight.

There, pretty creature, stay awhile,
 Then haste away, lest mouser vile
 Should mark thee as his prey.
 Thy speedy pinions yet may bear
 Thee safely thro' the bracing air,
 O'er Biscay's stormy bay

To sunny France, where thou wouldst find
 A welcome, doubtless, from thy kind.
 Now to the rigging hie—
 In safety there to rest until
 The morrow's sun gild far-off hill,
 Then landward swiftly fly.

Ship Carnaqueen, May 28, 1877.



THE SWALLOW'S FATE.

Departed is the chilly wind,
 The waves have sunk to rest,
 And cheerily upon mankind
 That jewel of the all-wise mind—
 The sun—in glory dress'd,

Flames upward in the eastern sky,
 His realms to fill with light ;
 The morning air is crisp and dry,
 And wavelets small, which ripple by,
 As emeralds are bright.

The canvas flutters as the ship
 Is heaving on the swell
 Which chronicles with murm'ring lip
 The absence of the boreal whip
 Which late on ocean fell.

Too tranquil is the morn, indeed,
 For longing home-sick swain,
 Who longs for south wind strong, to speed
 Our gallant vessel in her need,
 And fleck with foam the main.

"Now, swallow, is the time for flight,"
 I, upward gazing, said ;
 But never swallow met my sight,
 And so I pictured with delight
 The wand'rer safely sped.

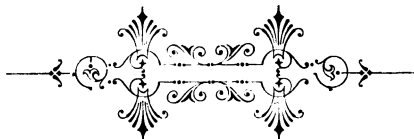
Then, slowly pacing to and fro,
 I eastward turn'd my eyes,
 When, ah ! a dreadful cry of woe
 (Loud children's sorrow, from below)
 Rang upward to the skies.

"The birdie's dead ! the birdie's dead !"
 Poor Lottie cried in grief—
 And so it was, for fate had led
 The swallow near that tabby dread—
 Our skulking feline thief.

At eventide no more 'twould roam
 Beneath the summer sky,
 O'er many a happy English home,
 For, oh ! across the ocean's foam,
 It sought us but to die.

Ship Carnaquheen, May 29, 1877.

[Poor little swallow ! I thought that it was gone off safely, but after passing the night in the cook's galley it fluttered aft into the cabin, when, to the bitter grief of the children, the weird (St. Helena) successor of the "phosphorus hunter," imitating the rôle of the detestable prowler which slew "Mrs. Throgmorton's bullfinch," pounced in and burked it. But we did not permit him to feast on the fruit of his crime. No ; we committed it to the deep, while that feline exhibited to perfection what a cat, duly encouraged, can perform in the way of flying up precipitous places, and through impossible cracks, in which a November sunbeam would share the fate of Æsop's vessel. He did not, however, follow his victim overboard, owing to the insignificant fact that no one was able to capture him in time to draw his attention to it ; besides, *reason* stepped in to the rescue, and averred that the culprit was *naturally* vicious, and therefore not accountable for his crimes. He was let off, but has since been shy.]



TO AN EAST WIND.

IN THE CHOPS OF THE CHANNEL.

I

Some poets rail at Boreas,
 Averring he's a railer,
 But stubborn *east winds* bore, alas,
 Far more, the home-sick sailor,
 When round about the universe
 He's weary months been sailing—
 That wind and soundings he'll asperse
 With fervor unavailing.

2

From Channel chops, like albatross,
 Glide lofty outward-bounders,
 While, with that east wind for a boss,
 Athwart them thrash our sounders—
 Who, sniffing, scent fresh provender,
 Kiss almost Nance and Polly—
 Yet from *these chops* they cannot stir
 (To kiss which would be folly).

3

Swift in-bound steamers, gallantly
 The foaming billows cleaving,
 Can almost hear our "Hard a-lee,"
 And shellbacks loudly grieving.
 Our canvas thunders in the wind,
 As round she comes, all shaking—
 No *missing stays*—she's more inclined
 To be a *long stay* making!

4

With reddish nose and pearly eyes,
 Our officers go pacing,
 Obtesting aye the cruel sky,
 Whose wind is far too *bracing*,
 For *bowline* is a word, O dear!
 Our skipper's always calling,
 While "Mainsail haul!" e'en now I hear
 Him up above me bawling.

5

Dull patience is an attribute
 Confined, 'tis said, to females—
 That statement I at once confute
 By swearing that all sea males
Must take to it, like Adam's race,
 To death—that's willy-nilly—
 When east winds they with *bad* damns face
 (But *then* they're close on S(c)illy).

6

Of sharks and whales, of calms and gales,
 We've had enough, Old Gusty,
 So long to lounge in smiling vales,
 And rattle on roads dusty.
 Vouchsafe us, then, a friendly lift,
 To stop this ceaseless tacking—
 Our wardrobe's done, a decent shift
 Of wind we're sadly lacking.

7

Then, Æolus, thy burly sub,
 Old Boreas, be sending
 To kick home this vile, surly cub,
 Now Neptune's sons offending
 In sounding cave confine the knave,
 Till "outward bound" *we're* steering,
 Then let him free to sweep the sea,
 And work at Channel clearing.

8

Then lounging o'er the rail we'll grin
 At nasty, growling fellows,
 Who'd to the Downs go sailing in
 To ban your howling bellows
 For kindly helping us along
 (A salt's a selfish rogue as
 Those Ministers who change their song
 To suit their oft turned togas !)



THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE LONDON.

To cheery capstan song, come list, and view
 The graceful steamship, which her active crew
 From busy dock hauls through its gates—thrown wide
 To give her egress to the flowing tide ;
 She slowly glides, her ev'ry motion scanned
 By gazing concourse on adjacent land,
 And loud-voiced harbormaster, who, alert,
 Can well his brief authority assert
 And order all : The ready tars obey
 His short, sharp mandates, which brook no delay.
 To mid-stream dark the good ship grandly glides,
 Swings with the tide, and there in safety rides.

With mighty force anon the eager steam
 The huge ship urges o'er the turbid stream,
 With slow commencement, till inertia vast
 Becomes momentum, and for speed is cast :
 While, loud in sympathy with pilgrim band,
 The hearty hurrahs ring from crowded land,
 Where tearful eyes are fondly strained to keep
 In view dear friends, who dare the stormy deep
 To court kind fortune in that southern land,
 Where plenty smiles and waits the willing hand :
 Where golden grain and fruitful vineyards share
 The toiler's labor, and reward his care—
 A pleasant land—yet still their hearts shall dwell
 In dear old England, they have loved so well.

With steady skill the waterman, who steers,
 Guides the great vessel 'midst the crowded tiers
 Of lesser ships, whose lofty hamper shows
 Like wintry forest, with incumbent snows
 On leafless branches, for on taper spars
 The wind-worn sails are folded by the tars—
 Who oft have spread them to the welcome blast,
 When strained the cordage and inclined the mast.

Now, as she passes, mark each vessel's crew
 The bulwarks swarm, that stately ship to view ;
 Her graceful lines, her giant bulk they praise,
 And tell with confidence the tale of days
 On stormy ocean which must mount before
 Her living freight shall sight the Austral shore ;
 No evil portents to their vision loom
 To augur wreck, or mortals' early doom :
 No—gold and skill too well in her have vied
 To leave her subject to an adverse tide.
 But man is blind, and what may her befall
 Is known to HIM, and HIM alone, whose call
 Can wake the hurricane, and with it heap
 The foaming fury of resistless deep !

Old twin-pier'd Gravesend is attained, and now
 The anchor plunges from her lofty bow,
 While from the deck, where it in folds has lain,
 Through sounding hawse-pipe flies the massive chain,
 Whose mimic thunder, in a rattling roar,
 Rolls, with its echoes, to adjacent shore,
 Whence wherries launch, and o'er the brackish tide,
 By oarsmen urged, to anchored vessel glide,
 To swell the crowds that on the good ship surge,
 To cabins dive, or rabbit-like, emerge
 With aims conflicting—hopeful, sad, or gay—
 They know no method, no fix'd rules obey ;
 Confusion reigns, and glad the crew will be
 When, farewells over, they shall be at sea.

The grimy stokers—Cyclops-like—once more
 The fuel heap, and bid the red flames roar
 In iron furnaces, to quickly raise
 The toiling giant of these modern days—
 From water bred by all consuming fires,
 It hissing fumes and in its den perspires—
 To drive, impatient, with stupendous force,
 The noble ship upon her trackless course,
 While rolling smoke, that streams from funnel high,
 Black, banner-like, floats 'neath the sullen sky.

The clearance gained, the anchor is aweigh,
 No longer now can lingering friends delay
 Their farewells sad, yet still, with wish to cheer,
 They smiling gaze, in either eye a tear,
 And tell of hope in shaking tones which thrill
 As if from hearts presaging deadly ill :

But time nor tide for mortals will delay,
 So *final* farewells they perforce must say.
 They seek their skiffs, and on the vessel's deck
 The form familiar fades to dusky speck :
 Soon lost to view, for urged by mighty steam,
 With hissing prow, the London cleaves the stream—
 Her grand old ensign gleaming darkly through
 The smoky cloud, that jealously from view
 Would hide her hull, though still distinct and clear,
 Above it shows her lofty, taper gear—
 This, too, with distance disappears, and then,
 Save ebon streak, nought greets the gazer's ken.

In far-famed Nore the shrill-voic'd icy blast
 From Downs sweeps in through night shades falling fast—
 With might increasing—while 'neath leaden sky
 The wind-rent storm-clouds, in a wild wrack, fly
 Like routed fugitives from deadly strife
 That dogs their footsteps with destruction rife,
 And warning gives to those who on the deep,
 'Midst rocks and shoals, their anxious vigils keep ;
 And so the Captain, versed in nature's signs,
 All thoughts of progress for the time resigns—
 At least till morning o'er the narrow sea
 Shall shed her light, or winter winds be free.
 His will express'd the skilful pilot hears,
 Then for safe holding ground the vessel steers,
 While toiling engines their endeavors stay
 And sullen rest, when, with fast failing way
 The ship sweeps on till, at commanding word,
 A rattling roar and heavy plunge is heard—
 And once again amid the waves which glide,
 Then swelling upward lap the good ship's side,
 She anchored lies : the while, with clamours loud,
 The steam escaping forms a fleecy cloud,
 Which, with its freedom, yields its matchless might,
 And flies to consort with the dews of night.

The evening wanes—the anchor watch is set—
 And in great cabin passengers are met
 At garnish'd tables, tempting cheer to try,
 Whose varied dishes gladden every eye :
 While pendant lamps, which shine with mellow light,
 Bid comfort reign, and scare the dreary night.

When weary voyagers retire to rest
 What novel fancies agitate each breast !

For all is strange, and though intrudes not fear,
 Strange, weird noises from the night they hear—
 The wind's shrill minstrelsy through hollow blocks—
 The fretful splash and oft recurring shocks
 Of restless waves that fast succeeding roll
 O'er winding channel and ensnaring shoal,
 While measured strokes upon resounding bell
 Of vanish'd hours with loud precision tell—
 Then on the deck above their heads, with slow
 And ling'ring tread, parading to and fro,
 The watch is heard—whose duty 'tis to keep
 A piercing eye upon surrounding deep,
 To note huge forms which, ghost-like, hurry past
 With spreading sails before the moaning blast :
 Full in their front a lantern, gleaming bright,
 Their advent heralds, while phosphoric light
 Gleams coldly forth from out the yeasty flakes
 Of dancing foam, which gathers in their wakes ;
 They swiftly glide, for them the wind is free,
 Their port near gained—the ship-destroying sea—
 Its rocks, its shoals, its devastating blast
 And wild lee-shores, just seem like shadows past ;
 Blithe are their crews, and eager to obey
 The pilot's orders, for with one more day
 Of cheerful duty all their hardship ends.
 Then, hey ! for home, for sweethearts, wives, and friends !

The Sabbath dawns—the sullen sun once more
 With feeble beams illumines sea and shore ;
 Yet adverse still, above the foaming waves
 The gale, protracted, thro' the rigging raves ;
 Still flies the scud 'neath dark forbidding skies,
 And warning gives to seamen—weather-wise—
 Of warring elements with danger fraught
 To reckless seamen who may leave their port.
 These evil signs the careful pilot notes,
 And, with regret, another day devotes
 To dull inaction, then, with newborn year,
 To stormy channel he the ship will steer.

The hours creep by, the wintry night is past,
 And dull inaction to the winds is cast,
 For long 'ere landsmen leave their beds the crew
 Are loudly called their duty to renew ;
 They rouse the steam, the anchor weigh again,
 When, greatly urged, the vessel stems the main,

And seaside towns, to pleasure-seekers dear,
 In turn are viewed, in turn to disappear,
 Till Goodwin Sands, so oft the greedy grave
 Of gallant vessels and their seamen brave,
 Are safely passed, and o'er the dark green tide
 The Isle of Wight looms grandly in its pride,
 While glancing sails of good ships homeward bound,
 Like sea-mews, hover o'er the waves around,
 Whose rising fury, and the gale combin'd,
 Bar further progress with a force unkind,
 And drive the ship to anchor once again,
 Where stands St. Helen's by subservient main.

Once more are fled the frowning shades of night,
 And early morning sees with breaking light
 The anchor swinging, and the ship once more—
 Urged by her engines—quits the friendly shore ;
 Green curling billows in her pathway strew
 Bright sudden garlands of a snowy hue,
 While to and fro, engaged in gambols rude,
 Before her glide the uncouth porpoise brood :
 Now 'neath the flood, now from the waves they dash,
 And sparkling waters from their bodies flash—
 Broad, waving tails their sole propulsion find,
 Yet wrest the palm from urging steam or wind :
 With graceful ease they spurn the yielding main,
 Sport here and there, and still the lead maintain.
 Loud laugh the landsmen at the novel show—
 Too well its meaning hardy seamen know—
 For is it not an augury unkind
 Of foaming billows and tempestuous wind.

The " Needle Rocks "—which centuries have stood
 Like watchful sentinels against the flood—
 Are left astern, and to the open main
 The London steams, but to be foiled again,
 For, toiling hard through adverse seas she ploughs—
 Whose leaping billows scale her plunging bows ;
 Fierce gusty foes assail her rigging high,
 While screaming seagulls landward swiftly fly—
 Where, foaming fiercely, and with ceaseless roar,
 The breakers thunder on afflicted shore.

The pilot, warned by these portentous signs,
 For famous Spithead now to steer designs.
 She slowly wears, then like a startled steed
 On verdant course, flies with redoubled speed—

The partial wind seems shorn of half its might,
 The crested waves scarce catch her in her flight—
 From side to side her taper spars incline,
 With graceful sweep, toward the flashing brine,
 While far astern, in long extended line,
 Bright seething foamflakes on the waters shine,
 And outlines rude of rocky coast appear
 To change in form, cliffs rise to disappear :
 For, urged to speed by wedded steam and sail,
 She rides the billows and outstrips the gale.

The sunset gun along the busy shore
 From frowning fortress sends its booming roar,
 When sweeps the London to the harbor where
 Old England's fleets for threatened war prepare ;
 But night, fast falling, spreads her dusky shroud
 O'er naval stronghold and its human crowd,
 And soon again the London on the deep
 Is safely anchored, and her people sleep.

When to the past two cheerless days are sped,
 And morning's light upon the world is shed,
 Forth steams the vessel, once more bound to fight
 With wintry gales and waves remorseless might ;
 Through gloomy day and starless night she flies,
 Till twilight gleams in chilly eastern skies :
 Then through the mists which, curling, float around,
 They dimly see the mouth of Plymouth Sound,
 Whence sweeps a cutter o'er the angry sea,
 Puts down her helm and rounds-to on the lee,
 Where, bounding buoyantly on billows high,
 She seems a picture to a seaman's eye ;
 Her lofty sails gleam in the morning light,
 Her copper sheathing glitters redly bright,
 Her beam is broad, a press of sail to stand
 When, windward beating, she would leave the land :
 Her entry sharp, to cleave the heaving brine,
 Her lengthy floors from kelson steep incline
 To swelling bends, that no rude angle may
 Dead water gather, to impede her way ;
 Her long, clean run allows the parted tide
 'Neath rounded counter easily to glide,
 To meet again enwreath'd with snowy spray,
 As when lithe dolphins through the ocean play—
 Urged by broad tails, in curving lines they glide,
 And leave no ripple in the azure tide.

From arching davits at her stern, behold
 A dingy lower'd by two pilots bold,
 Their brawny arms the bending paddles ply,
 Thro' driving spray the shallop seems to fly—
 Now low in trough, now high on summit green
 Of rolling billow is the dingy seen,
 Till ah ! what pain invades each anxious breast :
 For angry wave, with fiercely foaming crest,
 Whirls the light shallop on its summit high,
 And overwhelms it as it rushes by !

“ Lower the lifeboat ! ” Captain Martin cries.
 Swift to the call each eager seaman flies ;
 With ready hands the gear they overhaul—
 The sheaves, revolving, lengthen past each fall—
 They ply their oars, of tough and pliant ash,
 The rowlocks rattle and the oar-blades plash :
 “ Pull with a will ! ” the ardent steersman cries—
 The strong ash buckles, and the lifeboat flies—
 Alas ! too slow to save one seaman brave—
 The raging sea must now become his grave.
 Through startled brain, like vivid lightnings' gleam
 His past and present, in a waking dream :
 One cry he gives for mercy to his soul—
 One thought to home—and then—the billows roll
 With sullen fury o'er that manly form
 That oft has braved them in the fiercest storm ;
 Invading torrents force the spirit's flight,
 And seal his senses in an endless night !
 But on, brave seamen, if ye yet would save
 A brother mariner from a watery grave,
 For stoutly still he battles hard for life—
 Not yet the sea is victor in the strife—
 A floating oar tenaciously he grasps,
 By brine tormented when for breath he gasps :
 The leaping waves on him with fury pour,
 And seem to claim him with resounding roar,
 The cruel winds his fierce assailants urge,
 The driving spray stings like a knotted scourge,
 Cold, icy fingers grasp his fainting heart,
 And dreadful Death appears to launch his dart.

Brave pilot, courage for one moment more !
 With iron grasp clutch fast the buoyant oar !
 For see ! advancing on that lofty wave,
 The lifeboat flies to save thee from the grave.

Boatman, prepare his sinking form to seize !
 Oarsmen, your labors for an instant ease !
 Steersman, be skilful, and yet cool withal !
 One ill-judged movement and ye ruin all.
 Back-water hard ! Hurrah ! From out the wave
 Strong arms now lift him, and forestall the grave !
 Then hoping still his comrade yet to find,
 They row around, but fate no more is kind ;
 In vain they search : his earthly pain is pass'd—
 The deep his grave—his dirge the howling blast !

When fruitless all would be protracted stay,
 The gallant tars, with heavy hearts, obey
 The Captain's signal to return on board
 With him whose life they hardly have restored,
 Whom now they question of his comrade, dead—
 " Will helpless orphans want for daily bread ?
 Will loving wife his step await in vain,
 Who ne'er shall glad her longing sight again ?"
 He, sadly answering, replies. But lo !
 The London's bulwarks with extended row
 Of anxious faces, peering o'er the rail,
 Looms overhead and screens them from the gale ;
 Beneath the falls at once they heedful glide,
 And nimble seamen scale the lofty side—
 Save those who hook the tackles and prepare
 The boat to steady as she mounts in air—
 For steam, resistless, lends the needful strain,
 And to the davits soon she swings again.

With hollow splash the screw the water spurns,
 Which, foam evolving, round her rudder churns :
 Her speedy prow soon points toward the land,
 Which, high before her, parts on either hand,
 A passage leaving for the flowing tide,
 'Midst lofty hills, to curves wherein to hide,
 While from the shore, towards the south, appears
 A massive pier—the work of toilsome years—
 Formed of huge stones, and based on solid rocks,
 Unmoved it stands to face the ocean's shocks—
 For baffled waves and snowy spume recoil,
 And round its base in whirling eddies boil.
 On seaward end there stands a lighthouse high,
 As guide to seamen who from storms would fly
 To welcome anchorage, where ofttimes meet
 In peaceful times the ships of England's fleet,
 And thither now the London swiftly glides,
 With graceful sweep, and at her anchor rides.

By rivals urged toward the vessel's side,
 The restless shore-boats skim the heaving tide,
 To bring those voyagers who view'd with dread
 The rock-bound Channel, with fell dangers spread
 When wintry gales with sullen fury roar,
 And breakers thunder on the wild lee-shore—
 And also those who, leaving home, delay
 The painful parting to the latest day.

From foremast high, "Blue Peter" flutters free
 To summon those who still on shore may be,
 And all is ready—fatal *Friday* passed—
 To brave once more the billows and the blast.

From daily path the sun has hurried down,
 Pursued by night—devoid of starry crown—
 And darkness falls on winding sound and land
 To hide the beach and objects close at hand,
 While in their stead unnumbered lights appear
 Along the shore and on the shipping near,
 Whose constant flames like glowing planets shine,
 Their beams reflected in the heaving brine :
 While, brighter far than rival lights around,
 The seawall beacon flashes o'er the Sound—
 A certain guide to skilful seamen's sight
 Who seek to gain or leave the port by night.

In spacious cabins of the London, shine
 Resplendent lamps in long extended line
 Above the guests, now once more met around
 The social board, with smiling plenty crown'd ;
 On snowy cloths the varied dishes steam,
 And sparkling wines in polish'd crystal gleam,
 While kindly hope and comfort join to cheer
 All lonely hearts, and banish lurking fear.
 But, ah ! to sea the ship is steaming out,
 And heaving waters soon the diners rout.

From straining vision of the favored few
 Exempt from sickness, fast recedes from view
 The cloud-like streak—last glimpse of England's shore,
 That much loved land they ne'er may visit more.
 Anon 'tis lost, for ocean's wide expanse,
 With scattered sails, is all that meets the glance—
 'Tis ocean, too, for treachery renowned—
 The die is cast, the ship is outward bound.

The daylight wanes, anon the winter's night
 In turn is banished by the source of light,
 And Sabbath dawns, but not in peace, for o'er
 The wat'ry waste wind's gusty forces roar,
 And to their call huge swelling billows rise
 Like foam-crown'd giants, to insult the skies,
 Or on the ship, which onward hardly ploughs,
 To fiercely bound and break above her bows,
 Or aft the mainmast, with a constant din,
 O'er futile bulwarks rush impetuous in.

On lagging wing the night has sped away,
 And Monday dawns—a wild and stormy day—
 Though still the voyagers, in cabins warm,
 From sound and motion do but judge the storm,
 While hardy mariners but little reck
 The wet discomforts of the wave-wash'd deck.
 To stop the engines Martin gives command—
 And high aloft ascends an active band
 Of gallant tars, to loose each willing sail,
 Which, sheeted home, stands stiffly to the gale.
 With lessen'd motion soon the ship careers,
 But from her course a spreading angle steers,
 While luckless folk, who groaning lie below,
 Are victims sad to landsmen's dreaded foe ;
 But pity scant they from their comrades find—
 The steward's deaf, their *favoured* friends inclined
 To leave the patients to *imagined* care—
 So mount the poop to breathe the bracing air.

The noontide pass'd, the gale with lessen'd force
 Careers o'er ocean in its viewless course,
 And though the waves are monstrous as before,
 They foaming break with less aggressive roar,
 While scattered sunbeams, cheering while they last,
 A passing glint upon the waters cast,
 And smiling hope foreboding gloom dispels,
 And with bright augury of safety tells.

The sun sinks coldly in the cheerless west,
 And darksome Night broods on each billow's crest ;
 Yet, phantom-like, with redly gleaming eyes,
 The ship glides on beneath cimmerician skies
 Until, compell'd before fair morning's face,
 The sullen night withdraws with creeping pace ;
 Then roars the blast, and, with redoubled wrath,
 Hurls waves enormous in the London's path.

Yet onward still, with sharp and plunging bows,
 The gallant ship through rolling masses ploughs,
 Whose curling crests in foaming torrents dash
 On flooded deck with never-ceasing splash,
 Then, through the scuppers, forceful spout again
 In briny torrents to the parent main.

But see ! A billow, of gigantic size,
 On storm-vex'd ship like famish'd monster flies,
 And fiercely rends from vessel's side away
 A buoyant lifeboat, to its might a prey ;
 With sadden'd hearts, the tempest-beaten crew
 Watch it astern till it is lost to view.
 But ah ! Alas ! Fresh dangers, thick and fast,
 Come crowding on, each greater than the last,
 For as "two bells" proclaim Time's sullen flight,
 The ship is hoisted to a giddy height ;
 Then headlong down into the trough she dives,
 And in the sea her flying-jibboom drives ;
 Above her head the whirling waters fly,
 While high in air her stern invades the sky—
 So stricken whale, with tail erected, darts
 To 'scape its foes and ease its burning smarts ;
 Down, down it dives ! then seeks again the air,
 Death-dealing lance-thrusts helplessly to bear—
 And so the London, in that awful gale,
 Impetuous plunges, and the boldest quail,
 As, closing round, the raging sea assails
 Her buried head, and tears away her sails.
 Masts, yards, and cordage in wild ruin lie
 About the deck, or down to leeward fly,
 Though still aloft the huge fore-topmast swings,
 By rigging held, the while beside it hangs
 The wrench'd-off royalmast, which joins the foe,
 Sweeps as she rolls and deals out blow on blow ;
 The shatter'd jibboom, shorn of taper sail,
 In water drags, as ally to the gale,
 While tall main-royalmast is also torn
 From lofty stand, and of its hamper shorn—
 Thus one fell stroke of Ocean's angry tide
 The London leaves despoiled of half her pride.

Undaunted all, still strive the hardy crew
 The trailing wreckage from the ship to hew,
 With fruitless aim unnumber'd strokes they try,
 From iron cordage glancing axes fly,

For—like tough canes, that bow before the blast,
 Yet mock the danger ere 'tis fairly pass'd—
 It hangs in loops, and, swinging to and fro,
 Evades the edge and disappoints each blow ;
 While waves prodigious on her cumber'd deck
 Incessant pour, and seem to claim the wreck :
 With hellish fury raves the awful storm
 As night descends, and veils each seaman's form !

The creeping hours prolong the horrid night,
 While those below begin to yield to fright,
 And prayers arise from many who, till now,
 Their stubborn knees in prayer disdain'd to bow,
 For, though the lamps may brightly burn within,
 Too plainly heard becomes the tempest's din ;
 While to and fro upon the wave-scourged deck
 The waters dash, obtruding thoughts of wreck—
 Of black despair—of dreadful death—and *then*
 Of prayer to God—for so it is with men !—
 They eat, they drink, they sleep, while all is well,
 Of death they dream not, and they laugh at hell ;
 But danger comes—destruction hovers near—
 Then, grov'ling low, they rave a useless prayer !

But not so all : some trustful spirits now,
 With steady faith, before their Master bow,
 Or, hopeful, cheer the sinking hearts of those
 Whose abject fear paints multitudes of woes,
 Whose ears drink in and magnify each sound,
 Who fear destruction from each sea around—
 In vain regret—who moaning pass the night,
 And, all-impatient, wait the morning's light.

The captain brave, who, true as temper'd steel,
 Thinks not of sleep, but station'd at the wheel
 His watch maintains, exposed to ev'ry blast
 That sweeps the sea and bows each groaning mast ;
 In pitchy darkness peers with straining eyes
 For squalls terrific, that would fain surprise ;
 Or giant seas, which, high above the rest,
 Come rushing on, with fiercely threat'ning crest,
 Marks with what force they thunder on his deck,
 By fuel cumber'd and bestrewn with wreck ;
 And, in his mind, weighs all the chances o'er
 Of e'er attaining far Australia's shore.
 Shall he advance, and dare the awful force
 Of winds and waters which oppose his course ?

Or shall he turn, and, fleeing from the gale,
Some haven seek by aid of steam and sail,
The storm's fell mischief to repair, and wait
Till warring elements their wrath abate?

To this last view his prudent thoughts incline ;
Yet calls he Harris, that he may combine
His long-tried skill and judgment with his own,
And thus begins, with low and anxious tone—
" You see the state our noble craft is in—
You hear the tempest's wreck-declaring din—
You see those seas which, with resounding roar,
On straining decks their mighty volumes pour ;
Say, then, shall we the ocean still engage,
And struggle on 'gainst elemental rage?
Or, turning, flee, and, homeward-bound once more,
Seek shelt'ring harbor by old England's shore,
Where cordage lost and spars may be replaced,
And all the mischief of the storm effaced?"

The careful seaman in his mind revolves
Each chance and danger either course involves,
Which, quickly done, he with his chief agrees
That it were wise to leave the stormy seas
For friendly port, wherein their ship may be
Once more refitted, and prepared for sea.

But ere the task of wearing ship, they go
Their charts to study, and their books, below,
Her courses steer'd, her speed, the leeway made
(To all attention must be duly paid),
And these they calculate with nicest care,
Consult the chart and mark position there ;
Then trust, with fortune, ere two days are o'er
In Plymouth Sound their ship shall ride once more.

With eager hands the seamen whirl the wheel,
The plunging ship sweeps round with heavy reel ;
While, flutt'ring fiercely in the raging blast,
Her mizen-staysails mount from mast to mast ;
O'er tempest's din the seamen's cries resound
As giant yards come slowly sweeping round
To meet the wind, that with vindictive sway
The billows lop and bears their heads away.

Now, o'er the waves, that pile the troubled main,
In sullen gloom, the young day dawns again,

While war the elements in sateless wrath,
 And mass their forces in the vessel's path ;
 But—though her hamper is in partial wreck,
 And sea's dread legions thunder on her deck—
 Her mighty hull, yet proof against the tide,
 Contains no water in its dark inside—
 Still unimpaired and shining to the view,
 Her willing engines whirl the powerful screw—
 She plunges on, while careless of the storm,
 Her nimble seamen in the rigging swarm,
 With weapons keen, intent to cut away
 All harmful wreck, and injured spars to stay ;
 Then set the staysails to each lofty mast—
 Now strongly stayed to wrestle with the blast.

Pale azure rifts the driving clouds divide,
 And scattered sunbeams gild the steamer's side,
 When each with sextant in right, upraised hand,
 The Captain brave and Harris firmly stand,
 Through colored lenses to observe the race
 Of day's great chieftain to his turning place,
 That marks high noon, then tell the time and go
 With anxious faces to the deck below ;
 There, on the chart, by measurement to find
 Their true position 'on that sea unkind,
 And work the course the London must pursue
 If Plymouth Sound they once more wish to view.

When falls the night the gale, increasing still,
 Howls as if urged by demoniac will,
 While ghastly crests, of still far-distant waves,
 Arise like ghosts, as if from ocean graves,
 Then with the billows, which they fitly crown,
 'Midst deaf'ning clamour rush tumultuous down
 On harass'd ship, to scale her bulwarks high,
 Invade her decks, and all her hatchways try,
 Then pouring forth in cataracts, regain
 Their raging comrades of the storm again.

Now sable night her densest veil extends
 O'er awful scene, and sky with ocean blends
 In blackest chaos, whence with piercing wail,
 Terrific squalls the hapless ship assail,
 Which, under staysails, wallows in the sea,
 While trembling voyagers, on bended knee,
 Now mutter prayers, the while they scarcely know
 What words are they which from their white lips flow.

But pious Draper, in his trumpet tones,
 Bids them surcease their troubled tears and moans ;
 Exhorting all in humble faith to fly
 To HIM who looks with omnipresent eye
 Upon His servants, and, with mighty arm,
 Can, if he will it, save from ev'ry harm.

Thus they below—while overhead the crew,
 With doubts increasing, their position view ;
 For now two staysails—each with dread report,
 Of winds tempestuous become the sport—
 In tattered shreds to leeward they are blown,
 The straining masts reel backward with a groan,
 While raging billows o'er her bulwarks beat,
 And storm-vex'd mariners to nooks retreat,
 To 'scape the blast and bitter waves which fly
 O'er ev'ry part, and leave no corner dry.

Ah ! now, a billow vaster than the rest,
 With force resistless and with foaming crest,
 Wrests for its spoil two boats from starboard side,
 And gives their fragments to rapacious tide—
 A cutter that—a buoyant lifeboat this—
 Their loss adds largely to the great distress.
 But respite none the madd'ning wind allows,
 Its rage remorseless ev'ry instant grows,
 Till deaf'ning din and force of gale may be
 No more augmented to enrage the sea.
 In caverns vast the ocean's breast is riven,
 And to their depths the hapless ship is driven—
 Involved in foam, which lends its ghastly light
 To swell the terrors of the awful night—
 Then upward heaved upon stupendous wave,
 As though ejected from a yawning grave,
 She meets the blast that, with vindictive roar,
 Rends all her sails and seems to howl for more.

Still dauntless Martin, to his duty true,
 With great example animates the crew,
 Now here, now there, his manly accents sound,
 In tones superior to the din around ;
 And when the sails by furious gusts are rent,
 His prompt command to engineers is sent,
 Of fuming steam to loose the might again,
 That, aided by it, they may stem the main ;
 Onward she drives, but soon remorseless fate
 Hurls fresh disasters, of resistless weight,

On dooméd ship, which, girt with terrors round,
Battles the legions of the vast profound.

Now, as the boom of loud resounding bell
Time's measured march proclaims, with sudden swell,
Above the gangway, with prodigious weight,
A billow falls and seals the vessel's fate ;
Through engine hatch, of stubborn teak and brass,
With iron gratings o'er its massive glass,
The waters burst with thunder-waking crash,
And through the breach in foaming torrents dash,
Two seamen hurling to the shades below,
Where mimic waves in mimic ocean flow,
While nothing now of mighty hatch remains
Save splinter'd wood, bent bars, and shatter'd panes !
For as an avalanche down Alpine steeps,
From icy glacier, with fury sweeps
Trees, rocks, and chalets, in fell ruin hurled,
Are borne before it to the lower world—
Grim desolation marks it as it flies,
While sullen thunders shake the earth and skies—
So with like fury fell that sea on board,
The hatch burst in and through the chasm roar'd !

Swift to the place the mate and captain fly,
And shout for help—the trusty crew reply—
With spars and sails the torrent they would stay ;
The raging sea sweeps spars and sails away ;
Their bedding, all things portable, they bring,
And booms and ladders o'er the opening fling,
Yet vainly all such barricades they heap :
With earthquake force, implacably, the deep
Hurls its vast billows, as in scorn of those
Who would its will with mortal force oppose—
Their efforts fail, the water bears away
Their frail devices to obstruct its way,
Men, sails, and spars it dashes to and fro,
And pours in torrents to the floods below.

Brave Jones and Greenhill by their engines stand,
While stokers huddle in affrighted band,
And watch the waters, with dilated eyes,
Whose deadly volumes round their bodies rise ;
While in their ears resounds the hollow roar
Of wave on wave, which down the hatchway pour.

On deck, meanwhile, brave Martin and his crew
 Do all that men with dauntless souls can do ;
 Some ply the pumps, the passengers assist,
 Heroic Brook and Woolley swell the list ;
 Fearless themselves, what courage they inspire
 In those 'gainst whom the elements conspire ;
 'Midst howling gale and ocean's fiercest strife,
 They fight and flinch not—for they fight for life.

When cheerless hours to midnight near approach,
 The rising floods on steamer's fires encroach—
 First hiss the bars, and in a moment more
 The vanquished flames expire with splutt'ring roar.
 Thick, noisome vapours all below assail,
 And Greenhill now perforce must tell the tale
 Of fell disaster to his Captain, who,
 By word and action, animates the crew
 To vast exertion, when their sinking frames
 And hopeless hearts for respite urge their claims ;
 True to his trust, and lab'ring here and there,
 He cheers the weary and defies despair.

Heroic Martin, like a stoic, hears
 The direful news that Greenhill to him bears
 Of vanquish'd flames, of engines which no more
 Will pump the ship or urge her to the shore—
 One moment's pause—then to his dauntless band
 His voice, far-reaching, gives the loud command
 To loose the huge maintopsail ! At the word
 The active tars, by danger undeterred,
 Scale the bleak rigging, and, despite the gale,
 Cast loose the buntlines and set free the sail,
 Which thunders fiercely in the passing squall,
 As brawny arms upon its halyard haul.
 Up giant mast the huge yard slowly creeps,
 While hoarse the cry that time for haulage keeps ;
 But soon unyielding to their horny hands
 The rope gives not, the sail like armour stands.
 Ah ! brief success ! For with a dread report—
 As when a bomb descends in hostile fort,
 To find its magazine and hurl on high
 The shattered wreck to smoke-insulted sky—
 The topsail bursts, and then in ragged shreds
 Takes wings of wind above the seamen's heads,
 Who, pausing blankly, their endeavors stay,
 And breathless watch it in its flight away,

To hide its fragments in the murky night.
 Then, turning, wage with fate their futile fight,
 Will raging ocean—heedless of their pain—
 Their efforts mock with bitter, deep disdain?
 Well may the Captain cry, amid his cares,
 “My gallant fellows, we may say our prayers!”
 For through the hatchway wave succeeding wave
 Resistless pours, to sink her in her grave!

Of cheerless night 'tis once again the noon,
 And hopeless mortals seek the great saloon
 To pray to Him who now, alone, has power
 To show them mercy in this dreadful hour,
 And respite grant, if such should be His will,
 For to the tempest He can say, “Be still!”
 And it obeys Him; who of old hath said,
 “Have faith in Me, and be ye not afraid!”
 And to the penitent by grief oppressed,
 “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”
 To Him they pray—while Draper's accents sound
 Like words of life to kneeling flock around;
 Strong in his faith, by trouble undismay'd,
 He sees, past death, bright Paradise displayed,
 With shining gates, that open widely stand
 To give glad welcome to believing band.

Oh! faith most wonderful! to thee is given
 From terror's depths to lift to hopes of heaven
 Men's chastened souls—though dreadful death be near,
 They, who the words of consolation hear,
 Forget their anguish of despair and find
 A peaceful calm pervading ev'ry mind,
 From off their eyes scales seem to fall—they see
 A parted passage through the raging sea
 To peace eternal; now no more they hear
 The ocean's roar with sickly qualms of fear,
 But calmly wait till Death, with kindly hand,
 Shall give them access to the Better Land.

While Draper prays, upon the sea-drench'd deck
 The seamen toil to save the sinking wreck;
 Strong in despair, the pumps they ply in vain,
 Invading waters on them swiftly gain,
 Still on the hatchway gallant fellows strive
 To fasten sails, which briny torrents drive
 Through yawning aperture, while to and fro
 Themselves are driven by the ebb and flow

Of raging seas, which, breaking o'er the rail
 On ev'ry hand, like ravening wolves assail,
 Veil'd in black horrors, Death, in awful form,
 Shrieks in the tempest and pervades the storm.

When from the noontide of that fatal night
 Four hopeless hours have winged their sullen flight,
 A monstrous billow, with o'erwhelming force,
 Through high stern windows takes its ruthless course,
 The shatter'd shutters torn from fast'nings strong,
 Or foaming crest, it scornful bears along.
 Seas of salt water through the cabins flow,
 And force their way to darksome decks below.
 They flood the place where Draper still consoles
 And preaches mercy to repentant souls.
 "Father," he cries, "may those who round me bow
 In deed and truth become converted now,
 And humbly bend beneath Thy chast'ning rod,
 Nor dread Thy call, 'Prepare to meet your God!'—
 Faith over fear the victory hath won—
 'Father,' we answer, 'Lord, Thy will be done!'"
 Meanwhile the carpenter, the ports to bar,
 Supports fresh shutters with a strong spare spar,
 The which, sustained by main deck post, may foil
 The ocean's fury for a little while.
 A barren triumph! for in engine room
 The waters rise and expedite her doom.
 Deeper she sinks, and soon the sea once more
 Drives in the ports, despite the strutting shore—
 Then hurls its billows, wave on wave, within,
 With tenfold fury and appalling din.

But as brave soldiers, in a fortress pent,
 Beset by foes upon their death intent,
 With silent valor fight for fame and life,
 And falter not in sanguinary strife,
 So, all undaunted, still the seamen toil
 To wrest from ocean its expected spoil—
 Prompt to obey where duty's call commands,
 They struggle on in two unflinching bands.
 These, with the Captain, strive with efforts vast
 To bar the hatch, courageous to the last,
 But all their efforts are of scant avail,
 Their best devices and their labors fail,
 For ocean's cohorts, tempest-goaded, leap
 Through fatal breach to swell the volumes deep

Of rising floods, which in her darkly flow
 To force their prey to wreck-strewn shades below ;
 Till Martin owns, yet with reluctant pain,
 No cheering hope can in his breast remain.

But still he cries, when he regains the deck,
 To toiling men, who would the leakage check,
 " Forbear that labor, and combine with me
 To bar the hatchway to invading sea ;
 Which, could we do, perchance we yet might save
 Ourselves and vessel from impending grave !"
 They throng around—they answer to his call—
 But vain their courage, vain their efforts all—
 For waves resistless labors vast confound,
 And beat those heroes on the wreck around :
 The ocean triumphs—hope flies ev'ry heart—
 And Death but lingers ere he hurls his dart.

While thus they strive the others pump and bale,
 Their forms, half nude, exposed to biting gale.
 Here Woolley cheers, there Grant and others toil
 To frustrate fate and ocean's fury foil.
 There, too, is Brooke, who, on the mimic stage,
 Has hope affected, fear, delight, and rage,
 But now, all fearless, on the stage of life
 Stands hero-like 'midst elemental strife
 Which round him roars. He sees huge waves descend
 On sinking ship, as if at once to end
 The awful struggle ; sees the sails all torn
 In ragged shreds and on the tempest borne ;
 Sees drowning shipmates driven o'er the side
 To Death's embraces 'neath relentless tide ;
 And knows the ship, now brimful of her foe,
 Must, plunging, seek the silent shades below.
 Yet, with brave heart and mighty iron will,
 Remains undaunted and collected still.

With naked feet and head to tempest bare,
 He seems all-present, aiding here and there ;
 From cabin first the floods he strives to bale,
 That, surely rising, threat its inmates pale—
 Then at the pumps is he a host indeed
 To give relief to those who respite need ;
 Himself he spares not, but toils bravely on
 Till all may see that no more can be done,
 Then stands aside—and soon his musing brain
 His chequered past recalls to life again—

His home—his friends—his joys and troubles past—
 Throng to its call, before him thick and fast :
 His happy childhood—his maturer years—
 Its lights and shadows—mingled hopes and fears—
 Emotions stir in his brave, steadfast heart,
 Yet tears, unmanly, to his eyes ne'er start.
 So hours drag on, and still he silent stands,
 His thoughtful visage resting on his hands,
 As, leaning on the half companion door,
 He views the scene and hears the tempest's roar,
 And waits there calmly till his soul shall be
 By rushing waters from his frame set free,
 And in his last grand character appears
 A man superior to human fears.
 Then honor give to worth and valor true,
 And drop a tear when bidding Brooke adieu !

All coldly gleams the dawn, to longing eyes,
 From night's dim curtain in the eastern skies,
 But comfort brings not on its wings of light
 To scare the terrors of departed night—
 For, vulture-like, fast flocking to the slain
 On desert sands or war-ensanguined plain.
 Unnumber'd dangers, harpy-wing'd, appear
 To sternly tell of dissolution near ;
 And hover round, the last faint hope to scare
 From human hearts, fast yielding to despair ;
 For in the sea, now level with her deck,
 The helpless ship is but a sinking wreck—
 Waves rolling o'er her in their ruthless course,
 As, bent on carnage, rush the charging horse—
 With brine surcharg'd, the London scarcely floats ;
 And now 'tis death—or rescue by the boats !

Ah ! feeble hope ! for four alone remain—
 The rest engulf'd are in the raging main—
 But these, prepared, have soon a scanty load
 Of bread and water in their depths bestow'd.
 Then first the pinnacle, on the starboard side,
 They fain would launch on ocean's fatal tide,
 This, built of iron, will with safety bear
 Full fifty men, if launch'd with skill and care.
 Six seamen enter as the side she leaves,
 And, swinging, tempts the angry leaping waves,
 Towards which she glides, but far too swiftly, for
 The foaming billows o'er her gunwales pour,

She headlong dives, and, vanishing from view,
 'Midst waves exultant leaves her luckless crew ;
 But they, o'er-ravenous, disgorge the men,
 Bruised and half drown'd, upon the deck again,
 Which, safer only than the greedy wave,
 Is but a respite from a wat'ry grave.

Now crew and passengers alike refrain
 From painful toils they feel to be in vain,
 And hopeless all to great saloon descend,
 As if in company their lives to end,
 And here the Captain, with a solemn air,
 For painful death exhorts them to prepare,
 Which awful warning they in silence hear,
 For no loud outcries own their birth to fear—
 Then to the place where Draper prays aloud
 They move, a pallid but collected crowd,
 And to the Deity ascends once more
 United prayer amid the tempest's roar !

'Tis noon again upon that stormy sea,
 Of hope devoid as blackest night could be ;
 Still in the ship the fatal fluid gains,
 And ocean's level is above her chains,
 Round her great stern the greedy waters swirl,
 And mighty billows o'er her bulwarks curl,
 When mate and Captain make one effort more
 To launch a boat, that some may reach the shore,
 King, Grant, and Daniels aid with willing hands
 And brave young Angel by his engine stands
 Ready to hoist her o'er the vessel's side
 And drop her lightly on the seething tide.
 By mishap warned, three men alone descend
 Within the boat, from off the side to fend
 Their tiny ark, which seems as if 'twould be
 At once engulf'd within the raging sea,
 But, like a cork upon the ocean cast—
 Her sides too low to catch the raging blast—
 She rises buoyantly on billows high,
 From horrid depths to where the surges fly ;
 But as destruction seems to claim her, few
 Seek to augment the number of her crew,
 But cling in groups upon the sea-lash'd deck,
 And wait destruction with the sinking wreck.

To Greenhill now brave Martin gives command
 To leave the ship, and head the hardy band,

Who, nimbly springing o'er a chasm wide,
 The cutter gains from sinking vessel's side.
 An awful leap ! but desperation lends
 A stern resolve, that far mere strength transcends,
 For nerves and sinews, in the human kind,
 Are urged and govern'd by the mighty mind.
 "Go," Martin cries, "the cutter is your care,
 And, though not likely, may in safety bear
 You through the tempest—as for me, I stay,
 My evil fortune's hard demands to pay—
 For, with my passengers, in death I'll sleep
 By vessel's wreck, in soundings dark and deep !"

Meanwhile, below, the pious Draper still
 Exhorts compliance with the heavenly will.
 "Prepare," he cries, "prepare at once to meet
 The Great Creator at the judgment seat !
 Your hour is near ! repent ! repent ! before
 The fatal floods annihilation pour
 In wrath upon you !—there is now no hope,
 Saith our good Captain, with the storm to cope.
 Yet with the penitent the hope remains
 Of life for ever, where Jehovah reigns !"

The faithful wife beside her husband stands,
 With quiet eyes, and meekly folded hands,
 Buoy'd by her faith, she sees the waves encroach,
 Yet falters not at dreadful Death's approach,
 But, thoughtful still, her sympathetic heart
 Can feel for those who from the wreck depart ;
 "Take this," she cries unto a seaman bold,
 Her wrap presenting, "it will shield from cold,"
 And when he urges, "You yourself will need
 Its warm protection," answers, "Take no heed
 Save for yourself—a few short moments more
 And earthly trouble shall for me be o'er !"
 O noble woman ! pious, good, and true !
 Death must be blind to seize on such as you !

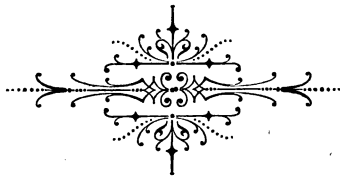
Now earthly numbers all too meanly sound
 That true man's praises, who, by honor bound,
 With wife and children firmly takes his stand—
 In grasp of Death an undivided band—
 Who, when the waters on the leeward side
 Rapacious roll in fast increasing tide,
 Replies, unshaken, to persuasive friend—
 Who with entreaties seeks his soul to bend—

"Go, haste yourself the saving boat to gain,
 My promise made, with these will I remain,
 No tempting words shall shake my steadfast heart,
 Not Death himself our faithful love shall part.
 Your hand *once* more ! A long, a last farewell !
 And be it yours my grieving friends to tell
 That he they mourn, with wife and children, died,
 And with firm faith as his eternal guide."
 Then silence falls—and Wilson speeds away—
 Man's strongest instinct eager to obey—
 And hails the boat ; but now its crew declare
 That it another fugitive will bear ;
 "Haste ! bring a lady !" is the seamen's cry.
 He pauses not for parley or reply,
 But searches round, yet searches all in vain,
 For one, alas, he ne'er may see again,
 When, as his life may with lost moment fly,
 He question quickly one who lingers by,
 If she for life will cast with them her lot ?
 She looks compliance, though she answers not.
 In lusty arms he bears her to the rail,
 She shrinks in horror from the sea and gale.
 Ah ! fatal fear ! no longer can he wait,
 So leaves the maiden and the ship to fate.

A midshipman now looks with longing eyes,
 And for admission to the crew applies,
 They answer "Yes !"—he leaps the chasm o'er,
 And hungry billows for him vainly roar.
 Then Jones (the last man from the fated bark)
 Bounds from the bulwarks to the tossing ark.
 "Come, Captain, come !" the eager seamen call,
 But death approaching cannot him appal,
 To all entreaties he replies, "No ! No !
 At duty's call, down with my ship I'll go,
 That none, with justice, shall in future say,
 'He, scared by danger, did his trust betray !'
 My helpless passengers remain, and I—
 A British seaman—with my charge will die !
 Your course is nor-nor-east to Brest, and here,
 Catch you this compass, by its aid to steer,
 With God's good blessing, safely to the land—
 Good-bye ! Good-bye !" and waving high his hand,
 A sad farewell he signals to the men—
 Who thus, in thought, shall see him oft again—
 Then on his ship—now level with the sea—
 Awaits the time when all engulf'd shall be.

But as the boat deserts the sinking wreck,
 A woman's voice re-echoes from her deck,
 And o'er the rail a livid face appears,
 The starting eyes exhausted of their tears,
 With gestures wild (the seamen fain would stay)—
 Her soul to anguish and despair a prey—
 Then shrieks the offer, o'er the tempest's din,
 "A thousand guineas if you take me in!"
 But no response goes back against the blast,
 The fatal die for life or death is cast!
 Not all the wealth of all the world would stay
 Those seamen stern—for life they row away.

From puny boat the members of its crew
 The last dread struggles of the London view,
 For high in air ascends her giant bows,
 As o'er her stern the rav'ning billows close:
 While from below the air, till now close pent,
 Through bursting decks gives all its fury vent,
 Driving the voyagers, with awful force,
 Towards the prow in its tempestuous course.
 Down! down! she plunges, and the waters sweep
 Round horrid vortex in the riven deep;
 Whence, madly shrill, a wild heart-rending cry
 The tempest pierces to the frowning sky!
 Then waves insatiable engulph their prey,
 And hide the victims from the face of day.
 They sink for ever, and the stormy blast
 Raves a wild requiem as it hurtles past!



THE HUNT OF THE DIPROTODON.

A LEGEND OF ELD.

FYTE I.

A good few years ago to-day—the first of April, mind !—
 The gaunt Pangiltie yawn'd and said, " For hunting I'm inclined,
 For Peera's come and walked away, since with my spear I kill'd.
 The wirra-winding wobma, that has since our pombies fill'd ;
 And though a lot is left, there's not a roast to please my eye—
 It lives again in moonerty—besides, 'tis rather high—
 Then leave it there for woocalla, for wildoo, and for weepa,
 We'll slay the great diprotodon—that spring-heel'd gnoorie leaper ;
 For Myles's boy, who came last night to bring me Cockle's pills,
 Will swear he saw his head above the Coolyalitchie hills ;
 And as his body must have been beneath his head, you know,
 Why, ' hunting we will go, my boys ! a hunting we will go ! "

Then slowly rose his merry men, bedaub'd with grease and ashes,
 With yawns which show'd their cavern'd jaws, like open'd window-
 sashes—

They rubb'd their eyes, they scratch'd their heads, they stretch'd
 themselves like cattle,

Yet seem'd too tight about the *chest* for hunting or for battle ;
 But hunt again must these wild men, or dine off game too tender,
 To be fit meat for blacks to eat, or cross a kitchen fender—
 So spears their toes to hands then rose, to save distressful bending,
 Took boomerangs, and then in gangs, with yabba never ending,
 Trooped off into the forest near, of eucalypts primeval,
 Like swart, uncanny brood of him, the father of all evil.

" Manawirta coodla !

Tura plenty ketch 'em—

Plenty kill 'em, cut 'em up,

To the wurlies fetch 'em ;

Plenty lubra eat 'em—

Picanniny, too !

Plenty *big* corroboree

Long o' gnoolooloo !"

Like feline concert, highly pitched, all by the pale moonlight,
 This bright anticipation hymn is squall'd in pure delight
 By toothless hags, whose skins, like bags, hang loosely o'er their
 frames—

For age, you know, has long ago curtailed their little games.
 And so the lot, like huge toads, squat, their poolkas near them
 sprawling,

While crows hop round, on plunder bound, by picanninies
 crawling—

It is a scene right well, I ween, to eyes and nose affecting,
 And so we'll haste to hunt that beast, and leave them camp
 protecting.

Bang ! bang ! with ponderous clang,

Like that of huge hammer when pounding away
 On mass, hot and chunky, or that of steam-monkey,
 When driving a pile down in Wallaroo Bay !

A footfall tremendous ! Now, heaven defend us !

Or pancakes we'll be—— O 'tis coming this way !

Where ? where shall we run to ! O where shall we get !

That diprote it is, I am open to bet !

* * * * *

It is ! It is ! Now it bounds o'er the trees,

As over a hair hops the nimblest of fleas—

And how the earth shakes !

For with each bound it makes

A regular full-bodied earthquake awakes ;

While Pangiltie alone—and he nearly blown—

Runs after the monster, till, ah ! a big stone

Just catches his toe, and that being so,

He comes down a cropper—the hunt is no go—

For rag-tag and bobtail are tail'd off behind,

And long-tail is gone, like a tin-kettled wind !

“ Me *big* one hungry !

Me *big* one growl !

No good that Pangiltie !

Me like wilkah howl !

Eat 'em picanniny,

S'pose 'em no get bardoo !

What for no catch coodla ?

No good that one nardoo—

No good”——

Here Pangiltie gave
 Some kicks which sent those old hags flying,
 And then, with all his warriors brave,
 Supp'd from the offal round him lying,

When, being grumpy as could be,
 He did not hold corroborree,
 But sneak'd to bed, like man whose wife
 Is anxious to reform his life.

FYTE II.

There's a big one poota, it rides on the wind
 That blows from the North in a furious blast,
 And most of the niggers—deplorable figures—
 All blind and begrim'd, on their beam ends are cast.
 And Pooteperunta—tho' seldom a grunter—
 Declares 'tis the work of those tactas unkind ;
 While Master Pangiltie—of murder oft guilty—
 Has all his past errors brought home to his mind.
 But, ah ! *there's* a rumble,
 Like grim giant's grumble,
 And down on their heads are beginning to tumble
 The storm-drops, which rattle on dry grass and logs—
 'Tis raining in torrents, like tom cats and dogs !
 Then creeks, lately dry,
 Are running bank high,
 While lightning in zigzags is rending the sky,
 And all the sweat natives are clean—save for grease—
 When deluge has pass'd off and left them in peace.

Now tintoo shines out, as he does to this day—
 A trifle too hotly, perhaps, by the way—
 And, seeking for scraps of malodorous fare,
 The natives go poking about here and there.
 But, just as the storm wash'd their cuticles clean,
 It whisk'd off the bardoo, for none can be seen !
 O ! what shall they do now ? O ! what shall they eat ?
 Why, catch the big coodla, and bring home the meat.

“Gnookaka ! Gnookaka ! plenty make haste,
 If you that diprotodon's tit-bits would taste ;
 The country so boggy
 Will make him go groggy—
 Now, turas, just help me to capthur the baste !”

Thus bellows Pangiltie, as he with his toe
 Digs into the ground, as you would with a hoe ;
 And scratching a boomerang up, then a spear,
 Gulps down a "long" water, because there's no beer,
 Then striding away, with his tribe all behind him,
 Goes after that coodla, determined to find him.

That coodla clings to a eucalpt trunk
 As if 'twas a lamp-post, and he very drunk :
 But do not suppose that the beast has been drinking—
 He's only afraid in the mud he'll be sinking.

Just look how his ears
 Wave about when appears

That nude, hungry mob, and observe how he clears—
 Or rather attempts to—to 'scape from his foes.
 His toes thro' the mud sink, he falls on his nose,
 Then staggers up wildly, his hind legs thrown wide,
 But loses much time e'er he gets to his stride ;
 And then—well, no tree-tops he'll clear in his way—
 For bother'd is he by the fast-clinging clay—
 Still, knowing full well how those swart foes will treat him,
 He makes up his mind that the varmint's shan't eat him,
 So bounds at his best, with his tail upward jerking—
 The while the worst bogholes he tries to be shirking.

But all is in vain—
 They continue to gain—

For the crust that he sinks thro' their weight will sustain ;
 Besides, though he clears quite ten yards at a hop,
 His strength is fast failing, he'll soon have to stop.

"Gnookaka ! Gnookaka ! Now, then, you turas,
 Like warrachies run, and we'll have him as sure as
 Peepees are peepees, and then *what* a feast !
 We'll feed the whole tribe for a twelvemonth at least."
 Thus yells like a demon Pangiltie, bespattered,
 To equally mud-begrim'd brigands, who scattered
 For miles in the rear—say a couple at least—
 Are all quite determined to be at the feast.

Now, go it, good diprote, and don't wait to pick
 The clay from your cadley, 'twill e'en have to stick,
 For there, close behind you, fair Yertamaruka—
 Who takes at a meal what would sink a felucca—
 Runs just as though coupled with sweat-drenched Pangiltie,
 The pair of them dubb'd with red ochre, that's "miltee ;"
 They'll first throw their spears, then with terrible bangs,
 Soon beat out your brains with their big boomerangs :

Besides, quite a hundred are hard on their tracks—
 Like bees, who will cover your body with whacks—
 While even the yowries and poolkas are there,
 And mumble their gums at the thought of such fare ;
 The umetas, too, all as naked as sin,
 And yackerties ditto, their trebles join in,
 With general hubbub and hullabaloo—
 For the gold of Golconda, I would not be you.

With lab'ring breath and panting sides,
 What rage and fear within his heart
 That diprote feels, and then, besides,
Behind he bears a stinging smart.
 For Pootaparunta, who came with a rush,
 Is running hands down, well in front of the crush,
 And jabbing his spear—he's too shaky to throw it—
 Gets in a smart stab, while his comrades cry "Go it!"
 This seems to encourage the fugitive most,
 For leaving his field as though they at the post
 Were left, while he's bolting to have a mile spin,
 He's beating all record, but still he can't win :
 For Oh ! and alas ! he is going *too* fast,
 And the last hop he makes of his hops is the last.

Round the edge of the swamp there's a pretty to do,
 For though they all stare there is nothing in view
 Save shallow flood-waters, which cover the mud,
 And floating upon them a few spots of blood.
 'Tis the "Eat-'em-all Hole," and that coodla, no doubt,
 All reckless, hopp'd in, and then could not hop out,
 But, sinking down in it, must stay there till fate
 Sends someone to find him and take him to ate.

Eh ? What then became of Pangiltie and crew ?
 I don't know myself, so I cannot tell you.

[NOTES.—Peera, moon ; poomby, stomach ; weepa, ant ; wirra, gumtree ; moonerty, gentles ; gnoorie, silver wattle ; wobma, great carpet snake ; woocalla, crow ; coolyalitchie, shell parrot ; manawirta, very big ; coodla, kangaroo ; tura, blackfellow ; wildoo, eagle ; poolka, old man ; wilka, wild dog ; bardoo, meat ; nardo, the seed Burke and Wills starved on, though they had plenty of it ; poota, duststorm ; tactas, bad spirits ; tintoo, sun ; gnookaka, hurry ; warrachie, emu ; peepee, egg ; cadley, tail ; yertamaruka, a woman's nickname, meaning big breasts ; yowrie, old woman ; uneta, little girl ; yakerty, little boy. The above words belong to the dialect of the Warrakimbo tribe.—R. B.]

ISLANDLANA.

'Midst sun-scorched Afric's rugged glens,
 Where lions lurk in lonely dens,
 Is Islandlana—by it pace
 The pride of England's warlike race,
 To guard, with ever watchful eyes,
 Their martial comrades from surprise—
 A tiny band to thousands strong
 Of foemen, who those regions throng—
 Tall celibates, who train'd to war,
 The very cream of warriors are :
 And who, indeed, with matchless speed,
 Would weary out a desert steed ;
 As serpents lithe, as bloodhounds fierce,
 And skill'd with flying darts to pierce
 From ambuscade of rock or brake,
 Their thirst of human gore to slake.

From mountains rude the mists of morn
 Are upward to the cloudland borne,
 And blythe are they who, camping near,
 The tinkling bells of oxen hear—
 For browsing in adjacent dell
 The cattle break their fast right well,
 While round the fires their drivers smoke,
 And gaily with the soldiers joke,
 For peacefully has pass'd the night,
 Though some perchance might dream of fight—
 Of stirring combat that would seem
 Unlikely as distorted dream—
 For has not "Chelmsford's" gallant host
 From prowling Zulus purged the post
 Too well for those whose bosoms glow
 To prove their prowess on the foe ?

The "Twenty-Fourth," which proudly bears
 A glorious name, the campaign shares
 With levies raw of Kaffirs, who
 To conquering whites continue true,
 As messengers to fleetly run,
 And plunder when the fight is won—
 Though as the wind-toss'd reeds are they,
 When carnage stalks in deadly fray.

A stir in camp, and from the rear
 Some dusky horsemen now appear,
 With rocket guns to sharply teach
 The Zulus' modern weapons' reach ;
 And at their head see Durnford ride,
 Who, though in fighting fields untried,
 By valiant heart impell'd, would fain
 Reap glory on the crimson plain—
 And need for all his courage yet
 May, e'er it close, this day beget.

For hark ! a scout to brave Pullein
 Reports some prowling Zulus seen,
 And Durnford—who assumes command—
 In haste leads forth a gallant band
 To prove the soldier's statement true,
 And punish well the daring crew,
 If such should lurk with prying eyes,
 By brushwood screened or rugged rise—
 While Pullein and his men remain,
 The camp's protection to maintain.

No skulking spies who shun the fight
 At length offend stern Durnford's sight,
 But stalwart foes, as truly brave
 As ever dared a bloody grave,
 Who haste, by hopes of plunder led,
 To slay the cause of *scorn*—not dread—
 And to the challenge rifles ring,
 Fresh forces to the battle bring.

As locust swarms, with steadfast flight,
 A sudden gloom like falling night
 On landscape cast, as on they speed
 To devastate, with boundless greed,
 So active foes in legions glide
 From ravine dark and steep hillside,
 With savage will to sweep away
 The handful who their charge would stay.

Loud wakes the din as hill and glade
 Re-echoes to the fusilade,
 Which bids a hundred streamlets flow
 With forceful jet and crimson glow :
 Yet still the bow, which sickle-like,
 From earth that martial band would strike,
 Each moment thickens, Zulus seem
 Like countless locust swarms to teem ;
 And, careless all of carnage spread,
 Rush onward o'er their prostrate dead,
 Till Durnford, brave, must fain recall
 His scattered force, and backward fall
 Within the camp to make a stand
 'Gainst foes who press on ev'ry hand.

Too late the movement—for around
 The garrison the foe is found,
 Like famish'd wolves, intent to taste
 The traveller's blood on frozen waste—
 Death busy in their ranks is nought,
 To *kill* employs their ev'ry thought.
 On rush the Zulus—in the rear
 The native allies yield to fear
 And flee, as hares from beaters fly,
 At hidden hunter's hands to die,
 While those who would the panic stay
 Themselves are helpless borne away,
 By assegais to fall transfixed
 While in the headlong stampedes mixed.
 Hope proffers not one cheering ray—
 Brute force from valour wins the day.

As grizzled lion, grim and gaunt,
 Surrounded in his desert haunt,
 Glares on his enemies, intent
 His boundless rage in blood to vent,
 And, wounds unheeding, lingers till
 Death stays his strength and savage will,
 So Durnford, dreaming not of flight,
 His soul pours forth in dauntless fight.
 But many a Zulu bites the sand
 Ere falls the sabre from his hand,
 While to the left, like grass, is spread
 A company already dead—
 With carnage wrought on ev'ry side,
 To prove their valour 'ere they died—
 An awful epitaph of worth,
 Self-graven by the Twenty-Fourth !

Now past the power of pen or tongue
 To tell the teeming thoughts that throng
 The minds of those who yet remain
 Still breathing on that fatal plain.
 The martyrs, when the flames leap high,
 Or mariners, when surges fly
 O'er wreck just sinking in the sea,
 Bear such unto eternity,
 But breathe not unto mortal ears
 Their hopes, regrets, or future fears—
 So silent stand, with steadfast eye,
 The gallant Twenty-Fourth, to die !

"Yield not an inch !" cries brave Pullein—
 "Remember country, friends, and Queen !
 Now aim your best, and let a yell
 The story of each bullet tell ;
 Let hearts be firm, let hands be true—
 Old England's honor rests with you !"

No time to cheer, but every eye
 Throws back an eloquent reply—
 Hands vice-like clutch the rifles fast—
 Of steel stern brows and lips seem cast,
 While hearts burn fiercely with a flame
 That deadly danger cannot tame—
 A flame old England's soldiers feel
 When cannons roar and squadrons reel—
 A stubborn flame that till the flight
 Of dauntless soul sustains the fight,
 Then with the spirit seeks the skies
 From upward, sternly-staring eyes.

The rifles, with sulphureous breath,
 Belch forth their screaming hail of death,
 And savage foes to earth are cast,
 As tall trees by tornado's blast ;
 Full grandly prove our men their claim
 To British heroes' glorious fame.
 But hell, with loud exultant roar,
 Its legions on them seems to pour—
 Uncheck'd by fire, nor stayed by steel,
 In vain the leaders lifeless reel,
 The rest dash on, and with the rage
 Of battle in their eyes, engage
 Those heroes who, tho' all in vain,
 In grasp of death the fight maintain.

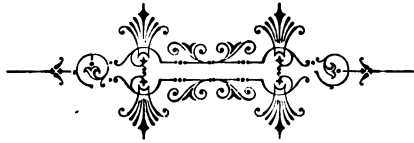
'Tis death, for as when ebb is past
 The ocean, urged by waking blast,
 Rolls wave on wave with sullen roar,
 'Gainst tidal rocks which jut from shore :
 The first, all shattered into spray,
 From fixed resistance fall away,
 But rushing on, with rising tide,
 Succeeding ones o'erleap and hide
 The stubborn obstacles which still
 Immovably their places fill.
 So pour the Zulus, those before
 The thirsty desert drench in gore ;
 Yet respite none the leagured find—
 Each breach is filled from foes behind.
 One savage falls, a thousand rise
 To stab and hurl their assegais,
 Whilst cruel breasts to fitly shield,
 They comrades slain for bucklers wield—
 Or, as his carnage Zanthus threw
 On him who god-like Hector slew,
 They hurl them with intent to break
 The fence the British weapons make—
 Then through the gaps their masses cast,
 O'erwhelming as the ocean vast.

In vain our dauntless heroes fight—
 A bloody mist obscures their sight,
 A fierce despair is in their hearts,
 Their bosoms bear a storm of darts ;
 No room have they to fight, and death,
 With clutch impatient, stops their breath,
 And soon a savage, surging host,
 With that dread king remains to boast.

The gallant Pullein fighting died
 His trusty warriors beside,
 Who frowning fell, and falling took
 The lives of those their death-wounds struck ;
 And, as the rocks beneath the waves
 Are hidden, so they piled their graves
 With sudden, ghastly, mounds on high—
 Brown clods of slain humanity !

They died—to live in deathless fame—
 Her grandest wreaths they well may claim ;

Their shrines—a million English hearts,
Which feel through them the Zulu darts,
Yet proudly thrill at deeds that tell
Of glory won, alas ! *too* well.
Heroic fame, for ever bright,
Shall tell of Islandlana's fight.



THE DINGOES.

A TALE.

One cool May night, on Western plain,
 When brooding, soft clouds promis'd rain,
 Two dingoes—luckily now rare—
 Went prowling forth in search of fare,
 Resolved to kill, if not to eat,
 All helpless creatures they might meet—
 *Warrachie, †pingo, ‡boorachie,
 Or tender lamb, if such should be
 Left helpless by itself to find
 A chance acquaintanceship unkind—
 In fact, those dogs would tear the throat
 Of even ram or reckless goat.

With noses to the dusty ground,
 Our dingoes ran and search'd around—
 Scent, sight, and hearing, all were strained,
 That information might be gained—
 But nothing heard they, save the cry
 Of ghost-like night-hawk, flitting by,
 And moaning of the chilly breeze
 Midst stirring tops of mulga trees—
 And nothing saw they, save the bird,
 The author of the cry they heard,
 And which, with stealthy, silent flight,
 Was quickly lost unto their sight—
 Besides, elsewhere their eyes were bent,
 To search dark nooks with fell intent,
 While glaring with a savage light—
 For famish'd were our thieves that night.

Those dogs were doom'd to search in vain
 For helpless beasts that might be slain,

* Emu. † Ant-eater. ‡ Kangaroo rat.

As hunters swart, alert as they,
 Had hunted there that very day—
 So boorachie and ††müdla small,
 Swift warrachie, and ‖coodla tall,
 Were either captured in the chase,
 Or fairly frightened from the place ;
 And as for little helpless lambs,
 They yarded were beside their dams.

Our dingoes, therefore, noticed naught,
 In shape of game, that might be caught—
 Though, when across a creek they pass'd,
 They saw, as up their eyes they cast,
 A 'possum, odorous and fat,
 That on a lofty gum branch sat,
 Where, supping heartily on leaves,
 He little cared for canine thieves,
 Which on him glared with longing glance,
 Though knowing well they had no chance
 Of making from that furry beast
 A eucalyptus flavor'd feast ;
 So, like the fox in fable old,
 Who said—not able to get hold—
 Of tempting grapes that they were green,
 And left the spot with look of spleen—
 Our dingoes, equally splenetic,
 Pronounced that 'possum an emetic.
 It, looking down with cunning glance,
 Hoped they might have a fruitless dance,
 And that they both might 'scape nightmare
 By reason of their meagre fare.

Those dingoes wandered on until
 A light they saw, 'neath sandy hill—
 Which, shining steadily and clear,
 Was bright as planet in its sphere—
 While, like the burr of swarming bees,
 A sound came borne upon the breeze,
 But swelling to the booming roar
 Of breakers on a rocky shore ;
 And well it might, for to their dams
 Were bleating then a thousand lambs,
 While ewes, with motherly concern,
 Were bleating loudly in return,
 In tenor, treble, and in bass—
 The uproar wild invading space

†† Small wallaby. ‖ Kangaroo.

With such a din as nature can
 At times inflict on ears of man,
 The mind to soothe or irritate,
 According to its nervous state—
 This sound, like music of the spheres,
 Might charm *one* person's partial ears—
 While others, with expressions rude,
 Would rage around in wrathful mood.
 "Sweet music soothes the savage breast,"
 But 'gainst *sheep music* I protest.

Not so those dingoes—it to them
 Was sweet as sacrificial hymn—
 For, be it known, they both loved lamb,
 As common people love fried ham,
 Or bacon, should their slender hoard
 Not furnish ham to grace the board—
 And that strange sound, which they knew well,
 Invited as a dinner bell,
 Or gong, does folks who dinner wait
 And who delay, like poison, hate.
 Our dingo friends were ready then
 To take pot luck—we'll say like men—
 But there's a proverb, "Twixt the lip
 And cup there often is a slip."
 Our prowlers found that passing true,
 As I may soon explain to you.

I said a bright and steady light
 Appeared unto those dingoes' sight—
 It shone from out a window small—
 If it a window you might call—
 An open hole, which, be it said,
 Would scarce permit a bushman's head
 To pass without much loss of hair
 If quickly thrust, unless with care—
 A small square space, I'd better state,
 Intended just to ventilate
 A two-room'd hut, with roof of thatch,
 And paling door, with paling latch,
 Which door within that pine-log den
 Shut four untidy-looking men,
 One woman and three children small—
 I marvel much it held them all.

In chimney—built of mud and stone,
 Which look'd as if together thrown—

Were leaping flames from black oak logs,
 On hearth that boasted not of "dogs"—
 A splendid fire, whose ruddy light
 Eclipsed the lamp's endeavors quite—
 A pannican, in which some clay
 Was kneaded down in such a way
 As to uphold a piece of stick,
 Round which was roll'd a moleskin wick,
 Queer refuse fat was added, and
 That "slush lamp" makes, you understand.

The lintel and the rafters, too,
 Were smoke-stain'd to an ebon hue,
 For when the wind was from the north
 The smoke in volumes issued forth
 Towards rustic roof-tree, wreathing blue,
 In place of flying up the flue,
 Thus causing scalding tears to rise
 In hard, unsympathetic eyes,
 And also hotter words to flow—
 As smoky chimneys will, you know.

Along the wallplates, o'er the jambs,
 Hung several salted mutton hams,
 Which, rendered innocent of bone,
 Were hams by courtesy alone ;
 Beside them hung some mulga crooks,
 To serve the cook as handy hooks
 Wherewith to shift the three-legg'd pot—
 A very awkward thing when hot,
 For, like the one of gipsy folk,
 When full, to lift it is no joke—
 The article in question stood,
 In company with kindling wood,
 Beneath a bunk, on earthen floor,
 Between the chimney and the door.
 This bushland couch, not over long,
 Or over wide, was rude and strong,
 And fully occupied the space
 'Twixt hide-hung door and chimney place—
 Some sun-dried sheepskins on it lay,
 To serve as cushions through the day,
 As bed, most primitive, at night—
 For bushmen need no feathers light,
 Or snowy curtains round them spread,
 But sleep where'er they lay their head.

Against the chimney, on the bed,
 Were roll'd a pair of blankets red,
 The sleeping kit of him who lay
 Upon them in a careless way,
 A picture of unstudied ease—
 His left hand thrust between his knees,
 His dexter held a dark dudheen,
 A blue cloud issued from between
 His parted lips, while in the blaze
 He gazed, recalling bygone days—
 For he, as anyone might see,
 Was far gone in a reverie.

A comrade on the other side
 A like position occupied,
 For there a similar rough settle
 Its stand maintained, by it a kettle ;
 On kettle handle sat a Scot,
 Who, raking in the embers hot
 With mallee poker, sought to find
 Some old-world faces he might mind—
 For you must know he was a wight
 Who knew no quiet morn or night.

But soon he poked right viciously,
 As if a bogie he could see,
 And, quickly turning, cried, " Now, Pat,
 We'll hae the warlock story that
 Ye promised just the ither night
 When all were here ye wad recite—
 But dinna fash, just drink your tea,
 Ye have na finished quite, I see."

The honest man, whose name was Paddy,
 Was Irish, married, and the daddy
 Of those three children taking tea,
 With hunger keen, as one might see.
 'Twas more like supper, for 'twas late,
 And steaming mutton on each plate
 Would much suggest the meal was what
 Most people call a supper, hot—
 But Paddy's meals were all the same,
 And merely *took from time* their name—
 A course of mutton, bread, and tea,
 Recurring everlastingly.
 Yes, Pat ate meat three times a day—
 Except on Friday, by the way,

When he on eggs was dieted—
 Of course with added tea and bread—
 That is, when hens were in the mood
 To furnish wholesome Friday food—
 At other times, without a groan,
 He'd graze that day on bread alone—
 Then his good wife would do the same,
 For both of them, in deed and name,
 Were Catholics, sincere and staid
 As ever paternoster said,
 Each had the bump of credence, too—
 For both believed the story true
 Which Pat, his hunger being sated,
 Somewhat as follows then narrated :—

PAT MURPHY'S STORY :

A LEGEND OF THE COUNTY CLARE.

Well, then, d'ye see, 'twas in the County Clare
 I lived afore I cross'd the ocean, yiss,
 In purty shpot as ye'd see anywhere,
 Where schlips av blackthorn niver kim amiss,
 But flourish'd at aiche faste, an' wake, an' fair,
 Fallin' as shwately as a colleen's kiss—
 Bedad a shtroke or two would plase me now,
 Whin I'm blue mouldin' here widout a row.

A little patch it wis I had ov land,
 And sure the quality wis pretty fair,
 And 'twas itself *could* grow good praties and
 Whativer else ye might be plantin' there ;
 But praties wis the things, ye undershtand,
 I mostly put in, they need little care—
 At laste they did not in thim good ould days
 Before the blissed fruit tuck the disase.

I kipt a "jintleman" to pay the rint,
 A lurcher, and an ould flea-bitten mare,
 The dog shtuck to me ivirywhere I wint,
 And wis the baste that jist could grab a hare :
 He used to git upon the crature's scint,
 While I kipt out upon the thoroughfare,
 And thin he'd have thim in their forms ere they
 Had half a shlant to start and git away.

And thin, beside, me and me brother Phill
 Had got a shtill, and often used to make
 Some poteen in a hole benathe a hill,
 And which kem handy at a faste or wake :
 'Twis mild as milk, and niver made ye ill,
 Altho' it was the shtuff to make ye shpake
 Ov absint friends, and private matthers, such
 As ye'd not like repated overmuch.

Me landlord wis a rakin' black-hair'd man,
 And had a big black bushy beard to match,
 And such a bright and piercin' eye!—bad scan
 To it!—ye'd fancy, bys, that 'twas Ould Scratch
 Wis lookin' thro' ye, as they say he can—
 And troth, I niver since seen eyes a patch
 On ould crow-piercin' pair that gntleman
 Wis owner ov—his name wis Nid McGan.

Himsilf wis married, and his purty wife—
 As rale a lady as ye'd wish to see—
 Wis sid to lade the writhedestest life,
 By rason that they niver could agree,
 But fhwat at firsht shtirr'd up their conshtant strife
 I niver heerd the rights ov properly ;
 I think it wis becace a nashty crature
 He liked too well, ov gipsy breed and fature.

They kipt no ind ov sarvints—that is, they
 Had work for thim, and would have kipt thim too,
 But I've heerd people as have heerd thim say
 "The lamps and candles ivry night burn'd blue—
 And fhwat indade wis life, wid bist ov pay,
 Whin *thim* wis wantin' to lay hould ov you—
 Yiss, fhwat wid divils, and McGan, indade,
 In dacent grave one betther had been laid."

For all the pisanthry did use to say
 Himsilf had dalings wid the Evil One,
 For often ov a night he'd shtale away
 To quare ould room fhware murder had been done—
 Ov which himsilf did always kape the kay
 In breetches fob, and thrustud it to none—
 And to him there, there's plinty who would swear,
 Ould Ninepence kem—all tail, and horns, and hair !

And sundhry ov his imps, both shmall and great—
 For bys wis sometimes bould enough to shtray

About the house he lived in purty late—

As 'tis mesilf have often heerd thim say—
And notich'd things that caus'd thim to retrate
Much quicker nor they wint, and long ere they
Could make out rightly whither ghost or man
Wis dooin' business wid that scamp McGan,

But all agreed that on the windey blind

Quare shaddeys danc'd, like Jacky Lantherns there,
Fhwile muttherins would rattle in the wind,
Which they all tuck as warnin's to beware
Ov peepin' farder, lest thimsilves might find
The hug about thim ov infernal bear,
For thim quare visithors, they all wis sartin,
Might shtart their *souls* besides their bodies smartin.

And so they'd hurry home, wid hair on ind,

To shy at shaddeys that before thim fell
Across the pathway, and ye may depind
They didn't shtop at fingerposts to shpell ;
Indade, me brother Phill—the divil mind
Him !—comin' home from there fell down a well ;
But whither fear or whisky made him fall,
I niver could find out, at all, at all.

For shure he'd been to ould Tim Casey's wake,

And tippled lashins ov fine shtrong poteen,
So whin he shtarted home wid Paddy Blake,
Who rinted the nixt sixion—patch I mane—
They shtoutly swore that they would thin betake
Thim to McGan's to see fhwat might be seen ;
And if they mit the divil on the road
They'd tan his hide well—the ould skulkin' toad.

"Jist mintion ' Nimble ' and his horns he'll show,"

A sayin' ould is, and I think a thrue ;
And thim brave bys found out that night as how
'Tis aysier to talk big nor to do,
Especially if 'tis to have a row

Wid the ould gintleman—ah ! wirrasthru !
Betune the grog and Nick they made a miss
That blissid night, as both had to confess.

Ov coorse, Phill said it wasn't thro' the grog,

No jidge could be more sober—that he swore—
But as they throtted by a quakin' bog
They heard loud scramin', and they plainly saw

A hare close follid by a big black dog,
 And at a distance by a many more—
 A hunt it was, like that *they'll* have, ye know,
 Whin *they* git *Mack* there for a hare *below* !

A tall dark rider rode upon aich horse,
 The biggest loomin' up to sich a hoight
 As proved him, out and out, past mortal foorce ;
 Besides, both Phill and Paddy caught a soight
 Ov something sticking from behind—ov coorse
A tail it was—which so increas'd their freight
 That they saw nothing more, till Pat in bed
 Woke up nixt morn—and Phill wis fish'd half dead

Out ov the shaft I tould ye ov jist now,
 Where he wis yillin' like a lunatic ;
 And Paddy Connor, hearin' sich a row
 Come from his well, jist fetch'd his laddher quick
 And shov'd it down so clumsy that, ow wow,
 It risted on the back ov poor Phill's nick,
 Whin down Pat wint—a heavy man bedad—
 To find me brother dhrowned, or jist as bad.

Ov coorse the laddher poked poor Philip's head
 Benathe the wather, and, ah, wirrasthru !
 Near kill'd the by, for all-thought he wis dead,
 Altho' they tried great manes to bring him to.
 They rowled him on a barrel, so they did,
 Wid head hung down—but that same would not do—
 So thin they shtood him heels up in the air,
 Thin laid him out quite dacent, I declare !

They thought poor Philip pashd all earthly shtrife ;
 But Mary Connor differ'd, and said, " Sure,
 Afore they wint away and tould his wife,
 They'd betther thry another splindid cure,
 And that wis jist the shmallest tashte in life
 Ov poteen—there was some benathe the flure—
 And he would take it kindly, if so be
 He wis not clane gone dead intoirly !"

They throi'd him wid a noggin—in a crack
 It disappear'd like rain dhrops in the say—
 As nate as whate into an impty sack,
 Or donkey's head into a bag of hay ;
 And thin he give his lips a knowin' shmack,
 And thin he mutther'd to himsilf this way,

"Bedad, but Purgathory is *not* so bad
If shtuff like *this* is always to be had!"

O! thin there wis some laughin' and some noise
Wid thim around the bed where poor Phill sat,
Which put to flight his unixpicted joys,
And made him lape up like a shtartled cat,
Whin off he bouted, follid by the boys,
Wid Paddy Connor ladin' wid no hat
Upon his head, and nothin' but his shtirt
And trousers on, and thim all mud, and dirt,

And wather, from his duckin' in the well,
Whin he wint down to pull me brother out,
And so he could not hit out over well,
Beca'se his trousers they clung close about
His legs—the same wid mather Phill—but still
About *his* running there wis little doubt;
Ould Nick and imps wis afther him, he thought,
To rowst his sowl, and so he'd not be caught.

Away he sprinted, as it happen'd, shtraight
Up the by-lane in which his sheelin shtood,
Which he jist rach'd as Katty from the gate
Wis comin' out, and thin, bedad, she could
Not understand why Phill ran at that rate
Wid sich a many afther, young and old,
But makin' sure 'twis some frish divilmint,
She open'd wide the gate, and in he wint.

Across the pratie patch, jist like a hare,
Flew thro' the doore and out ov sight he wint,
While Kattie could not shpake, but ownly shtare
At sheelin door wid greatest wondermint.
She thought the whole ov it wis moighty quare,
Altho' she had a shtrong presintamint
That Phill had got into a party fight
And killed a Dimpsy some time in the night.

But whin Pat Connor kem and tould her how
He'd found the crature roarin' down his well,
A waggin' tongue she had agin, ow wow!
She vow'd she'd make me brother quickly tell
What he'd been up to—ye should hear the row
She made by way ov wilcome to poor Phill!—
She said, "The nasty, drunken, dirty baste
Disarved a good sound batin' at the laste."

I don't know how the pair ov thim got on,
 For Paddy Connor and the bys wint back,
 Lavin the two ov thim to *pro* and *eon*
 (That's *Latin*, I belave, for scratch and whack !)
 I know there wis a scratch or so upon
 Me brother's face, and that his eyes wis black
 Whin nixt I seen him ; and she used to boast
 It *wasn't long* he thought himsilf a ghost.

Well ! to their shtory Phill and Paddy shtuck,
 Whin quistion'd by the bys whin all wis right,
 But did not try agin to run amuck
 Wid Nid and Nick. They got a mortal fright ;
 Indade they did not think 'twas hought ov luck
 To be too near that nashty house at night,
 For 'twis thim worthies, they would shtoutly swear
 Wis huntin' Nid's poor wife in shape ov hare.

And sure, now, we belaved thim, for indade,
 The innocint poor crature tuck to bed
 That virry night, in troth, and there she stay'd
 Wid nashty back pains an' a shwimmin head,
 While her swate face to dead-corpse-white did fade
 Whin cryin' to hersilf—her wimmin sed—
 And her two eyes would shtart, jist like a hare's,
 At creakin noises on the ould oak shtairs !

The praste she wanted thin, but Nid said, " No !
 Come to yee's juty, if yee's likes, to me.
 If praste comes here "—and thin he laughed ho ! ho !—
 " 'Tis glad his riverince will likely be
 To git outside agin, for my boot's toe
 Shall make the shtairs *one shtip* to him, d'ye see !
 For, be the 'Rock ov Cashel,' he shall rue
 The day and hour he comes to visit you !"

But afther that the jinthry, one and all,
 Cut Nid McGan, and would not shpake to him,
 For whin they mit him at a race or ball
 They'd make believe their eyes wis mighty dim—
 They couldn't see him—jist to make him shmall,
 And want to put a ball in some of thim.
 Begob ! he'd done it, too, for he could snuff
 A candle wick wid bullet neat enough.

But faix, they niver give him half a chance
 To let the daylight into thim, bedad,

"Twis jist himsilf would likely make thim dance
 An ugly shtip—for once before a lad
 He'd shot stone dead in public-house in France,
 For thrampin on a dressing-gownd he had,
 Wid tails that draggled quite a yard or more,
 Whin, wid a swagger, he would crass the floore.

The chap he kill'd there wis an Englishman,
 Jist out upon his thravels—so they say—
 A younger son of some swell nobleman—
 And at his death there wis the deuce to pay—
 His people thrying hard to git McGan
 Hung or thranspoorted, but he ran away
 To Spain, or Portingale, or Timbuctoo—
 What place exactly, sure, I niver knew.

While Nid wis thravellin the ould man died,
 And left him all his property in Clare,
 Wid a foine fortin in the bank beside,
 By rason, sure, that he'd no other heir.
 So Nid invited all the counthry side
 To come and have a grate house-warmin there,
 And thim most set agin him—which was funny—
 Seem'd his best frinds whin he kem to his money.

And thin he married, but could not agree
 Wid his poor lady, as I said afore ;
 And thin 'twas worse, as ye may think, whin he
 Took to that hussy, who on furrin shore
 He'd seen too many times afore, may be,
 For his own good—'tis sartin no one saw
 Her in thim parts till in a caravan
 She follid shortly afther Nid McGan.

And thin he lit her have a shplindid cot,
 Wid two foine cows, a pig, and pratie patch
 A bit away, in purty little spoth—
 And shure himsilf did often raise the latch,
 No doubt wid that dark gipsy queen to plot.
 While there wis thim as said "That cottage thatch
 Wis hard to light as any shtone or brick,
 For they had thried it wid a lighted shtick,

And 'twouldn't catch ; oh no ! it wouldn't light,
 A shpell wis on it !" and I think so, too,
 For that girl wis a witch, and rode at night
 Upon a broomstick, wid the demon crew

That huntid poor Nid's wife. I caught a sight
 Of her, one dark night, as she past me flew,
 Givin' a scrame like Banshee's bodin' cry
 Jist at the moment whin she bundled by.

And now I'll tell ye how I kem to see
 That divil's hunt on that same shtormy night.
 Ye ricollict me sayin' Phill and me
 Had got a little shtill, and made the right
 Sort of poteen—rare shtuff it used to be ;
 We tippled lashins, and still sold a sight
 To bys that kipt the sheebien shops about
 Until, bad luck to it, we got bowled out.

Into thim parts the gaugers sildom came—
 Or if they did, they ginerally wint
 Away much quicker—if not dead or lame—
 They moshtly havin a presintimint
 That they wis likely to be shot like game—
 And wid the same benivolent intent —
 That is, to make a hash of thim—but not
 By manes ov ayther fryinpan or pot.

Until one time there kem a lameter—
 A bully by he wis, and no mishtake—
 And his short lig did not the laste deter
 His thrampin off to ivry fair and wake,
 Attinded always by a crass-bred cur—
 An ugly baste, that look'd as if he'd take
 A lig ov mutton, or a bite from where
 Is often next door to a stool or a chair.

His masther used a shtick, uncommon nate—
 If he be chance got mix'd in any row
 Wid frind or inimy, he'd sure to thrate
 Him to a tidy tashte of it—somehow
 He seem'd to know *jist* where to tap a pate
 To floore his man. I think I see him now,
 Givin his shprig an illigant twisht round,
 The nixt ye'd see wis some one on the ground.

All thought he wis a pidlar whin he came
 Around there firsh, for thin he had a pack,
 Wid knives, and ribbons, rhubarb, and could crame,
 Scint, schmall toothcombs, and any shmall nick-nacks
 As women buy, but which I need not name—
 But this I'll say, him and his shiny sack

Wis always wilcome in aich wayside sheelin,
For he wis free and aisy in his dalin ;

And wis, beside, a jolly chap, for he
Could dhrink poteen, and fight wid any lad
I've seen out here or in the ould counthry ;
Besides, the cunning beggar always had
A friendly way wid him, as if, maybe,
He'd been your mate for years thro' good and bad—
And thin the yarns he'd tell !—they'd make ye grin—
How bloommin' 'xcizemin he had taken in !

Indade, the villin once declared to me
He did be lam'd whin fightin' wid the thraps
On coast of Cornwall, somewhere, whin, d'ye see,
He thried to run a lot of fine Dutch schnapps,
Besides tobaccey, and some fillagree—
That tip top quality put in their caps—
I mane the ladies, bliss their souls, whin they
Attind the praste to give thimsilves away—

And sure, now, now I think ov it, they call
It Brushell's lace—'tis mighty scarce, I hear—
And landin' it, the chap he got a ball
Into his knee, which cost the fellow dear
That shot him down, for he in turn did fall,
And niver more a cutther taut would steer—
For sure, the pidlar said, right thro' the head
He put a pistol ball, and kill'd him dead.

And thin, wid all his mates, got clare off ; for
They fought for life, and kipt the thraps at bay
Until their lugger, runnin' close in-shore,
Got thim aboard and made all sail away,
Not caring thin to sittle up the score,
For well they knew their nicks would have to pay
For their night's work, if they fell in the claws
Of coastguard hounds, who carry out the laws.

And as it wis, the crature said that they
Wis almoshd run down be a revenue,
And only jist contrived to git away
In mosht tremenjous heavy squall, that blew
The cutther's topsail clane into the say,
And sthrain'd her mast so badly that her crew
To fish the spar had all their hands full quite,
And losht the lugger in the dirty night.

They made nixt day the friendly coasht ov France—
 But fhware about I disrimimbers now—
 And lift the lameter to take his chance—
 His comrades caring deucid little how,
 So that thimsilves got clare, and did not dance
 On nothing, for their share in that night's row—
 Thin, takin' in some brandy, made a shtart
 To try their fortin in some other part,

Lavin the chap at little wine shop, fhware
 A praste from County Galway found him out,
 Thin tuck him home and docthor'd him wid care,
 Till, his wound halin, he could git about—
 Whin, givin him what money he could spare,
 His blessin', and a Frenchified rig-out,
 He shtarted him aboard a coasting craft—
 A *chassee* something, that was fore and aft.

Bad luck to him, for dirty, lying villin !
 And him a blashted gauger all the while !
 He wis so kindly thrated in aich sheelin,
 Sure, even now it raises up me bile,
 To think how he diskiver'd ev'ry shtill in
 Country round, in free and aisy shtile,
 Thin sint fur offishers—a tidy foorce—
 To grab the plant, an' quoad the bys, av coorse.

But sorra wan he catch'd, though, afther all,
 For Phill's wife's sister—Honor Mooney—got
 Her man—one ov the thraps—jist to lit fall
 The saycret ov the dirty gauger's plot ;
 Thin, unbeknownst to him, she sint a shmall
 Gosson to tell us all to hide aich pot,
 And worm, and head, and all our maut away,
 Becase the peelers would be there nixt day.

We work'd away that night, ye may depind,
 Thrampin wid loads of maut upon our backs,
 To hide among the shtones—there wis no ind
 Ov great big boulders on the hills, and cracks
 Betune the rocks, which shtrangers could not find,
 Except by chance, or runnin' up our thracks—
 No aisy matther, though a gauger's eye
 Is, like these dirty nagures, moighty shpry.

While Phill and me wis gittin all things shnug,
 A big black cloud rose in the weshtern sky,

And brew'd a shtorm, while we two brew'd a jug
 Ov whisky punch, wherewid to wet our eye,
 Afore we wid the pot and worm did jog—
 We tippled that, and as we shtill felt dhry,
 We thried anoder—jist as Paddy Flinn
 Flung back the doore, and, out of breath, rush'd in.

“’Tis aisy ye are takin’ it,” sez he,
 “And all thim thraps a-comin’ up the road !”
 “The thraps?” sez we. “I’m not decavin ye—
 They’re handy now, and that big skulkin toad,
 The gauger’s at their head ; and now, maybe,
 Ye’ll not be long in takin’ up yez load
 And thrampin wid it—but, now, be me sow !
 Jist listen to the tundher’s rowl and growl.

“A purty night ye’ll have—so dhrink yer grog,
 I’ll help ye wid the same—here’s to yez now !”
 A plisant journey to yez round the bog—
 And don’t be rowlin in it like a sow—
 Ye’ve got the worm ?—have up the pot—now jog—
 ’Tis time ye did—Och, murther ! hear the row
 They’re makin’ up the village—be the noise
 They’re at a scrimmage—I must hilp the boys !”

He boulded down his grog, thin boulded out,
 The lightnin’ blazin’ thro’ the open doore,
 Which blinded Phill and made him reel about,
 And drop the pot down on the shanty floore.
 Whin crack it wint, not bein’ over stout,
 And there we lift it, for ’twis past all cure ;
 Besides, in ividence it would not tell
 Widout the worm and bloomin’ head as well.

Away we wint, and soon the noise behind
 Wis dhrouded in the peltin’ ov the shtorm,
 The growlin’ tundher, and the howlin’ wind,
 But wid the grog in us to kape us warm
 We thramp’d along, tho’ often nearly blind
 Whin lightnin’ flash—that show’d us all the form
 Ov country round—would lave it pitchy dark,
 As midnight might be in ould Noah’s ark.

We got on shplindid for a mile or so
 By rason of the finces lift and right,
 And thought we’d soon be where we meant to go,
 For sure the worm and head wis ownly light

And handy things to carry—for ye know
 A wooden "head," so that it does be tight
 And doesn't lit the shtame out, is as good
 As if 'twis cast—and that same one wis wood.

The worm wis ov shquare pipe, and made ov tin,
 Which answers jist as well as copper, and
 'Tis much more aisy to be got, and thin
 We wanted chape and useful things, not grand
 Expinsive ones, and did not care a pin
 For fhwat they look'd like, so that they would shtand
 Some wear and tear, and brew the sort ov shtuff
 To raise the sowl ov any but a muff.

But to me shtory ! all at once the rain
 Shtop'd pourin' down, and twinklin' shtars kem out
 Jist as we entherd on a sort ov plain
 Ov heath and bog, and as we had no doubt
 The shtorm would soon be comin' on again,
 We lighted our dudheens and look'd about
 To see if we wis follid, and to take
 A lunar observation, so to spake.

And findin' all wis clare, we thought we might
 As well turn off to ould Tim Rooney's cot
 Up in the hills, a short shtip to the right
 From prisint thrack, to see fhwat he had got
 By way ov tippie, and to shtay the night
 Wid the ould gintleman, if whisky hot
 Was to be had, our damp insides to air,
 While clothes was airin' on a shtool or chair

Afore a good turf fire. But "O ! ulloo !"
 Says Phill to me while thrampin up a hill,
 "Look at thim lights, out on the bog below !
 And, *holy mother !* listen to that yill !
 'Tis Nid McGan agin and Nick, I know,
 Wid a clutch ov imps they've jist fetched up from hell,
 To hunt Nid's wife, but 'fore he could say more,
 The shtorm bursh'd on agin wid horrid roar.

The lightnin' ran along the ground like flame,
 The tundher rowl'd as if the clouds would fall,
 While out of thim, like pibble shtones, there came
 A heavy fall of hail, that did bate all
 I iver see before—beside the same
 A rain ov amue iggs would look quite shmall—

And whin me brother thried to save his hat
Wid ould tin worm they battered it quite flat.

On came the howlin', and the scrames more near,
And Phill sit up a horrid yillin chorus ;
And thin a big brown hare, insane wid fear—
Her eyes prothrudin—ran jist close before us,
And afther her—above the ground quite clear—
Came on the hellish pack—which might have tore us
In half a jiffy into smidthereens,
And ate us, sowl and body, widout greens !

On wint the hell hounds wid a mighty growlin,
While shmill ov sulphur floated all around,
On wint Ould Nick, and Nid McGan, all scrowlin
On me and Phill fash'd rooted to the ground ;
Whiz wint that gipsy on a broomshtick bowlin'—
Like a big scrache owl—wid a rushin' sound,
Till jist above us—whin a scrame she gave
Would scare a corpse, though in the deepest grave.

The tundher rattled, and the lightnin' flash'd,
Down came the hail—I think a thrifle harder—
So did a big oak tree, by lightning smash'd,
Which nearly shtop'd mesilf from goin' fardher.
While, in the darkness, on the demons dash'd
To grab that hare for their infernal larder,
I look'd at Phill, and Phill he look'd at me,
And both wis white as dirty min could be.

On wint the hunt till out of sight and hearin',
And wid it, too, the shtorm soon passhd away,
And one be one, betune the dark clouds peerin',
The purty shtars kem out wid plasins' ray.
Thin, as no imps or gaugers wis appearin',
We to ould Rooney's cottage tuck our way ;
And, as the battered worum could not be minded,
We threw it in a boghole—and so inded

AH cause for runnin' from the gaugers—so
We shtip'd out shmartly for the ould man's cot,
And in five minits more wis all the go
Afore a foine shin-roaster, blazin' hot,
A tellin' him what ye already know—
Ov devils' hunt and dirty gaugers' plot—
Thin dhrank poteen, till, rowlin off the forum,
We dreamed ov devils, gaugers, and the shtorum.

"But listen! be the holy fly!
 There's jist the same infernal cry
 That I heerd by that quakin' bog!"
 Said Mack. "It is a dang'd wild dog!
Close to the yard! hark! there again!
 And Spot and Rover's on the chain!"
 Which said, he opened wide the door
 And volley'd forth a lusty roar,
 Then rushing where the dogs, on chain,
 Their liberty strove hard to gain—
 While giving vent to growl on growl,
 And now and then a bark or howl—
 He loos'd them quickly, off they went,
 On slaughter evidently bent,
 Close follow'd by old Mac and Pat,
 The latter, minus coat or hat,
 But with shillelagh in his fist—
 That mortal skulls might not resist—
 A cherish'd blackthorn from the land
 Of peace and praties—Oirland!

For Paddy liked to have one by,
 If merely up the flue to dry—
 For pliant stick, with knobby ind,
 He quite regarded as a frind—
 But as for coaxing you to tread
 On dragging coat-tail, that your head
 Might have its strength and thickness tried
 By said stick, skilfully applied,
 Had not been tried by Pat of late,
 Though longing much to crack a pate.

Ere rushing forth his hand had sought
 His caubeen, but the waddy caught,
 And, seemingly content with that,
 He ran and roar'd without his hat
 Or jumper, though the air was keen—
 But did not catch a cold, I ween,
 Or other game that chilly night,
 For neither collie cared to fight
 The dingoes, which would make a stand
 Till noisy men were close at hand,
 Then, with fierce snarls and crab-like gait,
 They'd shift themselves, again to wait
 Those coward curs to dare to fight,
 Beneath the stars' uncertain light.

But dingoes bite in such a manner
 That skins are worthless to a tanner
 When torn by them, and, furthermore,
 The wounds for weeks continue sore—
 For poison lurks their teeth around
 To canker gash, or punctured wound
 They cause in dog, or timid sheep—
 And so our cowards thought they'd keep
 In safety's bounds, and this they did—
 Altho' old Mack and Paddy bid
 Them "hould them!" till they both were sick
 Of bawling—Pat then shook his stick,
 And vow'd he'd give thim dogs a batin'
 "If they for him would *jist* be waitin'!"
 He'd "lave thim in a purty plight;"
 And, furthermore, that "not a bite
 Ov tucker should they git that night."
 They both took ev'ry kind of care
 The dingoes should not raise *their* hair.

The dingoes kill for killing's sake,
 And often dreadful havoc make
 Among a flock of sheep, and slay
 A number in a cruel way,
 To drink their blood, but not to eat
 The carcase—so a stock of meat
 Is left for sheepdogs, which would find
 Themselves to hunger oft consigned,
 Because a fruitful married pair
 Must exercise no little care
 To make a scraggy, ration ewe
 Feed for a week their hungry crew;
 And so two dogs on paunch and head
 Can't be considered overfed—
 In fact, they often want a meal
 Of victuals, if they do not steal
 Some provender, or catch a rat—
 And then, if caught, they're thrash'd for that.

I rather think I've prov'd right well
 That canny, canine sentinel
 A dingo should regard as friend,
 And soundly sleep—or else pretend
 To do so—till the slinking beast
 Should slay sufficient for a feast.
Then wake to sound, and scent, and sight,
 And rouse the echoes of the night

With warning bark and savage growl,
And melancholy long-drawn howl,
Which, striking on the shepherd's ear,
Apprises him of danger near.

Yet, though their masters use them ill,
The shepherds' dogs are faithful still ;
So, in reverse, they all begin
To make a most tremendous din
Directly they can smell or hear
A friendly dingo prowling near—
Thus fully warning everyone
Before the slightest harm is done,
And thus they lose, by thoughtless haste,
Full many a good mutton feast !

But let us now return to Mac,
Friend Paddy, and the canine pack—
Whose ardour, on that darksome plain,
Was certainly upon the wane—
For breathless men began to find
A *tail* they were, and far behind,
And so they call'd the dogs, lest they
Might get some poison'd baits, which lay
By little safety yard—which there
I'd built myself with greatest care
For lambs, which else for dogs had been
A supper while they still were *green !

For often in this droughty clime
There is no feed at lambing time,
Save wither'd grass and herbage sere—
The produce of a former year—
And e'en for this the ewes must stray
Long weary miles from home each day.
So lambs, a half-day only old,
Too weakly are to reach the fold—
And, furthermore, they will not try,
But would by slaughter rather die
Than freely walk the homeward road—
For each long-legged, bleating toad,
In obstinacy far surpasses
Pig-headed mules and jibbing asses,
For switch them smartly as you will,
They'll backward run or stand stock still,

* "Green," newly born.

And while you're busy *blessing* one,
 The other reckless wretches run
 In all directions, though the light
 Is swiftly merging into night.
 Quite heedless all, they race away,
 To be discovered some fine day
 Stark frames, less intestines and breath,
 For they run to the jaws of death—
 Or dingoes, meaning just the same
 With slight distinction, but in name.

O Job! if to your shepherd band
 In lambing time you gave a hand
 In driving pertinacious lambs,
 And equally determin'd dams,
 To shelt'ring fold at eventide,
 When, thunder-like, from mountain side
 Came down the famish'd lion's roar,
 And sweat stream'd forth from ev'ry pore,
 The while you fumed with rage and fear,
 And ewes and lambs ran there and here,
 To try what scattering would do
 Towards losing lambs—a goodly few—
 If *then* you kept your temper cool,
 And call'd no one a—something—fool,
 Nor kicked the lambs, nor swore amain
 When half the ewes broke back again,
 I'll say of patience you're the dad,
 For all day long they make *me* mad.

But then the beasts you used to keep—
 Altho' they'd count, of course, as sheep,
 Went decently in Irish stew,
 And yielded what the Scotch ca' "woo"—
 Were very different indeed
 From jumbucks of Australian breed.
 Indeed, I've heard the shepherds led
 Their woolly charge, and at their head
 Would, piping gaily on a reed,
 Conduct them to their daily feed,
 And, *never* getting in a plight,
 Return as orderly at night!

Their method I should like to learn,
 For, as I write, my trotters burn
 From chasing ewes and lambs that would
 Race ev'rywhere but where they should,

With fix'd intent, the live long day,
 To get mix'd up or else astray—
 Which I myself have, for I find
 I've left my subject miles behind—
 So now our shepherd friends we'll send
 To smoky hut, their yarns to end,
 And tie the sheepdogs up, if they
 Can only catch them by the way.

My narrative to make quite plain,
 My steps I must retrace again
 To where those hungry dogs that night
 First heard the sound, and saw the light,
 'The which occasioned them to pause—
 For though they knew right well the cause
 Of light and music, down they sat
 To have a confidential chat—
 Just *pros* and *cons*, and how to act
 If by the shepherd's dogs attacked—
 Also to plan, at any rate,
 A visit to the sheeppark gate,
 At which a lamb or two, they thought,
 Might with the greatest ease be caught,
 If some—as lambs will often do—
 Had left the ewes and scrambled through
 'Tween hurdle bars to sport and play—
 Not having had enough all day—
 Then, *once outside*, their eyes grow dim,
 Or else they think themselves less slim,
 For naught would coax those little *fules
 Through gaps might pass the biggest mules.
 So to and fro they run and bleat,
 A tempting dish of dainty meat,
 To catch the ever-watchful eye
 Of hungry dingo prowling nigh.

Of this our raiders were aware,
 For sev'ral times had they been there
 To apprehend, right there and then,
 Some foolish lambs outside the pen.
 By *habeas corpus* act they moved
 To seize the culprits—whom they proved
 A lawful prize by Nature's laws—
 Administered by teeth and claws—

* Fules—fools—as my second cousin is Scotch, the rhyme should be permissible.

For, helpless creatures, down they all
 To fiercer beasts as prey to fall—
 Bold freebooters, who prowl by night—
 Their motto ever, "Might is right."

Our canine friends then thought of Spot,
 And though they did not care a jot
 For him or Rover, yet they knew
 There'd be a terrible to do ;
 For should they wind their pleasant scent
 They'd frustrate soon their fell intent,
 By bringing noisy fellows out
 To run like asses, and to shout ;
 Besides, they'd see that all the lambs
 Were in the yard beside their dams,
 And frustrate thus, with care and clatter,
 Our dingoes' efforts to be fatter.

This being so, they thought that they
 Would take a circuitous way,
 And so approach the hill behind—
 Which also meant against the wind—
 Then carefully they gain'd the yard,
 By men and dogs unseen, unheard,
 But yet to have their patience tried
 By finding—not a lamb outside.
 This so upset the female's temper
 That she set up a peevish whimper—
 And, as a pair of gaping jaws
 In church, or chapel, is the cause
 Of setting others gaping too,
 In yawn on yawn, from pew to pew,
 Till overcoming e'en the parson,
 His face divides and bids it pass on
 To deacon fat and lean gravedigger,
 Who stretch their jaws with utmost rigour—
 So howling with the canine race,
 With epidemic yawn keeps pace,
 For ere the sound quite died away
 The dog took up the dismal lay,
 Which, rising high in cadence shrill,
 Rang mournfully o'er plain and hill.
 And though it might have pleas'd *them* both,
 It wrung from Mac that sudden oath,
 Close follow'd by the rush and noise
 Of Paddy and the other boys ;

While raging dogs, upon the chain,
 Join'd each his own discordant strain
 To horrid uproar, which, run wild,
 The startled welkin then defied.
 And then that wild-goose chase began,
 In which men, dogs, and dingoes ran
 To fiercely halloo, snarl, and ban.
 But nothing suffer'd hurt or death—
 Except some little loss of breath—
 As I have struggled to explain,
 So will not touch on it again.

Those dogs kept up an easy trot,
 With lolling tongues—for they were hot—
 With lower'd tail and heaving flank,
 Until they reach'd a gum creek's bank.
 On this a small erection stood
 Of unhewn logs of dark pine wood,
 Which, planted as a pallsade,
 A sort of strong, rough kennel made ;
 To form the roof more logs were placed,
 Which, like the walls, were all unfaced,
 And on them heavy stones were stack'd,
 To keep all steady and compact ;
 A sliding door there once had been
 To close the end—for still were seen
 The grooves and lever, which of yore
 Sustained and work'd the fatal door.
 The whole resembled the device
 Once tried at home for catching mice,
 Before the block, with holes indented,
 And fatal springer was invented—
 And this one, baited with a scrap
 Of mutton, was a dingo trap—
 Or rather, he who built it meant
 It for one, but his fell intent
 Was frustrated, by reason that
 The varmints *rather* "smelt a rat."
 For tho' their tracks were often found
 Imprinted thickly all around,
 They much mislik'd both trap and bait,
 And trotted off ere 'twas too late,
 And so the thing was quickly fated—
 Like other lumber antiquated—
 To fall into disuse and ruin,
 When it of dogs had had but few in.

For then nux vomica came out—
 Was stew'd with meat and strew'd about—
 This caus'd a dearth of *shepherd* dogs,
 And sickness to some vagrant hogs,
 But injured not the wily dingoes,
 Who much preferred the dainty pingoes
 Or even lizards, for no treat
 Appeared to them in parboil'd meat—
 Though there are bushmen who still say
 That in boil'd liver is the way
 To lay the poison, so that all
 Marauding dogs may victims fall
 To simple confidence misplaced
 In choosing provender by taste.
 But now *re* native dogs betrayed—
 Nux vomica not long was laid,
 Till strychnine—from the self same bean—
 More deadly, portable, and clean,
 Came into universal use,
 And *this* with death holds not a truce,
 For dingoes swallowing a grain
 Yield never more to hunger's pain,
 But leave for happy hunting grounds
 To be, of who knows who, the hounds?
 Meanwhile our pretty pair of dogs
 Were vastly busy round those logs—
 As tame ones, in a friendly host,
 Exhaust politeness round a post—
 Then down they squatted on their hams,
 To ponder on the meat of lambs;
 Then moralised that dingo grim,
 In language—plain enough to him—
 Which readers would not understand,
 E'en had I it at my command,
 And so in English I will write
 What that old wild dog said that night.

But ere I do, I must insist
 On rating authors, who persist
 In quite astonishing the weak
 Of comprehension with their Greek,
 Or other extracts, which they might
 Judiciously keep out of sight.
 For these most readers oft appal,
 As broken bottles on a wall
 Small longing urchins, who would fain
 The inside of a garden gain,

To revel on the fruit they see,
 But fear the sure phlebotomy
 That would attend their enterprise—
 And so those words to readers' eyes
 Present an obstacle which they
 A nuisance find, and so they say,
 "Confound the fellow ! what a bore !
 What is this French inserted for ?"
 We think with mischievous intent—
 It really is no ornament
 Or use, except it be, indeed,
 Unlearned readers to impede,
 And air *his* erudition deep—
 We wish to goodness he would keep
 His jargon to himself, and give
 In English his plain narrative—
 And here I'd better state at once
 As linguist *I'm a perfect dunce !*
 Which fact *may* well account for the
 Foregoing spiteful rhapsody !

And now for what that dingo said—
 He thus a fair beginning made :
 "Look ! Lupulina, at that trap,
 For which we never cared a rap ;
 What idiots those men must be
 To fancy, for one moment, we,
 Cute, fox-like dingoes, could be sold
 By such device—we are too old,
 And know a thing or two too much,
 To be betray'd by such a hutch,
 Which mars the scenery around,
 And should be levelled with the ground.
 But there ! it soon will pass away,
 A prey to fire or swift decay—
 Though white ants will not near it go—
 They do not care for pine you know,
 For sandalwood would please them better—
 But what the mischief is the matter ?
 Why whimper in that pensive way ?
 Confide in me, my love, I pray !"

In cutting tones, the female cried,
 "My patience you have sorely tried
 With your stupidity and gas.
 But there ! you always were an ass !

And now you ask what ails me? *What?*
 'Tis hard to say what ails me *not*—
 Stay, *one thing* does not, *indigestion*—
 Take *that* as answer to your question!
 I thought you said, as we came up,
 You knew a place where we could sup
 On tender lamb!—A lie, of course—
 For one *you're* never at a loss—
 A lie invented to deceive me!
 So just you listen—and, believe me,
 If I am destined thus to wait
 For supper longer, sure as fate,
 I'll take to me another mate—
 A common practice with the whites
 When wives are cheated of their rights,
 And maintenance is one, I'm sure—
 You know my grievance! now the cure!"

"Indeed, my dear," the dog replied
 With sulky air, which quite belied
 The quiet language he employed,
 For he was grievously annoyed
 At this most spiteful interruption,
 Which caus'd of course complete destruction
 To easy flow of self-esteem
 With which he had pursued his theme,
 And made him feel as if he'd sat
 On nasty thorn—and sharp at that—
 And ruffled, too, as you, no doubt,
 Would be yourself if dining out—
 And fortified by best of fare—
 You sought to lead discussion there
 On politics or Darwinism,
 In speech well dash'd with egotism,
 And which some irritating fellow—
 Made cross by wine, instead of mellow—
 Cuts up, till, in a fit of rage,
 You'd kill him *only for his age!*

"Indeed, my dear, you should not blame
Me for the scarcity of game.
 I know that hunger's hard to bear,
 But, then again, you are aware
 That I have hunted hard to find
 A supper of *récherché* kind,
 To suit your taste; but cross events—
 And, I must add, *your petulance*,

In whining, when we might have made
 Upon the lambs a famous raid—
 Have nullified my calculations,
 And—well, in short—have stopp'd your rations.
 So now, to lay all blame on me,
 I say—and *really* think to be—
 Injustice, hard for me to bear !
 You surely are not cross, my dear ?”

Replied his Lupe, “ I am, indeed,
 And as I stand far more in need
 Of supper than your converse silly—
 That I hate worse than convicts' skilly—
 I think you now had better start—
 Unless you wish that we should part—
 And so exert your ev'ry sense,
 And let us have no more pretence
 About the scârcity of game,
 When you, yourself, are all to blame !”

“ There, that will do,” replied her mate,
 “ Twill hurt you in your present state
 To get into a passion ; so
 I think we, too, had better go
 To woven yard I spoke about,
 For there, I've not the slightest doubt,
 A lamb, or even two, we'll find
 To furnish supper to your mind.”

He waited not for her reply,
 But struck into a sheep-track nigh,
 Close follow'd by his *cara sposa*,
 Both quite intent to see on nose a
 Ewe, a lamb, or aught beside
 With woolly skin or hairy hide—
 For anything in shape of meat
 Those hungry dogs would kill and eat.
 But they saw nothing till the dog
 Began to sniff, and said, “ Some prog
 Of tempting odour he could smell.”
 His consort whimper'd and said, “ Well,
 Why don't you follow up the scent ?”
 He said, “ All right,” and off he went,
 But suddenly exclaimed, “ Look here
 At this strange trail, 'tis rather queer :
 No beast I know a track would make
 Like this, except a booming snake,

And though it has no reptile smell,
 I think it would be just as well
 Our eyes to open wide, my dear—
 That is, we ought not to go near
 Until we can quite plainly see
 What kind of creature it may be."

"There, that will do," replied his mate,
 "Don't talk such stuff, you know I hate
 To hear such nonsense, rank and vile—
 But you can't help it, 'tis your style!
 Right well you know no snake of size
 Inhabits here, tho' to your eyes
 They loom of vast and horrid shape—
 You wretched, chicken-hearted ape!
 Go on, you coward! Don't you dear me!
 Quick march, I say! Come, don't you hear me?"
 "I hear you? Yes, I *think* I do—
 Who could escape from hearing you?
 I would your tongue within your teeth
 Was 'prison'd tight, or stopp'd by death!
 Whate'er I do, whate'er I say
 To pleasure you in any way,
 Appears to your distemper'd sight
 And mind in some distorted light.
 'Tis truly said that evil folks
 See evil in all facts and jokes.
 And now, if from me you would part,
 I'm with you—yes, with all my heart!"

Now, as this did not suit the book
 Of his sweet spouse, she put a look
 Of tender trouble in her eyes—
 Where water seem'd about to rise—
 And murmur'd, "Ah, you cruel thing,
 My tender feelings thus to wring,
 And taunt me—when so delicate
 I am in this my present state—
 For really you should never heed
 My little tempers, for indeed
 I'm always sorry afterward.
 And so, dear hubby, *don't* be hard
 With me this time, and I will be
 A pattern of propriety."

Of course the dog was near gain'd o'er—
 Tho' feeling yet a little sore—

And so he said, "There, that's enough!"
 As if he still were in a huff,
 Though in the meanwhile going on,
 Quite evidently bent upon
 Providing supper of fresh meat
 For his most amiable mate,
 Who thought it prudent to abstain
 From saying aught against the grain—
 That is, while restive signs remained,
 And till for her he had obtained
 The treat she then was longing for—
 That is, a young lamb, taken raw.

And so she trotted silently
 Behind her shaggy mate, while he
 Employed his ears, his nose, and eyes
 To find the much-desired prize.
 And soon he said, "A track I see,
 Which from its shape appears to me
 The hoof-mark of the raw-boned Scot
 Who makes the place for us too hot—
 Who to his flock sticks like a burr,
 Attended by his surly cur—
 Which rudely wakes the sleeping lambs,
 And keeps them moving with their dams,
 So that when supper-time comes round
 We vainly beat deserted ground.

And now, 'tis very clear to me,
 This snake-like track which here we see
 Is that of ewe, which canny Mack
 Has dragged along upon her back,
 To fasten to a bush or stake
 Because her lamb she would not take—
 For I him saw the other day
 Serve an old ewe that self-same way,
 Then thinking—as I should—of you,
 I quick resolved to save the two
 From brutal butcher's fatal knife
 By quickly ridding them of life
 In nature's quiet, kindly way,
 Directly Mack should go away—
 Instead of which, from dog and he
 For very life I had to flee.
 But look! depending from that bush
 A kidney hangs, 'tis fine and fresh,

And which, within most easy reach,
Is red and juicy as a peach,
While, as 'twould bear no second bite,
"You take it, dear!" She said, "All right."

She made a snap to cut the twine,
One bite to taste, and vow'd 'twas fine.
Less hasty far had she been then
Could she divine that crafty men
Had sprinkled strychnine in its heart—
Or rather in its inner part—
Like bitter ashes at the core
Of apples on Asphaltes shore—
So pleasant to the passer's eye,
So filthy if their taste he try.
But this poor Lupe knew not, and so,
As I remarked, she was not slow
In making that fine kidney skip
Into her stomach, as would slip
A medlar into that of pig,
Or bald head into roomy wig ;
But no bad taste could she detect,
And therefore did not then suspect
Her danger, and so urged her mate
To go in search of other meat.

So off they trotted on the track
Of reeking paunch, which canny Mack
Had drawn in spreading circle round
The sheepyard, leaving on the ground
An odorous and potent clue,
Intended to lead dingoes to
A key to death, concealed in tongue
Or kidney, to some low bush, hung
So that the vicious native cats,
Small jerboise mice, and long-ear'd rats
Can't well detect it, to convey
The deadly morsel where, next day,
It might be found by Spot or Bob,
And lead to melancholy job.

Those dingoes swiftly ran the track
Which nearly led them to the back
Of woven yard, where, stiff and cold,
A young lamb lay, some two days' old.
"Behold your meal!" the dingo said.
His mate was silent, but she laid

Upon its neck her grimy paw,
 And rent its side with ruthless jaw ;
 Then drawing out, began to eat—
 What dingoes all prefer to meat—
 The stomach, with enclosing caul,
 Including chitterlings and gall.

And, as voraciously she ate,
 The fear possessed her loving mate
 That he would likely fare but ill
 If he politely waited till
 His Lupe had finish'd her repast,
 So he began to break his fast,
 Contriving to secure the heart,
 Which chanc'd to be a poison'd part—
 Indeed he found a bitter taste—
 But heedless, in his famish'd haste,
 He flew at once upon the meal
 That was his deadly fate to seal ;
 And both so busy were that they
 Permitted not the least delay
 To notice, or at least regard
 The frightened ewes within the yard,
 Which, with their eyes and nostrils wide,
 Were whistling on the further side.

But all at once poor Lupe cried, " Oh !
 There's something wrong with me, I know ;
 The pain I suffer none can tell,
 And *no* more lamb, *should I get well.*"
 Which said, with somersault and bound
 She beat herself upon the ground.
 Her blood-stain'd teeth were locking tight—
 Her grinning lips left them in sight—
 Then on her side she lay at length,
 Her rigid limbs were shorn of strength,
 Her eyes were set in backward stare,
 Convulsion's foam-flakes stain'd her hair.
 To death's dread door right near was she,
 And quivering in agony.
 And thus, with muscles fixed, she lay
 Till from her pass'd that fit away.

The dingo left the mangled bones,
 And listen'd mutely to her moans,
 But quickly, in his blood-stain'd mouth,
 Perceived a bitter, burning drouth,

Which made him long for water more
 Than he had long'd for aught before,
 While horrid pains his vitals rending,
 A dark ensanguin'd foam was blending
 With blood of lamb, which to his eyes
 No longer seem'd a tempting prize ;
 And several times he tried to howl,
 But from his jaw-lock'd stiffen'd jowl
 A quaver wild alone arose,
 As if his life was near its close.

But soon the fit in which they lay,
 From poison'd dingoes passed away,
 Yet left such fearful pain behind
 That neither victim felt inclined
 To tax the other with the blame
 Of causing pain that burn'd like flame—
 Which, pangs inflicting, as would knife,
 Were cutting short their chords of life.
 From fit to fit they quickly pass'd,
 And death their tortures stay'd at last.

With early morning came old Mack,
 With searching glance along the track—
 Well mark'd by garbage he had dragg'd—
 To see what "varmints" he had bagg'd—
 And how he chuckled when he saw
 Those dogs, whose thievery was o'er.
 "You wretches, you are dead," quoth he,
 "Your tails are worth five bob to me,
 And muckle better when you're dockett
 Ye'll baith appear." Then from his pocket
 He drew a long, keen jockteleg—
 Would hew a tree into a peg—
 And then with vicious slashes cut
 Those bushy tails off by the butt,
 Then spurned the stumps, so cold and gory—
 And with that action ends this story.

[NOTE.—"The Dingoes" was one of my very first attempts at versification, and was written in a gunyah I used to sleep in to protect the "big mob yard" from the attacks of wild dogs. This gunyah was so draughty that I used to lie in the dark stringing a dozen or so lines together, then light a slush lamp and write them down somehow, if the night was not too windy. Pat Murphy's story was suggested to me by the shepherd, who said he knew a man who hunted his wife in the shape of a hare. As he would not say anything more, I had to fill in the outline, and so my version may not be correct in all the minor details. I put words into the dingoes' mouths to commemorate the pleasure the nagging of a human pair had given me some time previously. "The Dingoes" is a record of scenes which disappeared with the advent of wire fencing.—R. B.]

BURNING OF THE COSPATRICK.

The glowing sun is sinking out of sight
 'Neath heaving circle's far-off western verge ;
 The summer breezes, vagrant-wing'd and light,
 O'er billows wander, which have ceased to surge,
 Since stormy wind withdrew compelling course,
 Yet still their forms unquietly arise,
 Like sullen rioters—a word would urge
 To savage tumult, but the tranquil skies
 A peaceful night proclaim, and daylight slowly dies—

Leaving a ship with lofty, spreading sails,
 To roll, inertly, on her lonely way,
 Scarce urged by breeze, which oftentimes nearly fails
 To fill her canvas, looming ghostly grey.
 'Neath crescent moon's unclouded, silver ray
 She slowly sails, while o'er the silent deep
 Are wafted melodies, now sad, now gay—
 Songs breathing hope, to make men's hearts to leap,
 And plaintive ballads, old, would force the blithe to weep !

For her wide decks are peopled with a throng
 Of hopeful souls, from Britain's islands twain,
 Who seek the time to gaily speed with song,
 While idly rocking on the restless main,
 Far, far from homes they ne'er may see again.
 The ringing laugh and sportive jest goes round,
 To pleasant fancies they allow the rein,
 For are they not to happy regions bound
 In smiling southern isles, where plenty aye is found !

But measur'd chimes, which sound from stricken bell,
 O'er other sounds ring out with cadence clear,
 And to the seamen, who are lounging, tell
 That pleasant "dog-watch"—to them justly dear—
 Is past and gone—and soon a man, to steer,

Steps quickly aft, the helmsman to relieve ;
 He takes the wheel, while plainly in his ear
 His shipmate gives the course, then turns to leave,
 With quick-glanc'd comments queer, as plain as words could weave.

On lofty forecastle the look-out man
 The narrow space patrols with careful tread,
 To stop at times the vessel's path to scan
 For hidden dangers that may lurk ahead,
 In coming ships, or floating wrecks, more dread,
 While comrades rough, of "watch on deck," bestow
 Themselves around, where'er by fancy led,
 In friendly knots, to talk in voices low,
 No just offence to give to wakeful tars below.

Then one by one the landsmen slowly go
 To gloomy 'tween decks, in their berths to sleep,
 Though some remain to watch the moon's strange glow
 In quivers play on life-like heaving deep,
 While tiny sparks, like shining, soft eyes, peep
 From varied patchwork of white-sheeted spray
 Evolved from waves which 'gainst the vessel leap,
 Then sullen fall, and leave to pass away
 In ghostly wake astern their dancing bubbles grey.

Now, all unwillingly, the last man goes,
 While still the officer the poop must pace,
 To con the sails, and ascertain whence blows
 The languid breeze which scarcely fans his face,
 While now and then he calls the men to brace
 Around the yards, to meet the shifty wind,
 Which they—not differing from all the race—
 With ease perform, the while, with words unkind,
 They growl 'neath sullen beards, and wish him dead or blind.

Thus they on deck, or nearly all below,
 In darksome berths, are now beneath the spell
 Of gentle sleep—the sweetest mortals know
 When undisturbed by fever'd visions fell,
 As ev'ry honest, weary soul can tell—
 And these, all confident in ship and crew,
 Of fear undreaming, slumber sound and well—
 For all their hopes rose-tinted are in hue,
 And pictured future paths are smiling to the view.

They do not heed the wash against the bends,
 The sounding bell, or heavy roller's shock,
 Or up on deck the clatter of rope's ends,
 Or noisy banging of a tackle block,
 The creaking fittings or the vessel's rock,
 Nor are they waken'd by the seamen's tread,
 Which, hollow sounding, slumber seems to mock;
 But as a lullaby it serves instead,
 And brings fresh food for dreams to many a pillow'd head.

Now restless brains, ignoring sleep's control,
 Indulge in visions strange and manifold,
 Which wizard fancy—artist of the soul—
 With magic pencil draws in outlines bold,
 To suit the young, the middle-aged, and old—
 The past, the present, and the future bring
 A medley strange of subjects else untold
 To fill his canvas—mirth, on glancing wing,
 And guilt and trouble, too, round him their subjects fling.

The young strong man, with health and courage bless'd,
 Who feels not yet the force of Time's fell hand,
 And has for danger still a wholesome zest,
 With swinging strides speeds o'er the far-off strand,
 Or breasts the flood, or views his well-till'd land;
 On gallant steed outstrips the bushland flame,
 Or singly combats with some savage band;
 Sees beauty his, grasps opulence and fame,
 And is the winner, sure, in life's swift changing game.

The buxom lass, her red cheek on her arm,
 The lover meets whom she has left behind—
 Or, what to her hath still a greater charm,
 Some swain more handsome whom she yet may find,
 If fortune to her only will be kind;
 Gay scenes of pleasure, dresses rich and bright—
 All these combine with joy to fill her mind.
 Let anxious care assail with morning's light—
 She hath fair visions now to charm her dreaming sight.

The tender infant by its mother's side
 Hath shadow-dreams to stir its slumbers deep;
 Its soft lips work as if they draw the tide
 Which baby life can in such pleasures steep,
 And aid to lull the little one to sleep.

Faint wreathing smiles play o'er its dimpled face,
 Its rosy limbs from 'neath the bedding peep—
 And surely o'er it, from the Throne of Grace,
 A guardian angel stands and keeps its resting place.

'Tis now of night the solemn, silent noon,
 And once again the clangor of the bell
 The changing of the watch proclaims, and soon
 The weary seamen—thinking all is well—
 Turn in to sleep their brief allotted spell,
 While hardy comrades, yawning as they go,
 Seek cosy nooks in which old yarns to tell,
 To pass the time, which drags for them full slow,
 While still the sleepers sleep, and dream their dreams below.

An aged man, who comes from Erin's Isle,
 By fearful vision is constrained to weep,
 For, ah! he stands amidst a concourse vile
 Of black-mask'd monsters, who a circle keep
 Round lonely house, whence half-clad creatures leap
 To 'scape the flames, which, redly rushing high,
 The night's black clouds in lurid crimson steep—
 Oh, God! the fiends! they hurl them back to die!
 The horror is too great—he wakes with stifled cry!

What pungent odour steals up from below?
 What stealthy hiss, as from some hidden snake?
 Oh! 'tis to him a far more deadly foe,
 For at its name the boldest-hearted quake.
 "Fire! fire!" he cries. The sleepers all awake
 In wild confusion, and in dread affright—
 Their very lives with death are now at stake
 On boundless ocean, in the darksome night,
 For flood and flame unite to crush them with their might!

The boldest don what garments they may find—
 The women rush upon the deck to shriek—
 While crew and captain, as one man combin'd,
 The common foe, in lurking place, now seek,
 With steadfast purpose, but with blanching cheek.
 Too late! too late! on sails and cordage fed,
 It gathers force, and rushes forth to wreak
 A swift destruction on each hapless head,
 So lately laid secure in slumber, void of dread.

All vainly they a forceful deluge send—
 In hissing steam the red flames fling it back
 Through open hatchway, with the mists to blend,
 And pass to leeward with the heavy track
 Of blinding smoke that rolls in volumes black,
 While raging foe, all hydra-headed flies
 At those who on it bravely make attack,
 Like famish'd lion, that, with blazing eyes,
 Beats back the hunter band, and bears off one a prize.

Or like the fires which, in these southern lands,
 'Midst cornfields rage when northern winds prevail,
 And mock the efforts of the sweat-drench'd bands
 Who fight against them, but without avail—
 For, swiftly borne on pinions of the gale,
 With sullen roar, they dart upon their prey,
 To fill with ruin all the peaceful vale,
 Late rich in vineyards and in gardens gay—
 And so the flames speed now, and all is wild dismay !

The frightened women to the workers cling,
 Or screaming children to their bosoms fold,
 While, madly, men with pumps and buckets fling
 The ocean water in the burning hold.
 E'en fearless hearts with sudden dread run cold,
 For vainly all their failing force they try—
 The whirling flames beat back those seamen bold,
 With burning wounds, and then exultant fly,
 The foremast boats to claim, and climb the rigging high.

The fated ship, now head to wind, sweeps round,
 As lofty foremast falls with horrid crash—
 Like forest tree dash'd headlong to the ground
 'Neath sudden lightning's devastating flash—
 While fear-struck people to the small boats dash,
 And overcrowd one, by their panic driven,
 Till men on men the massive davits smash,
 And ocean's breast by struggling forms is riven,
 Whose awful cries for help ring madly up to heaven !

They cry in vain to God and fellow-man—
 Their time is come to cross the gulf so drear—
 Their earthly course is shortened to a span
 Of awful anguish and ungovern'd fear,
 Which seem with burning agony to sear

Their bursting hearts, that now must quickly stay
 Their varied pulse of joys and sorrows here,
 For dreadful death relentless stalks this way—
 The wild waves work his will, and fainting souls obey.

The mate, brave Lewis, and McDonald try,
 With efforts vast, the pinnacle large to turn,
 But no one answers to their earnest cry
 For needful help, and so 'tis left to burn—
 And leaping flames soon rage from stem to stern—
 When, as they see a small boat hanging near,
 To lower it becomes their chief concern,
 While other men, not overcome by fear,
 The fallen boat secure, and quickly bale her clear.

Some throw the gig into the glare-lit waves
 With clumsy haste, to drift half-swamp'd away
 Upon the spar-encumber'd sea—which raves
 And surges round in eagerness to slay !
 Now many, who a greater fear obey,
 From fierce flames flee, but to be quickly drown'd,
 And sink in ocean's depths cold, lifeless clay—
 Save those who, clinging to the wreck around,
 A cruel respite gain, in such frail succour found.

Too soon the boats are peopled with a crowd
 Of reckless men, who down the tackles slide,
 Or madly leap, while, splashing all around,
 Strong swimmers dive, to battle with the tide,
 Or scramble fiercely to surmount the side.
 Both crafts at once are crowded to excess—
 The crews push off, and from the wreck they glide—
 They cannot aid amid the wild distress—
 Their feeble chance of life each moment renders less.

On fated ship rolls aft the fiery pest,
 And from the great main hatchway roars on high,
 While soon, by e'en the bravest 'tis confess'd
 Scant hope is left for any but to die—
 And prayers and shrieks go up in one wild cry,
 While to the mainmast's crashing thunders dread
 The awful groans of victims make reply,
 With wailing whirl of raging flames o'erhead,
 Which light with lurid glare the dying and the dead.

The two frail boats are heaving on the deep,
 Whose helpless inmates, dumb with horror, view
 Despairing wretches from the vessel leap,
 And yet to succour them can nothing do,
 So sit with visages of ghastly hue—
 They see the captain throw into the waves
 His hapless wife, then swiftly follows, too—
 The doctor, with their child, the same fate braves,
 And with a shrieking crowd find sudden ocean graves.

How strong the love of life in man must be,
 When tamely there they sit, while all around
 Their fellow-creatures in their misery
 Entreat their aid, and yet are helpless drown'd.
 If now no ark of safety can be found,
 Do they not think that they may well die, too,
 And pass away with truest honor crown'd,
 Than live indeed, yet evermore to view
 By day and night, in thought, that lost, beseeching crew?

The mizenmast falls headlong in the sea,
 The waters surge, while with explosion dread—
 As of a heavy broadside, forcefully—
 The stern blows out, and soon the flames are spread
 O'er all the vessel, for by spirits fed
 They mount on high with rushing whirlwind roar,
 And in the midst the last sad souls are sped—
 From earthly clay divorc'd—above to soar,
 Their Master's will to work elsewhere for evermore.

The hull still floats, infested by fierce fire,
 Which eats her massive frame, while jets of steam,
 With angry hiss, above the flames aspire,
 When shattered stern admits a briny stream,
 Or floods invade her through the ports abeam.
 There one by one the swimmers strong go down,
 There men drop off from floating coop or beam,
 With choking cry, beneath the waves to drown—
 Each fear-wrung visage pale fast settling in a frown.

See, near the wreck, with their large living freight
 Of human salvage, those two frail craft lie,
 When bright Aurora opens wide the gate
 For day's bright advent in the eastern sky;
 And far and wide the seamen's glances fly,

In eager hope that some tall saving ship,
 Approaching slowly, may now meet the eye.
 They gaze in vain—with indrawn breath and lip—
 They see but ocean birds, which in the waters dip.

Now, as the cutter has no chief to guide
 Her future movements and control her crew,
 McDonald boards her : thither, by his side,
 Young Bentley goes, with gallant Lewis, too,
 To aid their officer with duty true,
 Whate'er befalls, and though they have no sail
 Or guiding compass, with land far from view,
 Undaunted hearts may help to turn the scale
 'Gainst famine's gnawing tooth and ocean's ruthless gale.

The hours creep by, the sun resigns his reign,
 And weary night's long vigils, too, are past,
 While o'er the waste of waters once again
 The morning breaks, as hopeless as the last ;
 For, though all night the wreck's red beacon cast
 Its warning light far o'er the lonely sea,
 No swelling sail, no lofty taper mast,
 In spreading circle of their sight they see,
 And from their sadden'd hearts faint hope begins to flee.

The second day is nearly passed, when lo !
 The calcined hulk sends up vast clouds of steam .
 As with a plunge she hissing dives below ;
 And, as she dives, her red-hot ruins gleam,
 In requiem wild the startled sea-birds scream,
 While rushing waters in the vortex meet,
 And in fierce contest for the plunder seem ;
 Then rolling onward in their endless beat,
 One vessel more they count to Ocean's sunken fleet.

Now on the hamper which around them floats
 The shipwrecked gaze, then shape their hopeless course—
Sans food or water—in those sailless boats,
 With three oars only, their slow way to force.
 But now McDonald, as a faint resource,
 A garment spreads—which some poor maiden lends—
 To form a sail—which might have been the source
 Of ribald jests at other times—this tends
 To raise their hopes of life, as their frail mast it bends.

They onward drift the livelong silent night,
 The silver moon reflected in the deep,
 And while for succour some few strain their sight,
 The rest, o'erwearied, sink in troubled sleep,
 And helpless women in the mate's boat weep.
 The morning breaks, and Ocean's breast again
 Hath not a sail to cause their hearts to leap,
 While hunger keen and thirst now join to pain—
 O! for the crust despised, the gently falling rain!

Another day is numbered with the past—
 Another night—and still another day—
 Then o'er the ocean wakes the stormy blast,
 Which bids the billows rise, and they obey,
 To roll before it in the moonlight grey.
 On, on they speed, those gaunt and wasted forms,
 Who little heed the crested billows play,
 For with the wind the hope each bosom warms
 That they a ship may meet, or reach the "Cape of Storms."

Now brave McDonald scans the sea in vain—
 The comrade boat has vanished from his sight,
 And loudest hail brings back no hail again
 To give him answer thro' the thick'ning night.
 O'er angry surges, gleaming crisp and white,
 Onward they scud, while in each breast of care
 The feeling gathers that the weary fight
 With wolfish hunger, thirst, and deep despair,
 Must henceforth be uncheer'd, for them—alone—to bear.

The Sabbath dawns—no peaceful time of rest—
 What day it is they scarcely know or care,
 For as they gaze beyond each billow's crest
 Their ev'ry hope is lost in black despair;
 Their burning thirst becomes too great to bear,
 For reckless now, and deaf to counsels given,
 They drink the brine, altho' it seems to tear
 Their very vitals, till, by madness driven,
 Like savage beasts they glare, and rave of hell and heaven!

Their anguish'd souls now one by one depart—
 Their bodies leaving to the sea a prey—
 Poor Bentley, steering, wakes with sudden start
 From fever'd dose, and falling, drifts away.
 They see, they hear, but have no power to stay.

On, on, they drive! While like a rushing pack
 Of famish'd lions, all intent to slay,
 The foaming billows follow in their track,
 And o'er the gunwales leap, to be baled hardly back.

Still howls the gale! Anon, by hunger driven,
 The ghoul-like living feed upon the dead!
 For human qualms from starving men are riven,
 Who now *must die* if not on something fed;
 And naught is there, save forms whose souls are fled.
 But they are many—for each awful day
 Sees raving wretches die, whose veins are bled
 To keep in life the few who still obey
 Starvation's promptings grim, its horrid pangs to stay.

When faintly breaks the early southern dawn
 Of eighth sad morning from the shades of night,
 To eager eyes of voyagers forlorn
 There now appears a life-reviving sight—
 A barque! full sail before the breezes light!—
 To be observed their ev'ry art employs,
 But disappointment, like a deadly blight,
 Falls on their hearts—none hears their faint “ahoy!”
 That heedless craft speeds on, and new-found hope destroys.

O! who can tell the anguish that they feel
 As gallant ship upon its voyage steers?
 Their strength is gone—their shatter'd senses reel—
 Their burning eyes distil great scalding tears,
 For ghastly death so close to them appears,
 He seems to grasp them—yet brave Lewis now
 Would fain pour comfort in their listless ears—
 Though death's cold dew seems falling on his brow—
 “We're on the track,” he cries, “which homeward vessels plough.”

Nine dreary nights—nine weary days are flown—
 And still floats on that ark of horrors, where
 The mangled dead are 'midst the living strewn—
 For near them crouch, like wild beasts in their lair,
 The gaunt survivors, who no longer care
 For life or death, but 'neath the cold grey skies
 In sleep recline, or round them madly glare
 On ghastly comrades with ferocious eyes
 Till, like a famish'd wolf, one on McDonald flies,

And bites his flesh, who, starting from his trance,
 Then feebly rises to repel his foe.
 But ah ! what meets his newly waken'd glance,
 And rouses hope, within his breast to glow ?
 A noble ship ! He tries to shout "Sail ho !"
 But yet all mutely to the gunwale clings,
 And, trembling, gazes on the gallant show
 The coming craft displays, with snowy wings,
 While o'er the crested waves her captain's hoarse hail rings.

His ghastly comrades now are all awake,
 That vessel watching, as with bird-like sweep
 She meets the wind until her white wings shake
 With nervous twitchings o'er the dark-blue deep,
 While fawning on her swelling billows leap !
 Her fore and mizen sails again soon fill,
 Her main are thrown aback, and serve to keep
 Her near the spot, while with a hearty will
 Her crew stand by to save with promptitude and skill.

Oh ! who shall know the feelings of those men,
 Who gasp for breath as they that ship draw nigh—
 Lost from their thoughts their loathsome blood-stain'd den,
 And on their saviours bent is ev'ry eye,
 While to their homes their minds exultant fly—
 Brave friends are near, whose honest faces glow
 With eager kindness, but whose warning cry
 To horror changes when the truth they know,
 As 'neath their vessel's lee glides up that charnel low.

The active seamen hoist the saved on deck,
 And wash away each filthy, gory stain,
 While mangled dead—sad relics of the wreck—
 With decent rites are given to the main,
 To sleep the sleep devoid of dreams or pain,
 Till sharply roused by "last great trumpet's call—
 With perfect forms—they then shall wake again,
 To be arraigned before the Judge of all.
 Here let the drama end—here let the curtain fall !



THE LIFE OF A WORKING BULLOCK.

A pretty bull calf—red-spotted and sleek—
 Is sporting with other calves small,
 They curvet and race on the bank of a creek,
 Unheeding each cow's loving call ;
 They flourish their tails about in the air,
 They battle each other in sport,
 For little they know of trouble or care,
 Or anything else of the sort.

But ah ! an ending is put to their play,
 By stock-keeper,—stockwhip in hand—
 Who gallops around and drives them away,
 To suffer by knife and by brand ;
 For 'tis to the stockyard now they all go,
 By more they are join'd on the way,
 And loudly re-echoes sharp whip-crack and low
 "This general mustering day."

Our pretty young calf, as lesson in life,
 Discovers the nature of pain
 As cruel thong cuts his skin like a knife,
 When, weary, he lags on the plain ;
 He bounds 'mid the herd with a bleat of pain,
 He learns that he should not delay,
 And fagg'd though he be will not linger again,
 But keep up the rest of the way.

The calves in a pen are shut from the cows,
 Which to them incessantly low,
 While merrily blazing are dry gum boughs
 To keep all the brands at red glow.
 Through hole in a post is a hide rope small,
 With noose on the innermost end,
 Which two or three men are ready to haul,
 And the branding irons to tend.

A stock-keeper hangs the loop on long stick,
 Our calf he is caught by the neck,
 And impotent all is struggle or kick
 The tide of his troubles to check.
 He bellows aloud in his rage and fright,
 His tail by a foe is twisted,
 While others outside pulling left and right
 Are not to be resisted !

On his *near* hind foot "half-hitches" they cast
 And haul it, high up, to a rail,
 The sinister fore they quickly make fast,
 And drag him to ground by the tail.
 Now held is his head 'neath a stockman's knee,
 Another—not at all tender—
 Kneels on his flank, and our calf soon will be
 A case of the neuter gender.

With glowing red brand on his hide they sear
 His owner's known cypher or name,
 An angle or curve they cut in his ear,
 To know him by far on the plain ;
 His eyes and his nose with filthy dust fill,
 His coat it hath many a smear,
 Removed are the chords by Harry or Bill,
 And he starts on the life of a steer. '

Some two or three years have glided away,
 A wandering life he has led,
 In shady creek camp'd each hot summer day,
 At night to the hills he has sped.
 His horns are wide-spread, with an upward curve,
 His limbs they are brawny and strong,
 And soon his owner is heard to observe,
 "I'll rope that steer before long!"

Now shut up again in a stockyard high,
 Like restless bear in a cage,
 He shakes his head at his enemies high—
 While pawing up dust in his rage—
 But soon some rugged old slaves of the yoke
 Are turned in to act as a blind,
 Whence stock-keeper—handy with stick and rope—
 May circle his horns from behind.

By threatening horns he is dragg'd again,
 He roars and he plunges around,
 But that only adds discomfort and pain—
 Each strand of that rope is sound.
 And then in the yard he stubbornly stands—
 His bellowing tongue lolls white—
 That rope strains tight from those stockmen's hands—
 He will not struggle or fight.

With sudden bound, he has started once more,
 They noisily thrash him, and then
 He blindly gallops, with echoing roar—
 This means but a laugh for the men.
 They hauling the rope in, hand over hand,
 As quick as he rushes almost,
 That lusty young bullock is forced to stand,
 With head drawn tight to a post.

Now cunning old worker, crabbed and strong,
 Is driven up to his near side,
 When a coupling chain by a green hide thong
 To the base of his horns is tied,
 And then the loose end to the worker's neck
 They fix with a fathom of rope,
 His liberty now is nought but a wreck,
 And he a dumb slave without hope !

His burly, big bondsmate he circles round—
 Such vagaries cannot be borne—
 For surly old "Boxer" his next wild bound
 Will stop with his nearest horn.
 That restive young comrade he'll lead away,
 And beat him into submission,
 For many another, before to-day,
 Has he brought to a like condition.

Our bullock' now drags the lumbering dray
 Through terrible drought and heat,
 And wearily toils on his dusty way
 Tormented by flies and sore feet.
 Then, should the dray be fast in the sand
 He suffers a world of abuse,
 For whiphthong falls from merciless hand—
 That perfect is in its use !

And so he toils on, and is bought and sold,
But never by change does he gain,
For still he must toil, though feeble and old,
A slave of the yoke and the chain.
But now, on a burning midsummer day,
The whipthong, all vainly, may fall,
For, staggering down in front of the dray,
The slave is released from his thrall.

In stony, steep pass, where our bullock died,
He lieth a festering heap,
Whence skeleton gleams from mouldering hide,
And beetles—the loathliest—creep
The lithe lizard lurks 'neath his cavernous flank,
To dart on its sun-loving prey,
While clustering weeds—that near hide him—are rank—
They flourish on his decay !



THE THUNDERSTORM.

A TRUE STORY.

On dusty old stretcher I wide awakè lie
 And list to the storm, that *is no* lullaby,
 Yet awfully jolly, for does there not fall
 The heaviest deluge my mind can recall.
 And so I just fancy all waterholes full,
 No end of fat lambs, and a big crop of wool,
 And also—contingent, of course, on the spoil—
 A trip down to town, as a break in my toil.

The roof's leaking badly, 'tis raining inside,
 But what matters that, so 'tis raining *outside* ?
 Yes, rugs can be dried, be they ever so wet,
 But rain ! *that's* a blessing so seldom we get.
 That rattle and flash ! How the hut seems to shake,
 As if from a frolicsome, lusty earthquake,
 While, splashing through floods that now cover the ground,
 The niggers are running, in fear they'll be drown'd.

One moment like demons they show to my sight,
 The next they are wrapped in cimerian night,
 But that does not stop them, and soon through the door
 They stream, like drown'd rats, and bedabble the floor.
 "Hulloa !" I exclaim, "too much *cowie out there ?"
 My guests show pea-green in the lightning's fierce glare.
 "Just sit down long floor, and to-morrow all right."
 Poor wretches, they look in a draggle-tailed plight.

They've dogs by the dozen, pups under each arm—
 The smell of *wet* dogs is a scent without charm,
 At least to my nostrils—and so I say, "Here !
 You put 'em out †wilkah, or else I must clear
 The lot of you quickly—now, *out* they all go."
 A leg from my blankets just thrusting to show
 The canine contingent must suffer the rain,
 Or dogs and their masters troop out on the plain.

* Water. † Dog.

They try to persuade me to let the curs be—
 “Him *poor* fellow puppy, him *quiet*, you see.”
 But harder than adamant am I, and so
 Entreaty is useless, and out the dogs go,
 But not without dodging and snarls on their part
 Do they for the outside discomfort depart,
 And could niggers cry they had wept then and there
 At heartrending howls of true canine despair.

The wilkabs ejected, my lodgers proceed
 To build up a bright blazing fire with much speed—
 First one in the chimney, then out on the floor
 They start for their comfort some half-dozen more.
 But ah ! when the smoke and the steam from them rise,
 Assailing my scent-finding organ and eyes,
 As chairman (in bed) I just vote out the motion,
 As one a bit close to Tartarian notion.

My sneezing is over : the red brands brought back,
 Are piled in the chimney—a high blazing stack—
 While round in dense circle my visitors crowd—
 A crew would do justice to court of “Mahoud.”
 And now they all tell me, in whisperings low,
 ’Tis Jemmy Tanbelta, they very well know—
 He’s lost his old gin, so is cross as two sticks,
 And out on the sandhill is up to his tricks.

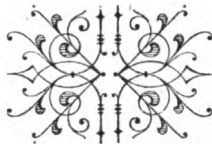
The fierce *wirra-wirra, with glare near incessant,
 That flashes through window—too close to be pleasant—
 And volleying †arndoo’s dread rattle and roar
 Are pleasantries all to be laid at his door.
 They say, too, when ‡tintoo the cowie shall dry,
 He’ll raise a big ††poota to wipe out the sky.
 And if *bona-fide* the threats they let fall,
 ’Tis certain Tanbelta will soon § lose his caul.

I say, “*You* be hanged ! *that* old ||woocalla ? *What* for
You monkey ’long me ? *What* you tell um me *that* for ?
 Him no can’t make arndoo, or cowie—him gammon !
 His gin’s tumbled down, and ’tis so with his leman ;
 Him *plenty* all right when him young lubra ketch ’em,
 So one of you go ’longa wurley and fetch ’em—
 You, Pooteperunta.” But he or the rest
 Would rather face Nick, so I give the thing best.

* Lightning. † Thunder. ‡ Sun. †† Duststorm. § The blacks
 always take the caul fat of whatever they may kill. || Crow.

Now, when they are warmer they soon want to sleep,
 So out on the flagstones 'neath wet rags they creep
 In family circles, a dozen or more,
 And, crowded quite closely, just fill up the floor,
 While O! from the perfume that soon fills the air,
 I fancy I'm living in odorous lair
 Of polecat or weasel—or, still better, skunk—
 'Tis *too* rough outside, though! I'll stick to my bunk!

But, saving a yell from an infant—with wind,
 Or some other ache to young infants unkind—
 My guests all sleep soundly, as dormice might do,
 Till Tintoo the western plains rises to view;
 When, leaving their scent as a keepsake for me,
 They get a grand tuck-out of damper and tea,
 Then, joining Old Jemmy—with never a grunt—
 Start off in high glee for a kangaroo hunt.



THE SAILOR'S FIRST KANGAROO HUNT.

You want a run with the longtails, Jack ?
 Well ! take a drop of the crayture !
 For Playboy's fat, and you'll find his back
 Of a crank and *pitching* nature.
 There's *Badger* there ! You would rather ride
 The *chesnut* ? Well, then catch him !
 You'll think on a yard-arm you're astride—
 Though yard in a gale can't match him.

Just keep your toe from the horse's girth—
 You will rue it else, I'm thinking—
 A *pretty* buck, and you're safe to earth,
 Like wild dog homeward slinking.
 There ! get up, man, you're as right as rain,
 A little dust and a bruise, Jack !
 When up aloft, if he bucks again,
 Just think you're *off* on a cruise, Jack.

We're under weigh, but its not a fly-
 Ing handicap on the *tapis*,
 So shorten canvas ; *by-and-bye*
 We'll crowd all sail and be happy.
 I wish your weather-helm you'd mind,
 'Tis foul you'll be of my waist, Jack.
 I tell you Beppo's light behind,
 So his heels you'll likely taste, Jack !

There's a red old man and flying doe ;
Ware doe and *after* the boomer !
 Hi ! *crabholes* there ! Ah ! I told you so—
 You've caught at the least a tumour.
 There ! that's your sort, keep his jibsheets taut,
 Don't roll like a ship in a seaway ;
The much-mixed sort is the best of sport,
 And you'll soon fetch up your leeway.

In the *saddle*, Jack, you'd *better sit*,
 Though his *neck* your legs don't *stretch so* ;
 The crupper's *too* far aft a bit,
 But the kangaroo you'll ketch so.
 Paul Pry's got hold of the old man's tail,
 And Kaiser's gone for his windpipe,
 O ! he'll soon need a coat of mail
 In that kangaroo's unkind grip.

They've *got him down* ! Ah ! he's *up* again
 And clinching Kaiser tightly,
 Just hear the big dog yell with pain
 From long red gash, unsightly.
 Hi ! *Look out*, Jack, or he'll have you too—
 The *blooming fool*, he has *got* him,
 And 'tis all odds on the kangaroo
 Unless I quickly pot him.

Is it *Jack's* head or the kangaroo's
 I've crack'd with my stick, I wonder ?
 They're so mix'd up 'twould Old Scratch confuse,
 I think it is *Jack's*, by thunder !
 No, *Longtail's* down with a fractured crown,
 And the dogs are at his throttle—
 Here, Jack, my boy, you had best employ
 Yourself with this small flat bottle.

There's nothing broke, *just* a scratch or two,
 Though your rig-out needs some mending,
 You've had your run with a kangaroo,
 And come to a dusty ending.
 Just sling his tail to your side strap, Jack,
 I'll water the dogs—poor wretches—
 And then we'll strike on the homeward track,
 For you badly need whole breeches !



THE BUSH MISSIONARY.

Our friend, Mr. Rolly, who comes up to push
 His cure, evangelical, far in the bush,
 Arrives, if he can, in the shearing time, when
 The station is crowded with godless young men—
 With shearers and supers who, feasted on tarts,
 Rich pudding, and mutton, have Nick in their hearts
 And cash in their pockets, to further the cause
 That sends Mr. Rolly to cripple his claws !

The eye of a raven has Rolly, and voice
 Much mellowed by distance—I hear it by choice.
 At praying he's great and at preaching he's grand ;
 Ah ! he is in touch with the bush-roaming band ;
 For has he not met with at stations galore
 Old Dick, when he cooked, and with Ringer, who shore ;
 He prays with, he chaffs them, he tells them a tale,
 And then for mild scandal, he is such a whale !

His get-up's not grand, for his felt hat is frayed,
 His coat has forgotten the year it was made,
 Yet curls in its collar to tickle his neck ;
 His shirt is without one—a buttonless wreck—
 Then as for his trousers, or pants, which ye will,
 They reach to his "spring sides," and try hard to fill
 The backs of those bulgers—protruding behind,
 Their finger-straps floating like flags in the wind.

His gloves and his socks—well, he leaves them at home
 When starting, like Moses, the desert to roam,
 Yet still he is cleanly, and washes sometimes,
 Though mixed grease and dust his apparel begrimes.
 He's plucky enough ! He in Providence trusts,
 And makes a square meal off cold water and crusts
 When nothing else offers, yet still, by-the-bye,
 A good knife and fork at a banquet would ply.

Of medium stature, with shock head of hair,
 His black beard would pad well "Gengulphian chair ;"
 He might have been handsome while yet very young,
 He's still very pious, and has such a tongue !
 He ogles the matrons, he ogles the girls,
 And praises their bright eyes, complexions, and curls,
 And ah ! if his blessings would only bear fruit,
 What futures would spring from each family root.

His horse, well acquainted with hard times and dust,
 Can get up a road-ramming jog when it must,
 And oft would go faster, when Roll and he wrangle
 If tilt-pole and axle the whip would not tangle.
 His dam was "Neglected," his sire is "Unknown,"
 From each of his parents he's taken the tone ;
 The head and the legs of a carhorse has he,
 The body of tightrope of lofty degree.

He comes and he goes with the preacher, but still
 It is not, I own, with an equine good will,
 For hunger and thirst on the vilest bush tracks
 Are mixed in his mind with the hardest of thwacks ;
 Yet tho' such a rum one, he seems to hang out
 Through seasons of plenty and seasons of drought,
 When many a better bred, showier horse
 Would leave on the road its malodorous corse.

And now for the buggy—which never is wet,
 Unless from the *clouds* it a sprinkle may get ;
 It rattles and shakes at the old horse's heels
 As if the top part was at war with the wheels.
 'Tis all right, however, and under the seat
 The Reverend Rolly each night will retreat
 To snore like a dormouse, whatever the weather—
 The tilt is of watertight counterfeit leather.

And now for the service in woolstore at night—
 The bullock-bell rung, there is plenty of light,
 For slush-lamps are blazing in jam-tins, on plates,
 While wool bales come handy for pulpit and seats ;
 But as for the hearers, alas ! there are few
 Who care to abandon their poker or loo.
 The "devil's own books" have a charm for their mind
 Which beats Rolly's singing and sermon combined.

A prayer being offered, a hymn is begun,
 Some singing in earnest, some singing in fun ;
 But, what is surprising, the men most profane
 Are those who excel in the soul-raising strain.
 Yes, they in their boyhood, who seem so rough now,
 In church or in chapel each Sabbath would bow
 Their heads in devotion, the verses would sing,
 Which now from wild bushland, toward the stars ring.

But who would expect from our Rolly to hear
 A sermon in words so well chosen and clear
 That few of the preachers in surplice or gown
 Could better, if equal it, even in town.
 And then from his queer eyes such strange fervor gleams,
 The Rolly you know seems a man of your dreams,
 His turnout absurd, and his dress you forget,
 And that he's a true man you're open to bet.

The service is over, and back to their poker
 The shearers depart, while our Rolly, the joker,
 The odd fish, so *outré*, so scaly to view,
 Is once more the greatest enigma to you.
 And not only you, but to all in the land,
 For his little game one cannot understand,
 For he may be saint, or the Father of Lies,
 For all you can judge from his raven-grey eyes.

Now, if you'd be married or christen'd with ease,
 Just make up your minds, and at once, if you please ;
 Yes, now is the time you such business can fix,
 For Rolly is licensed to do both the tricks,
 And till his next visit, when twelve months are run,
 Can neither the tying or sprinkling be done.
 So hunt in your pockets, pay Rolly his fee.
 You wont ? Well, you heathens, just e'en let it be.



TO A MOSQUITO.

Minute musician—like the cats, nocturnal—
 In song detestable you much excel,
 Yet, unlike cats, you sing not love eternal—
 Of bloodshed only do your solos tell.
 And when in choruses you join above me,
 While members of your spectral band descend
 For means of sustenance to fiercely bore me,
 I feel right here your vocal chords should end.

Boots would amuse you, and mistake the window,
 The lamp, or looking-glass for lawful game,
 Yet when from vampire wings I feel the wind, O!
 I would for vengeance Jewish law proclaim.
 Yea, "blood for blood," but even if I got it
 'Twould be my own, and not for use once more;
 As poison, even, could I then allot it,
 'Twould lie untasted—you prefer fresh gore.

Your voice is wonderful, 'tis high soprano,
 But pleasing most, when read of, far away
 On mighty Amazon, or sunny Arno—
 As chamber music it is much too gay.
 Then vanish with it to the swamp or stocckyard—
 Ah! wretch, I've got you—no I haven't though—
 With mocking buzz you twit me—but, look here, pard,
 If you are prudent, while you're able, go!

VERDANT GREEN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST BUCKJUMPER.

I sat upon the stockyard rails—
 From home I'd only just come out—
 And watch'd the horses with their tails
 Switch one another, turn about.
 Yes, head and tail the creatures stood
 To keep the swarming flies away,
 As if they fully understood
 The true co-operative lay.

Save *one*, the creatures all were lean
 And rough—like donkeys when the snow
 Lies thickly on the village green,
 With nothing eatable below.
 The fat one look'd an equine king,
 With little ears and shining skin—
 Within an exhibition ring
 I felt convinced a prize he'd win.

Just then old "Doggy Joe" came down
 To get his horse—a wretched beast,
 Whose fluffy hair of rusty brown
 Was full three inches long at least.
 That creature had an earnest gaze,
 As if it sorrow long had known—
 I know not where it went to graze—
 It seem'd to be but hair and bone.

I rather liked its owner, Joe,
 Who'd been a poacher—so they said—
 But hunted now the squatter's foe—
 The dingo—at a pound per head.
 And so I asked—altho', of course,
 It mattered not one pin to me—
 "Why do you ride that wretched horse
 And leave that fine, fresh, fat one, free?"

"Vy does I ride this wretched hoss
 An' leave that fine, fresh, fat one, free?
 A shame it *is*, but look here, boss,
He's much too good a hoss for me.
 My dirty pants an' old blue shirt
 U'd look bad like upon his back.
 Young man, you try him for a spurt,
 You'll find him jes a tip-top hack.

"With them there boots an' bran new spurs
 You jes would shine"—he gave a grin
 Which made me hate him—"I prefers
 Old Dandy there, altho' he's thin,
 For where I camps, why, there he'll stay,
 And fill hisself on sticks an' stones.
 Up here that 'ere's the hoss to pay—
 I rather likes to see their bones."

"Well," I remarked, "I'd like to see
 Some flesh on such anatomy,
 And as to ride I feel inclined,
 I'll take him, if you do not mind."
 The handsome horse of course I meant,
 And quickly for my saddle went;
 And, oh! how eager was my friend,
 As he rushed up a hand to lend.

"I'll bail him for you," so he said,
 And quickly at the quadruped
 He threw a stone, when, with a snort,
 The beast came trotting to be caught.
 And then I was assured by Joe,
 "Tweren't much he didn't know."
 I asked, "Is he the owner's horse?"
 His captor grinned, and said, "Of course!"

"If that's the case he might object
 To have him ridden." "No, not he;
 You take him boss, for I expect
 The gaffer pleased as Punch will be."
 With that my nice new saddle-cloth
 He used as currycomb and brush—
 I certainly felt rather wroth—
 Joe did not seem to care a rush.

He knew no better, though he seemed
 To have low cunning of a sort.
 That horse's eyes they strangely gleamed,
 While now and then he'd give a snort.

"Whoa, Ringtail, whoa, boy," cried the man,
 And quickly put the saddle on.
 "Jes jump up slippy—that's your plan—
 My word, I see you *are* a don!"

I was, but yet I somehow thought
 'Twas rather odd those station men
 Should crowd around, as if some sport
 Was just upon the *tapis* then.
 The cook, with fryingpan in hand,
 The stockman, and a black or two—
 I did not stop to count the band,
 But *why* they came I quickly knew.

I said that horse's ears were small,
 But to my sight they smaller grew,
 I could not see his head at all—
 Where it had gone I scarcely knew.
 I heard him give one horrid yell,
 I felt his back beneath me jerk,
 While Joe exclaimed, "This is a sell!
By jingo, how he goes to work!"

If work meant bounding from the earth
 Like bombshell from a mortar thrown,
 Then work it was, but cause for mirth
 I could not see in it, I own.
 And so, not caring to amuse,
 I threw a somersault, and sat
 Upon a spot I did not choose—
 Which proved the summit of my hat.

'Twas *lucky* that my hat *was* there,
 And that my brains were in my *head*—
 I was not certain that they were,
 But that's what that old scoundrel said.
 As for that dreadful horse, he knew
 I should not ride again that day,
 So after me my saddle threw,
 But took my other traps away.

Did I blaspheme that bad old man,
 And kick him where *his* brains were not?
 No, Sir, but now will, if I can,
 A moral from my story trot.
 Thus, should you to a station go,
 Where all the steeds are poor, save *one*—
And people whom you do not know—
 Don't ride him, or you will be done.

A DINGO HUNT.

A TRUE STORY.

On Northern station, years ago,
 I dwelt as overseer—
 A gentle calling, you must know,
 Need never raise a sneer.
 For hunting though a pastime thought
 By titled sporting men,
 Was business to me, for I sought
 Each idle vagrant then.

Which, far from where it should have been,
 In safe and lawful thrall,
 Searched eagerly for herbage green,
 Unheeding duty's call.
 I hunted up—which was no joke—
 The bullocks one and all,
 With likely steers to put in yoke,
 And cows with young calves small.

I hunted up stray station prads
 That, poor and weak when lost,
 Would soon be full of equine fads—
 Which falls their riders cost.
 I hunted sheep of every sort,
 I hunted shepherds, too,
 And if you think 'twas best of sport,
 An ignoramus you!

And then one sultry Sabbath morn—
 With shame I must confess—
 I hunted—though I had no horn,
 Or hunter's dogs, or dress,
 A dingo that I chanced to see
 While running in two steers—
 His brush I vowed my prize should be,
 I valued not his ears.

I never should have made that vow,
 But hied home with my steers—
 I greatly erred, I see it now
 In these maturer years.
 But *then* it was another case,
 I thoughtless was, and so
 Resolved at once to go the pace,
 And slay that squatter's foe.

The tragic facts as they occurred
 I briefly will relate,
 Though knowing well you will be stirred
 To saying that the fate
 Which waited on my enterprise
 Too well rewarded me,
 And evermore by dust and flies
 Tormented I should be,

For breaking so the Sabbath day
 With Satan-prompted sport,
 And, if you ask me, I must say
 I *almost* think I ought.
 But then, again, 'tis hard to shun
 Temptation in the guise
 Of raking wild dog that *will* run
 Before your very eyes,

When mounted on a speedy prad
 That pulls to be let out,
 Though doubtless it is *very* bad,
 And wicked, I've no doubt.
 You quickly shelve what day it is,
 And, as Sam Slick would say—
 "Your dander being fairly riz,"
 You yell and put away.

You yell not at or put away
 Your evil impulse—no,
 You tickle up your bay or grey,
 Give him his head and go
 Just neck or nothing for that dog,
 To run him down and kill.
 Your conscience then is in a fog,
 And also *very still*.

You only think how you shall knock
 The dingo on the head,
 And safely clear each jutting rock,
 Each tree and sandy bed,

And crabholes, which are worse than all
 Those other things beside,
 And ofttimes cause a nasty fall
 To those who rashly ride.

For if a horse, through haste or fault,
 Should blunder into one,
 He turns a flying somersault
 And comes down by the run—
 Most likely on his rider's back,
 With horrid crushing force—
 As trying test of rib and back
 There's nothing like a horse.

With certainty I this can say,
 For I have tried it twice—
 Or rather, I've been tried that way,
 And did not find it nice—
 For some six hundredweight or more,
 On mortal's carcase thrown,
 By Isaac Newton's apple law,
 Would make a giant groan.

But you will say I'm wasting time,
 So to my story I
 Will turn, and state ('twill help the rhyme)
 That, with unwinking eye,
 The sun sailed high in vault of blue,
 Where never cloud was seen—
 As sapless herbage then in view
 Was innocent of green—

When I old Teaser told to stand,
 And on the saddle toss'd,
 To get, as I o'ernight had plann'd,
 Two steers Flash Dick had lost,
 And which I'd heard a shepherd say
 He'd seen a short time back
 On grassy plain, some miles away,
 And so I took the track

That led thereto, and rode along,
 By swarming flies tormented,
 Till, blessing them and buzzing song,
 I well nigh went demented.
 But what cared they—on me and hack
 They cluster'd quite contented,
 And all my hints to drive them back
 They teasingly resented.

But tho' they would not go, they went—
 That is, they would not go
 Away from me—they were intent
 On plaguing me, and so
 They stopped and went with me, until
 I saw 'neath shady trees,
 On low and undulating hill,
 Some cattle at their ease.

And with them lay the pair of steers
 I came to get, which caught
 The wind of me, and with cock'd ears,
 Erected tail, and snort,
 Removed their shadows with the rest,
 A bushland track along.
 But Teaser did his level best,
 And headed them e'er long.

Then to and fro among the mob
 Those steers he dodg'd about,
 And, understanding well the job,
 Soon cut them neatly out,
 And headed them on homeward track,
 When, steadying their pace,
 I cool'd those steers and my good hack—
 All warm'd well by the chase.

Then slowly traced that sylvan way
 To where three gum creeks met—
 I knew that there some water lay,
 So thought a drink I'd get.
 But I, just e'er I gained the spring,
 Like Mrs. Lot, look'd back,
 And saw a dingo following
 Quite closely on my track.

His eyes were red from burning thirst,
 Wide open were his jaws.
 I thought, "Now, Teaser, for a burst—
 Your hoofs against his paws—
 Then yelling out, I touched his side,
 He, answering well when called,
 Soon settled down to racing stride
 And quickly overhauled

The dingo, that for dear life hied—
 We followed close behind—
 He entered then the gum-creek wide,
 Some refuge there to find;

But as no cover met his sight,
 He bounded to the plain,
 And tried again his speed in flight,
 Some shelter safe to gain.

But Teaser closing with him fast,
 My stockwhip I swung round—
 The dingo turn'd, the horse dash'd past,
 And lost were lengths of ground.
 Now both are at their tip-top speed—
 To winding creek we rush—
 "Now, *go it*, Teaser, gallant steed,
 We'll have that fellow's brush!"

The dingo was the first to gain
 The gum-creek's stony bed,
 Yet seem'd to me to run in pain,
 With drooping tail and head.
 We soon were racing at his flank—
 To strike him I was bent—
 A hole appear'd beneath the bark—
 He saw—and in he went!

Then down I sprang with active heat—
 I plainly saw the brute,
 And if he was not good to eat,
 He look'd like gather'd fruit.
 To kill him then was my intent,
 With heavy stick or stone—
 He bolted out, and off he went,
 And I was left alone.

I no idea had, of course,
 On foot to catch that dingo—
 I quickly turn'd to mount my horse—
 He *wasn't there*, by jingo!
 I saw him on that sunny plain,
 On leaving me intent,
 For, careful of his trailing rein,
 He rangeward slyly went.

Of course, to catch my truant steed
 My chief intent became;
 He sometimes stopp'd, as if for feed—
 I knew his little game—
 And then he led me up and down,
 O'er stony hill and plain,
 Till I, when Sol was sinking down,
 To sink down, too, was fain.

For by that time the heat and flies
 Had play'd the deuce with me,
 While perspiration fill'd my eyes,
 Till I could scarcely see ;
 My feet were burning, thorax dry,
 Habiliments wet through,
 Three leagues from home—and, by-the-bye,
My boots were small and new.

An empty sheep hut stood hard by,
 To it I bent my way—
 In water tank, though nearly dry,
 A little water lay ;
 But how was I to get some out,
 However much inclined,
 No string or jam-tim lay about,
 No dipper could I find.

That rusty tank was four feet wide,
 Same measurement in height,
 No needful tap on any side
 Was there to greet my sight ;
 But then the orifice at top
 Was round and pretty wide—
 I found my head it would not stop,
 So then my arms I tried.

I introduced one arm and wrist—
 My head included, too—
 Then, by a most determined twist,
 My shoulders I got thro'.
 With scooping hands the water then
 I lifted to my mouth,
 And though much trickled back again,
 I soon dispelled my drouth.

From stifling tank I tried to win,
 My shoulders they said "No,"
 My trousers would not let me in—
 It was an awful go !
 For then I thought of "*old oak chest*
And skeleton therein"—
 I seemed to see myself at best
 A heap of bones and skin.

No diary I needed then
 My memory to jog,
 For all my past returned till when
 I suffered through that dog ;

For, as when vivid lightning's glare
 Illuminates the night,
 A fine ghost party gathered there
 In space of flash of light.

I did not hum the "Workhouse Boy,"
 I did not start to pray,
 I only thought that from *such* joy
 I ne'er should get away,
 Till Frank would come to find me there,
 And think how he should bury
 My mixed up odds and ends with care—
 A *nice* reflection, very.

Oh, "sicklied o'er with palest thought"
 Were my forebodings then,
 Till I decided that I *ought*
 To wriggle to that den.
 So feeling round with fingers fleet
 At trouser-band, too wide,
 I downward pull'd it pleat by pleat,
 Till splash—I fell inside.

From dungeon dark, and smelling rank,
 I worried out with speed,
 Resolved again into a tank
 I would not thrust my head ;
 And next time when I chased a dog
 I would not leave my steed,
 But with my whip the varmint flog
 Till little else he'd need.

'Twas late when I reach'd home that night—
 I had no horse or steers—
 But *was* in dusty dragged plight,
 With well-scorch'd eyes and ears ;
 I had a pair of blistered feet,
 And suffered from dejection—
 Like Æsop's dog, I'd dropt the meat
 To grasp a vain reflection.

[NOTE.—It is a startling sensation to be caught in one of those tanks, as I was, and as dozens of people to my knowledge have also been. I rescued one young fellow who was about played out when I found and extricated him. I fell overboard into the Hoogly River, at Diamond Harbor, in 1857, when there were some alligators too close to be pleasant, and I have been lost in the bush, but I can truly say the sensation suddenly experienced when thinking I was doomed to hang by the middle—wrong side up—in that tank till I was dead! dead! was the most unpleasant experience of my life.—R. B.]

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A LEGEND OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Some centuries ago, or so, I will not be precise,
 A fine old-fashion'd galliot, which look'd just like a slice
 From Daddy Noah's clipper craft (a bottom slice, of course !)
 With lots of beam to carry sail, was thrashing at the force
 Of snoring gale, from Sou'-Sou'-East, and nasty chopping sea,
 As lively as she bobb'd about as such a craft could be.
 And on the weather-quarter loom'd old Afric's stormy cape,
 Round which the Dutch adventurer his daring course would shape;
 For "Vanderdecken," of that craft, was skipper bold I ween
 (A burly, round-stern'd mariner as ever yet was seen),
 Who paced upon her lofty poop, with trumpet in his hand,
 As if he'd hail the natives swart, upon that savage land.

An oil'd sou'-wester cased his head, above his shaggy brows—
 Who *could* believe that bear-like man once fancied by the Vrows?
 His keen small eyes were like a rat's, and then his bottle-nose
 Had pimples of the pineapple, the colors of the rose !
 A long moustache, like cross-jackyard, was slung beneath that knob,
 And fitted was his cruel mouth to take a man-trap's job !
 His grizzled, bushy beard hung down upon his tawny breast,
 His antiquated doublet, brown with grease, was greatly mess'd,
 And in the girdle that he wore was thrust a dagger long,
 To prove its owner in the right—however in the wrong ;
 Trunk hose of leather met his boots of close-grain'd hard
 horse-hide,

Which on the luckless cabin-boy full often had been tried !
 Who, though he doubtless fancied them *too large* a size or so,
 Discover'd that, like "three-leagued boots," they made him
 swiftly go ;

And once, when with great energy and suddenness applied,
 They furnish'd wings which carried him into the sea's salt tide,
 Where—as he was an orphan boy of melancholy mood—
 They left him, just to fraternise with "Mother Carey's" brood.
 But oh ! as if into the breast of Stormy Petrel small
 His puny soul had entered in, so surely in each squall

One little evil-omen'd bird, on restless wings pursued,
 With other notions—said the men—than just to seek for food.
 “For gramercy! right well he knows”—quoth they—“how we
 shall fare,

And so, to keep us company, already doth prepare ;
 For since the little Johann died, hath trouble hemm'd us round,
 And will, till in the fatal sea, like him shall we be drown'd.”
 So biscuit crumbs some to him threw, while others wished that he
 To “certain burning latitudes” might on swift pinions flee!
 But, howsoever they might wish, there still that sea-bird flew,
 Which troubled Vanderdecken more than e'er it did his crew ;
 And often, with his arquebus, had he, with cruel mind,
 At pretty little ocean bird aim'd messenger unkind!
 But still a charmed life it bore, and still it sail'd along,
 As if it loved the billow's crest and tempest's weird song.

Now swallow-like it skimm'd the waves on pinions strong and light,
 A hated and reproachful thing in Vanderdecken's sight ;
 Who, as he roll'd along his deck, no words of pleasure spoke,
 But mutter'd curses from his throat in sullen thunder broke!
 And, scowling on his sun-burnt crew, from foremast-man to mate,
 He “blessings” in Low Dutch call'd down upon each luckless
 pate—

As if those scurvy-stricken tars could help the gale so foul,
 Which, in derision, through the gear, like demons seemed to howl.

“Now, rouse that fore-tack down,” he cried, “be smart, ye
 lubbers all!”

And half a dozen tarry ones responded to his call,
 While, just as sportive rabbits drive into rude dingle dens,
 So dived into the seething trough the “Renaud Englekens”—
 For thus was Vanderdecken's craft from Burgomaster named,
 Who little thought, when she was launch'd, that she would be so
 famed.

Now, Peter Vanderbelt, the mate, a fair-hair'd, blue-eyed tar,
 Is gazing with his mental eye upon some scene afar,
 For, as against a shroud he leans, his heart is far away
 To where his loving Gretchen sits, while round his children play,
 And in his ears their joyous tones, like music seem to ring ;
 But him, from his bright reverie, his skipper's accents bring.
 “Arouse ye! dreaming home-sick calf!” he hears that worthy hiss,
 “E'er Amsterdam ye see again, it will be long, I wis ;
 For may Old Scratch seize on my soul, if I for Holland turn,
 Before we weather yon black cape, and leave it far astern.
 For spice and precious stones I sail'd, and mean to have them, too!
 And so I'll stay and carry on till everything is blue.

Besides, I never yet was beat wherever I did roam.
Get ye below, you foolish loon, and dream no more of home."

But ah ! what fearsome sound was that, which both those seamen heard ?

It could not come from albatross, or any other bird,
Tho' round them rustled viewless wings, and weird shadows fell—
Oh, no ! 'twas like exulting laugh from mocking fiend of hell !
And with a sudden change of wind, the sails were thrown aback,
And stopp'd the "Renaud Englekens" abruptly in her track.
But e'er the startled seamen sprang to haul the yards around,
She fill'd again, and gather'd way, as if for Cape Horn bound.
But where is gallant Vanderbelt ? not in his berth below—
No pillow, save a "water one," will Peter ever know !
For, by the jibbing main-boom flung into the raging sea,
No more, will he his pleasant home or gentle Gretchen see—
With one wild cry to heaven sent for mercy on his soul,
He disappears beneath the waves, which o'er him surging roll !
E'en Vanderdecken's rugged heart by what he saw was wrung—
For, oh ! he loved his sister's son ! tho' he no hen-coop flung,
Or wore his clumsy galliot, or tried to heave her to,
Or in a cranky cockle-shell sent forth a saving crew.
For well he knew that fruitless all would such endeavors be—
No dingey that was ever launched could live in such a sea !
Besides, he saw him fathoms down sink like a deep sea-lead,
So turn'd upon the steersman bold, and swore at him instead—
"Just mind your helm, you lubber, you ! Why, what are you about ?
I do not want, you sea-cook's son, to put the craft about ;
And 'twas *your* carelessness just now that got her in the wind,
And sent poor Peter overboard ! by —— ! I'm inclined
To string you up, without a shrift, unto that yard-arm there !"
The man replied—"Thou skipper mine, from further threats
forbear.

No fault was that of mortal man, but of the Evil One,
Who works for us a cruel fate, which he hath well begun.
For, oh ! that horrid, gibing laugh rings yet within mine ears,
And ever will, though I attain to all one hundred years !
A doom'd ship is this, I trow, and all that in her sail,
That fatal cape we'll never round, or weather out this gale !
But I, for one, like Christian man, will bravely meet my fate—
I would I were as well prepared as our departed mate !
For gentle was his soul, I wis, tho' as a lion's bold"—
And as thus spake that mariner, tears down his visage roll'd.
"Tis thirty days since first in sight of that swart cape we came,
And high upon the inland hills beheld the nightly flame,
Which you said native blackamoors were making as a sign !
An ugly blackamoor, indeed, thought I and comrades mine—

And still a foul wind baffles us, while scurvy thins the crew—
Then hearken, Sir, to good advice I fain would offer you.”

Stern Vanderdecken answer'd not, but turn'd him on his heel,
Tho' into his hard, wicked heart a doubt began to steal,
And as he wander'd up and down on those unsteady planks,
Old recollections fill'd his mind of what were worse than pranks ;
And then he mused on Vanderbelt, when (who would think it
true ?)

Unconsciously from his fierce eyes stole down a tear or two !
For his good angel tried once more to turn his stubborn heart—
That indurated pebble-stone, which stood for vital part—
And prompted him to seek again his helmsman good and true,
And growl, “ Now, Diedrick, say thy say, but let thy words be
few.”

Then spake that skilful mariner—and this is what he said—
“ Turn back, if there should yet be time, and be by prudence led ;
And let us to Our Lady pray to help us in our strait,
For with her aid, perchance, we may e'en yet evade our fate.”
Here Vanderdecken stopp'd him short, with mutter'd curse and
scowl,

Quoth he, “ Befits it seamen bold to blooming saints to howl
When'er a puff of wind comes down, and makes the water rough ?
Pshaw ! if you call *that* good advice, you've given quite enough.”

E'en as bold Vanderdecken spoke that stormy wind veer'd round,
And seemingly the Englekens was fairly outward bound.
Then mutter'd that grim skipper old, as they the yards did trim,
“ Not yet hath Satan clutch'd my soul ! I still will weather him.
Ho ! steward, bring the cheering schnapps, let all the mainbrace
splice !”

That steward said not anything, but vanish'd in a trice ;
And soon each drouthy mariner toss'd high the polish'd horn,
Then pour'd into their season'd throats the blood of barleycorn.
E'en Diedrick took his liquor off, as should a seaman brave,
But still it lighten'd not his heart, or clear'd his visage grave ;
And when a comrade to the helm came aft his trick to take,
He gave the tiller up to him, then gazed back on the wake,
As if the mate once more he'd see—then cross'd himself and sigh'd,
And offer'd up a prayer for him who slept beneath the tide ;
Then forward to the forecastle he silently did hie,
For something whisper'd in his ear, 'twould soon be his to die.
Now merrily the galliot runs right before the wind,
And wildly yaws, as is the wont of vessels of her kind ;
While albatross, and moleymauks, and flocks of smaller fry,
On buoyant wings wheel round and round, and keep an eager eye

On white and boiling wake astern, for what the cook might cast,
While through the rigging whistles shrill the mighty western blast,
And from the huge green-headed waves, with crests of snowy
white,

A school of uncouth blackfish plunge and disappear from sight.

Then Vanderdecken goes below to take another nip,
And quite forgets the adage old anent impending slip
'Twixt cup and lip, although before, unto his cost, hath he
Oft verified the truth of it upon that very sea.

And hark ! that heavy tramp of feet denotes a stir on deck,
So quickly up the booby-hatch he cranes his bull-like neck,
And sees the yards braced round again to meet the gale unkind,
For, haul'd upon a bowline taut, she's close upon a wind.

Ah ! now she will not lie her course, unless they wish to land
At Table Bay—and soon e'en that is on their weather hand ;
And—blowing as 'twould blow its last—the fast increasing gale
Soon forces Vanderdecken bold to take in sail by sail,
And tho' she "lies to like a duck" in ordinary gales,
There's nothing now would stand to it unless sheet-iron sails.
She therefore needs must scud away beneath her long bare poles,
While, with her yard-arms to the brine, 'midst horrid waves she
rolls.

And as the night comes rushing down upon the stormy sea,
E'en Vanderdecken would he were beneath some island's lee.

How fiercely that south-easter blows—so piercing, dry, and chill—
And stars with cruel, steel-like gleam the cloudless heavens fill,
'Neath which the sailless vessel speeds, one instant toss'd on high
On mountain waves, whose wind-shorn crests in stinging showers
fly,

Then hurl'd to seething, gloomy depths, by rushing waves assailed.
No wonder that upon their knees the fear-cow'd seamen quailed,
And prayed unto their patron saints for help in this their strait—
They might have heard, but if they did, they left them to their fate.
For hark ! as yaws the Englekens, an awful billow breaks
With force terrific on the craft, which to her kelson shakes
Beneath the shock, which smashes in her hatches, as a bomb
Descending through some dwelling's roof, would carry wreck and
doom !

And down into her gloomy hold invading waters pour
In torrents like Niagara, and with a sullen roar.
Bold Diedrick and the watch below dart out upon the deck,
While scurvy-stricken wretches pray and moan a certain wreck ;
And well they may, for overboard the helmsmen twain are cast,
Their dying cries to leeward borne upon the raging blast.
And Vanderdecken ! where is he ? Why, on the cabin floor,
As full of schnapps as he can be, and has been oft before.

The tiller smashed ! the binnacle gone with the helmsmen brave !
 No wonder that the boldest now expect an ocean grave !
 And e'er brave Diedrick can invent, and with the hardy crew
 Rig up some patent steering gear, the vessel broaches to,
 And by the wind's terrific force is thrown upon her beam,
 While through the hatchway's gaping jaws the fatal waters stream.
 In vain those active mariners, with ready jack-knives bound
 To hack the weather lanyards tough thro' rigging's dead-eyes wound,
 For, with a suffocating sob, she rights a moment—then
 Dives down into the depths below with all her dooméd men !
 Whose death-shriek ringing wild and shrill, one moment peals on
 high—
 Then—nought is left, save raging waves, beneath the cruel sky.

Long weary years have slowly crept into the changeless past,
 And still for Peter Gretchen waits, all faithful to the last,
 And for his safety nightly prays, and watches thro' the day,
 While fainter in her heart of hearts becomes hope's cheering ray.
 But hark ! the sound of culverins upon the Zuyder Zee,
 Proclaim that hardy mariners have come from wider sea ;
 And audibly her poor heart beats as she her mantle ties,
 And swiftly to the water side with her dear children hies.
 But oh ! 'tis not the Englekens which to the harbor glides,
 Although a gallant galliot with weather-beaten sides,
 Which plainly tell of voyage long, as do her patchy sails,
 While tawny are the visages which peer above her rails.
 All, all bespeak her from the clime where Phœbus fiercely glows,
 And where, in lieu of merchandise, men often meet with blows.
 But ah ! what sturdy mariner makes signals from the ship,
 And waves his hat, and puts his hand unto his bearded lip ?
 Oh, can it be her husband brave, come back to her once more,
 By time and hardship changed so much upon some foreign shore,
 That he one moment could appear a stranger to her eyes ?
 No, no ! it is impossible, her faithful heart replies.
 But yet the form is not unknown—'tis strange if it should be—
 For oh ! her brother, kind and true, and skipper brave is he.
 Now surely tidings she shall hear, her heart to break or glad—
 How faint she feels, as fear declares those tidings will be bad.

Now active seamen shorten sail, till, with a splash and roar,
 Her anchor, with its rusty chain, seeks holding ground once more ;
 And as they trimly furl the sails, and coil up sheet and brace,
 Her brother rows unto the land, fair Gretchen to embrace.
 But oh ! his face is very sad, tho' fain would he be blithe,
 And tears *will* start as he regards those children gay and lithe.
 Poor Gretchen feels the truth at once, and with a stifled cry,
 She fainting falls unto the earth as if about to die.

But soon the ruddy vital flood pursues its course again,
 While silently, from her soft eyes, the soothing tear-drops rain ;
 And when she slowly gazes round, and sees her children there,
 She dedicates her life to them, and offers up a prayer
 For help and guidance from above, and for her husband's rest,
 Though doubt as to his future state ne'er enters in her breast—
 To which she folds her children now within a sad embrace—
 Who gaze with silent wonderment into her tearful face,
 And then upon the mariner, whom well the eldest know
 As uncle Will, who sail'd away full three long years ago,
 Who used to bring them curios from many a foreign land ;
 And as they press around him now and grasp his kindly hand,
 They ask him why their mother weeps, and wherefore comes not
 dad,

And why so grave is his brown face, that once was never sad ?
 And where the shells and parrots are, and where the monkey small ?
 To their last question he replies, "Well, I have got them all,
 But they, with lots of other things, we'll get to-morrow, dears.
 Now I must see your mother home—come, Gretchen, dry your
 tears—

For he, that seaman brave and true as e'er the sea did sail,
 Is in a haven bright, I wis, and save from ev'ry gale.
 Now, if you lean upon my arm, we to your cot will go,
 And there, to satisfy your mind, I'll tell you all I know."

The cottage, with its gables queer, and garden trim, they gain,
 And William tells of his long cruise upon the boundless main,
 And how, when off the cape of storms one wild and squally night,
 Unto their startled eyes appear'd a strange, unearthly sight.
 For, as they ran before the wind, a phantom ship appear'd,
 Which right into the very eye of strong sou'-wester steer'd !
 Beneath bare poles she glided past, a cable's length a-lee,
 While on her deck one weird form was all that we might see.
 But no one who had ever known Hans Vanderdecken bold
 Could e'er mistake that misty shape, with eyes which redly roll'd.
 Besides, the craft, *which left no wake* upon the troubled sea,
 Was just as like the Englekens as pea unto a pea ;
 Though, even as the ghost on deck, a ghostly ship was she !
 And then we knew that in the slime, a thousand fathoms deep,
 Her luckless crew, around her wreck, were wrapp'd in death's dull
 sleep.

So for their souls' repose we pray'd, though we misdoubted then
 How it might with the skipper fare, howe'er might fare the men.
 But none that knew brave Vanderbelt could his bright future doubt,
 For if St. Peter bars *his* way, why, all shall be left out !
 "Then, Gretchen, for your children live, and comfort take from me,
 For poverty shall shun your door while I can sail the sea ;

And as the little Peter grows unto a man's estate,
Teach him his father's life to live, and fear no earthly fate."

And now, this tough sea-yarn to end, I'll tell you, as a friend,
That on the perfect truth of it you really may depend,
For many honest mariners have seen the phantom sail
Upon its ancient cruising ground, and always in a gale,
When dark as e'er in Erebus the gloomy night-shades fell !
And so they could not be deceiv'd, and it could be no sell.

MORAL.

A modicum of good advice from this my tale I'll draw—
Thus : shape a fair, straight course thro' life, and from it never yaw !
And do not bluster, or declare that you *will* have your way,
Or, like poor Vanderdecken's ghost, you'll find it does not pay.



VERDANT GREEN AND THE CROW.

Young Verdant saddled his horse at the rail—
 Saddle and bridle and crupper were new,
 Brand new were his breastplate and surcingale,
 While Verdant himself might well pass for that, too—
 His spurs had no speck and were long in the neck,
 His leggings and suit they were all above par,
 But just then a crow—who seem'd quite in the know—
 Croak'd mockingly, "Ah-r-r,
 You are greener than grass, so you a-r-r."

Grown dirty, of course, when he'd saddled his horse,
 He brush'd off the dust from his sleeves and his boots ;
 He brushed off the flies, which would cling round his eyes,
 Addressing them thus—"O, you horrible bwoots !"
 But here a tame black ambled out with a snack—
 For Verdant would meet with no public-house bar—
 And waterbag (new), which seem'd dripping with dew.
 That crow, when he saw it, croak'd "A-h-r,
 It will leak dry before you get f-a-r."

To saddle's side D his new waterbag he
 And luncheon secured with a stout piece of twine,
 He took from his pocket, then mounted grey Rocket
 In order to visit an old copper mine.
 Then somebody cried, "Take good heed where you ride,
 For mulgas and myalls bad fingerposts are,
 And often, indeed, green newcomers mislead."
 That crow, as he took wing, croak'd, "A-h-r,
 These new chums are choice snacks, they a-r-r."

The weather was hot, but the flies, a large lot,
 With Verdant elected to go, in a cluster,
 And tho' he objected, no chance they neglected
 In all his moist cuticle's crannies to muster.
 Not nearly all fun was that ride in the sun,
 And Verdant Green's feelings received quite a jar
 When, from a dead mulga, with air rude and vulgar,
 That crow gave an insolent "A-h-r,
 I'll have you my tit-bit, a-h-r."

Then somehow or other, perhaps from the bother
 Our Verdant endured from that crow and those flies,
 He got off the track and then could not get back,
 Though cantering Rocket to rise after rise,
 To see something hoping, the next moment moping,
 Till ah ! he is certain he hears a sheep's ba-a ;
 Then hastens to find it, and he who may mind it.
 'Tis that fiend crow that greets him with "A-h-r,
 You are lost now, you fool, yes, you a-r-r."

That crow greets him with "r," and a grating "e-r"
 Tack'd on to the first "r," confound him.
 Though Green fears the worst, and is certainly lost,
 How he'd *jump* on that vile crow and pound him ;
 The hideous thing, like some imp on the wing,
 With eye gleaming out from a setting of tar,
 It *gloats* o'er his pain, and again and again
 Just settles to greet him with, "A-h-r,
 You are bound to be crow's meat, you a-r-r."

Now Rocket, who's not in condition to trot
 And canter for ever and ever on end,
 Just feels like a log, and at last will not jog,
 Though drumstick-like spurs are now plied by our friend.
 A terrible fix—one of Satan's own tricks—
 And Verdant now thinks how his pa and his ma
 Will weep for their cherish'd and lov'd heir, who perish'd.
 That crow, all exultant, croaks, "A-h-r,
 I'll have you before your ma-m-a."

The horse at last stops, and poor Verdant Green drops
 From saddle to ground, by old Rocket, to think ;
 But think he cannot, nor one landmark can spot,
 So clutches his bag just to have a *big* drink.
 He'll have a big drink—he of luncheon don't think—
 But ah ! the bag's dry—as I hear limekilns are—
 That constant drip, dripping, has left not one sip in.
 That crow, like a demon, croaks, "A-h-r,
 You are ready for picking, you a-r-r."

"O, you'll have to die, and I'll have by-and-bye
 Your optics, and those of old Rocket's, of course ;
 I dote on fresh eyes, and a *corpse* is a prize
 I'd far rather have than dead bullock or horse."
 But ah ! what is that ? 'Tis the stockrider's hat,
 And the stockrider under it—O, what a jar
 Is this for the crow—but, as homeward they go,
 He grinds out the ghost of his former "A-h-r—
 A woebegone, gizzard-wrung, r-r-r."

LOVE IN A CHURCH.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

One summer morning, piously intent,
 To Ruthlin Church the pompous Judges went,
 To show to all a precedent, and leaven
 Their legal lore with that which leads to heaven.
 This the learn'd chaplain to the Sheriff there
 Mix'd well with psalmody, and needful prayer,
 While law's great magnates—chasten'd in their mien—
 Lean'd calmly back, in dignity serene—
 But how their thoughts ran I care little. No !
 The "Devil's Own" may go to Jericho !
 So let them listen, or in slumber lurch—
 My theme is *love*, conceived and made in church !

A youthful gentleman, on pleasure tour,
 That morning sat to hear the sacred lore
 In mild persuasion from the lips proceed
 Of that choice ornament of High Church creed.
 But ah ! I doubt much if such reach'd his ears,
 For there beside him, in next pew, appears
 A wondrous vision, wanting only wings
 To be an angel—if, indeed, such things
 Angelic forms endue with dove-like grace—
 This mortal one possessed a perfect face,
 And sweeping crinoline, which vastly well
 Became the figure of transcendent belle.
 A piquant bonnet lent fresh charm to charms—
 Her taper hands, and softly rounded arms,
 Would ravish Phideas, and raven hair,
 In shining curls, would *close* inspection bear.
 The nymph was faultless, and the smitten swain
 In manly bosom found a burning pain,
 From truly aim'd and keen Cupidean dart,
 That, freshly feather'd, pierced his beating heart.
 His pulses throb'd—a whirlwind seem'd his brain—
 And springtide's blood cours'd madly thro' each vein—

Evanish'd then were parson, Judges, all,
 Save vision bright, which held his soul in thrall.
 To her, impetuous, he fain would fly—
 Be bless'd for ever—or, rejected, die !

He checks the impulse, for, on shining wings,
 Kind inspiration comfort to him brings.
 O ! happy thought ! *By Jupiter*, 'twill do !
 His costly Bible opens to his view—
 Its rustling pages flutter 'neath his hand—
 His cunning plot you soon shall understand.
 Ah ! *just* the thing ! He glues his optics on
 The second letter of Apostle John,
 Verse 5—"And now I do beseech thee, Miss—
 No new Commandment, I maintain, is this—
 For from the first it was : it is that *we*
 Should love each other—that is, you and me !"
 With marking pin the passage he impales,
 Then hands the volume o'er the polish'd rails
 To pride of Cambria—of course the maid,
 Who takes it from him, with expression staid,
 While much she wonders, till, with woman's wit
 For sphinx-like problem, finds solution fit ;
 Then, quite resolving that the ardent youth
 Is *rich* and handsome, seeks the book of Ruth,
 Second and tenth, and this sustains the case,
 As you must see—"She, falling on her face,"
 To Boaz said—with no mock-modest sound—
 "Why in thine eyes have I such favor found,
 And I a stranger ?" Here the sacred Book
 She gave again, with hand that slightly shook,
 While conscious glances stealing from her eyes,
 Shamed softest sunshine from Cerulean skies,
 Which made him feel—ah ! *I* can scarcely tell—
 Though youthful lovers know the feeling well—
 And yet, the while he felt his life's blood fly
 Through every vein, like lightning thro' the sky—
 He murmurs, "Yes ! she will be mine, indeed,"
 Then seeks the third and last of John with speed,
 Which, having found, he gives to maiden's view—
 And here its paraphrase I hand to you.
 "To thee so many things I have to write,
 That 'twould be sensible to meet to-night,
 Or after service, so that, face to face,
 I then may state, and you can hear my case."
 She reads the verse, returning him a *look*,
 While still in pawn she keeps that useful Book—

A happy omen in her lover's eyes,
 For Paradise is seen thro' cloudless skies :
 That angel fair to him will be most kind—
 Fear flies the field, and rapture fills his mind !

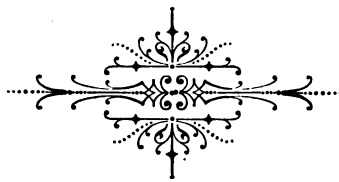
The Sheriff nods, the Judges rappee take,
 And cough and sneeze, to keep themselves awake ;
 While wakeful wives oft nudge their heavy spouses,
 Who, dozing off, would warble thro' their noses.
 On vagrant butterfly the children's eyes
 Are keenly fix'd, as up and down it flies,
 To hunt for honey in deceitful flowers,
 That nothing owe to sunshine or to showers :
 It flits at last thro' window to the fields,
 While still the priest his lingual weapon wields.
 With earnest piety, devoid of cant,
 He strongly urges, though he does not rant—
 Brings light of reference from Writ divine,
 On sermon's subject to intensely shine,
 His words outgushing in a saintly flow,
 Till hungry deacons most impatient grow
 For cold roast fowls, and ditto apple pie,
 Though on the parson fix'd is every eye.
 "Lastly, my brethren !" ah ! the end is near—
 Devoutly wish'd by nearly all, I fear,
 Of saintly worshippers, who softly sigh,
 Though they themselves are scarcely conscious why.

At lovely maid our hero steals a glance,
 And meets—O, rapture !—her's by *merest chance* ;
 'Tis quick averted, while each pearlshell ear
 And swan-like neck in "blush-rose" hues appear ;
 These—like the tints on springtide landscape bright—
 Lend added charms, and crown the swain's delight.

With gentle bang the parson shuts the book :
 His sermon closes, and with fervent look
 Implores a blessing on his flock, who now
 Their lowered heads in seeming worship bow—
 That is, they're busy with their gloves, and tying
 Young hopefuls' hats, who, near with hunger dying,
 Are plainly anxious to vacate their pew ;
 So, too, the lady and her handsome beau—
 At least the last is, though I fear I err
 About the belle—too well-bred she by far
 To be impatient in the least degree
 For closer contact with that handsome he.

The blessing said, with solemn sounding swell
 The organ's tones the sacred building fill,
 While crowded audience with decent pace
 Pervade the isles, and slowly leave the place ;
 The plebs move first, and from the portals go
 To quit their seats—their betters are more slow—
 They wait for aisles to be from concourse free,
 Then issue forth to sail majestically
 Thro' shady porch, to where a dapper page
 Or footman stands by spicy equipage ;
 They take their seats, and then, with conscious pride,
 To mansion old or modern villa ride.

And now, no doubt, you think that I shall tell
 Of meeting transports of that beau and belle ;
 But there you err—some other bard may sing
 Of wedding breakfast, and that sort of thing.
 But this one crumb of comfort I *must* fling—
 He paid the jeweller—she wore the ring !!!



A SUNDOWNER'S PHILOSOPHY.

One blazing day, away up North,
 I rode at snail-slow pace,
 While swarming flies beset my eyes,
 And sweat stream'd down my face.
 The heat and glare were hard to bear,
 I scarce my breath could draw,
 When a rugged man, with a billy-can
 And huge blue swag, I saw.

He met me on the dusty road—
 Like laden camel he—
 He stopp'd, I stopp'd, his swag he dropp'd,
 And thus accosted me—
 "'Tis bloomin' hot, boss, hev yer got
 Some water you cud spare?
 My bag's run out, and 'tis about
 Ten miles 'fore I'll git there."

Yes, ten miles tramp had he at least
 Ere he could water find,
 And so, altho' my bag was low,
 I gave, with anxious mind.
 He wiped his mouth, and then his drouth
 With breathless draught dispell'd.
 I viewed that bag with visage sad—
 Scant water then it held.

I said, "My friend, how can you walk
 In weather such as now?"
 He lit his pipe, then tried to wipe,
 With tatter'd rag, his brow.
 "Well, don't yer see," at length quoth he,
 "I'm used to it, an' so,
 As I've no hoss, I'm forced ter, boss,
 On shanks's hoss ter go."

“Why does I pad ther wallaby,
 Is what yer wants to know?
 Well, look here, mate, yer see I hate
 Them townships down below,
 Where you're run in, if you've some tin,
 An' takes a drop or two,
 An' gits it wuss fer bloomin' cuss—
 I hates them chaps in blue!

“Down there yer have ter work ter live,
 With boss ter see yer *do*.
 It's wusser here? No bloomin' fear,
 Tho' seemin' so ter you—
 Ter hump my swag, an' tucker-bag;
 And billy's nought ter me;
 And when 'tis hot I biles my pot,
 And camps 'neath shady tree.”

I wondered much how furnace such
 As *he* called heat might feel,
 And if, indeed, *more* fire he'd need
 To cook *al fresco* meal;
 For certainly it seemed to me
 One more degree e'en then
 Would fry a steak, would bake a cake,
 And fairly roast most men.

Still, he was used to it, no doubt,
 And p'raps enjoyed it too,
 Lacerta like—but then they'd strike
 Against that load of blue.
 Well, Providence gives evidence
 Of adaptation wise,
 And by its plan this aimless man
 Sustain'd the heat and flies.

And yet for what did he intend
 This homeless vagrant? What?
 A sport for fate, with blacks to mate?
 A pale-faced Hottentot?
 Endurance, strength, of limb good length,
 Rare physique, all had he,
 Yet with sole aim bare meals to claim,
 Rags, “bacca,” and black tea.

Yet stay, I'm wrong, a “bloomin' drunk”
 He even might attain,
 With spreeing friend and poison's blend,
 To shanty-keeper's gain.

Yes, still a tie with those of high
 And low degree had he,
 And e'en might sing like vinous king,
 And better too, may be.

These sage reflections thro' my mind
 Pass'd rapidly, and I
 Produced a flask, but did not ask
 If he a drop would try—
 I handed one. He said, "Here's fun—
 No water—spiles it quite."
 Then, with a twist of lip and wrist,
 He hid it from my sight.

A sort of iron, reckless grin,
 O'erspread his visage brown
 As on the road, like some huge toad,
 He straightway squatted down ;
 One knee he bent, his weight then leant
 Upon the heel behind,
 And he, 'twas clear, if I would hear,
 Was for a yarn inclined.

Then, just to show I was not proud,
 I also took a tot,
 But did not care to swelter there
 Upon that shadeless spot.
 Yet e'er I went, without intent
 His confidence to gain,
 He gave it me—as you shall see—
He hoped for one more drain !

"Well, yes, the stages here's too long
 Ter camp much in the heat,
 An 'tis like work a cove can't shirk—
 I'm good, tho', on my feet—
 An' you can bet I mostly get
 At outside camps a spell—
 The coves, d'ye see, likes company,
 An' allus treats me well.

"Their master's tucker? Well, *that's* good.
 It isn't them to give !
 Well, look here, boss, they feel no loss,
 An' bloomin' coves must live ;
 Besides, maybe on the wallaby
 Them blokes 'll pad the hoof,
 An' come to me for their grub an' tea
 When *I've* an old tin roof.

"I *work* sometimes? Well, don't yer see,
 My pants an' boots wears out,
 So then a job to make a bob
 I takes as 'knockabout.'
 I don't stop long? You're not far wrong—
 'Tain't likes o' me as stops—
 The squatter's good, he finds the wood,
 And fries my bloomin' chops.

"What'll I do when age comes on,
 An' I can't tramp no more?
 Well, that, d'y'e see, don't trouble me—
 I'm safe yet on that score.
 The world to come? Well, it, by gum,
 Can't be much worse nor here
 Fer heat and flies, and, blank my eyes,
 I don't see nought to fear."

I somehow thought old Nick might bar
 Such customers as he—
 Such restless tramps, such reckless scamps,
 Such whales for strong black tea!
 And so that flask, which, if a cask,
 He'd squat before till dry,
 Was *absently* concealed by me
 From his beseeching eye.

I said, "I must be jogging." He
 From bended knee arose,
 Unheeding crust of clinging dust
 Upon his nether clothes.
 He "slung his swag," picked up his bag,
 We each one said, "Good day."
 'Midst glare and heat he plied his feet—
 I, musing, rode away.



THE TALE OF A TERRIBLE TRAP.

DEDICATED TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I.

Away to the northward of famed *Port Augusta—
For commerce, for beauty, and lastly for dust, a
Seaport unequalld, and where merchants trust a
Great deal to—they don't care a fig who 'tis—
Stretch (ridged well with sandhills), the plains yclept
"Western,"
From which, in the summer, the tourist had best turn,
Unless he would view a place (really at best, stern),
When dry as a bald mummy's wig it is.

2.

These girt to the westward are by that great cesspool
Call'd grandly "Lake Torrens," but which is a messpool
As black, when you're in it, as many a less pool
Which oft has a pestilence started;
Black, sticky as birdlime, with saltiest salt water,
Excell'd not, in that line, in any salt quarter—
Not even by that where Eve's back-looking daughter
In shape of a salt-pillar parted

3.

From Lot, her good man, when he ran from Gomorrah
And Sodom—but she, looking backward in sorrow,
A salt statue staid there, and he, on the morrow,
Bewailed her—I hope with sincerity.
Again to the eastward a lofty range hinders
The outward-bound view, and is named after Flinders—
Some say not volcanic, although we find cinders
Quite near it, and slag to a verity.

4.

And so my premises were 'gainst their geology,
From which I must humbly now tend an apology,
As no doubt my notion arose from parology—

* Port Augusta, thanks to the Corporation, is now a very pretty town.
When the "Tale of a Trap" was written it was a drifting sand heap.

A crater, "the Pound," to be thinking.
 But 'tis not a nice place, for I've been on top of it,
 Where granite abounds—yea, a very fine crop of it—
 But water, in summer, there is not a drop of it,
 Save quite at the bottom, for drinking.

5.

Yet not about there is the scene of my story,
 But far in the sandhills, where, all in its glory,
 A dense scrub is growing in rotten sand, pory
 And useless for ought except woolspoiling.
 But where a few squatters, with trials unceasing,
 Strove steadily on, some with fortunes increasing,
 Till '64's drought took, with runs they were leasing,
 The whole of the fruits of their long toiling.

6.

The plains then, with the rest of the North, were deserted,
 And which, with the squatters, their foes disconcerted—
 In fact the most bitter, and those who most hurt did,
 Then went in for lessee encouraging.
 The squatters brought back their few jumbucks remaining,
 When they, in strange quarters, heard how it was raining
 That parched land upon, after years of refraining,
 They glad were, indeed, to leave foraging.

7.

Then dug they the huts and the stockyards and wells again
 From glaring red sand-drifts, and working bulls' bells again
 At midnight were heard on the hills and in dells again,
 While wild dogs the sheep again worried.
 For though all the rodents, except the tall *"*Coodla*,"
 And banded rock wallabies, up on †*Nooroodla*,
 Were all past recalling from long lack of food—*la*
Dingo et fils, still their coats curried.

8.

And were, and are still, as jolly as sandboys
 (Whatever that means—I expect, though, not grand boys,
 But tatterdemallion young organ or band boys—
 And they are what dingoes are jolly as),
 As mischievous too—that I know to my sorrow ;
 And so I invested (I don't care to borrow)
 In sundry steel traps, which were set on the morrow
 To teach a few dingoes what folly was.

* Kangaroo. † Native name for Mount Eyre.

9.

But now come with me to Lake Torrens' border—
 A lonely, wild place, where thick scrub is the order
 Dame nature insists upon, much as disorder,
 Like measles, she sows on man's cuticle !
 Where lofty soft sandhills run closely together,
 And spines *will* intrude, till you scarcely know whether
 You won't have to take to twin garments of leather,
 When prickles or mulga sticks you tickle.

10.

The sun is declining, but still brightly shining,
 When, hark ! by that black oak, what can it be whining ?
 Or rather, what can *they*, for I am opining
 'Tis made by two singular creatures.
 But just as I'm speaking a curious squeaking
 Like chorus joins in, so we'd better be seeking
 The gifted performers. Ah ! see, 'tis two sneaking
 Sleek dingoes, with lupuline features.

11.

And there, on the sandy soil sprawling, quite handy,
 A litter of puppies crawl, blunt-nosed and bandy,
 Around a large lizard, which once was a dandy—
 Perhaps far too gay for a saurian.
 But now 'tis affecting to see them dissecting
 The luckless old "Berdna," his scales not protecting
 His inward formation from those now inspecting
 It well, by the method Cæsarian.

12.

The students themselves, loving brothers and sisters,
 Sweet tempers are showing, as if they had blisters
 On tenderest places—for though they're not fisters,
 They worry each other delightfully ;
 But maybe 'tis only a thirsting for knowledge
 Which makes them so eager in that sylvan college
 To study minutely, in this their "dog's doll-age,"
 The creature they fight for so spitefully.

13.

But ah ! there's another not happy—the mother—
 Who glares at her master, as though she could smother
 Or finish his breathing by some means or other.
 What has he been doing, I wonder ?
 From glances swift flying—not what they are saying—
 I rather suspect that he well deserves flaying ;
 Most likely from virtue's stern path some slight straying
 Has happen'd, his mate's love to sunder.

14.

Or else, without reason, she's horribly jealous ;
But still I don't think so, for he is too zealous
In rural dominion, or rather rude dell-house,

To get in once more her good graces.

Through pond he wants dragging, for see how he's wagging
His great bushy tail, while she's shrewishly nagging—
He won't even hint that she well deserves gagging.

Yes, guilt in his rascally face is.

15.

Yet somehow or other there's something about him
A deal to his credit, although we so doubt him.

He's keeping his temper, howe'er she may flout him,

And then he's so jaunty and festive ;

Besides, he don't linger to glance once behind him,
But looks as if Lupie might not quickly find him—

For off on his travels, with no one to mind him,

He goes from his helpmate so restive.

16.

Who, dropping her tail and her bristles together,

To litter returns, in great doubt as to whether

Her Frisky may ever come back to her tether—

Perhaps she was *just* a bit hasty !

But she and her puppies, as *we* can't well drown them,

We'll leave with a longing that fortune may crown them

With gunshot or strychnine ere summer shall brown them—

How Chang *would* enjoy them in pasty !

17.

The shrubs are all wet from a sunshiny shower,

And so he's avoiding each rain-laden bower,

Because, quite *per contra* to buttercup's flower,

He thinks a dry coat the most dandy.

So, over the sandhills, quite merrily tripping,

Our dingo speeds on through the bushes all dripping,

Just thinking of lambkins which ought to be skipping

About on the tank-sides quite handy.

18.

But never a lambkin is thereabout playing,

Or anything else that our friend may be slaying—

No weakly young calf or a nanny-goat straying—

The wild is a wilderness—silent.

But little that troubles our frolicsome dingo,

Who would, I believe, scarcely notice a *pingo,

For, ah ! by a fence there is something, by jingo !

At which he gives what's for a smile meant.

*Ant-eater.

19.

Yes, there, 'twixt the wires, two bright eyes are shining
 Above a slim mouth, most delightfully whining
 (At least to our masculine dingo's opining,
 And he is a judge of ability).
 Two velvety ears, cocking forward quite knowingly,
 A slender lithe body which wiggles quite flowingly,
 At which our friend Frisky twists his about wooingly,
 And capers to show his agility.

20.

But here I must say that with sorrow and sadness
 I view the false Frisky's expressions of gladness.
 His *sposa* at home! why, it really 'is badness
 Quite counter to honor's commanding!
 But ears when not hearing, and eyes when not seeing
 Are never offended—and so in his spreeing
 With this soothing maxim is always agreeing—
 Our dingo of fine understanding.

21.

And so his cold nose to the nose of the stranger
 He lovingly thrusts, not imagining danger
 In shape of a trap, newly set by the ranger—
 Where his tail marks a circle's diameter.
 A terrible trap, with a newly-oil'd trigger,
 And terrible jaws, which would hold a wild nigger,
 Or leave him at best but a one-legged figure,
 Or what my friend Pat calls "a lameter."

22.

A rakish, bold leer he just gives, and a wriggle—
 To which I'm afraid she returns a light giggle,
 Which makes our bad Frisky his thick brush to wiggle—
 A motion in prudence most wanting.
 For just when it popped on the sand so delusive,
 The trigger is sprung (an event not conducive
 To poor Frisky's fun), and an ending conclusive
 Is put to his wild galavanting.

23.

With sharp yells resounding, whose echoes rebounding
 Quick startles the parrots from mulgas surrounding,
 He bites the vile trap his poor tail now impounding,
 And even would bite his Delilah!
 But, O, the loud snap which the trap made when closing,
 So shocked her poor nerves that they needed composing.
 And now a dim vista is rapidly closing
 On tail of that faithless young smiler.

24.

Oh ! why had his thoughts from his fair Lupulina
E'er wandered a moment ? Ah ! would that he'd been a
Poor exile, like "Nap.," on the famed St. Helena,

So he were well out of his trouble !

But then 'tis a strong one, as well as a long one,
And that horrid trap, why, it just is the wrong one
To let go its victim, e'en should it have wrong done—
And so there's an end to the bubble

25.

Of flattering hope, that might seek to be cheering—
Its teeth, tho' so strong, are too blunt to be tearing
Its ruthless great jaws, now so firmly adhering—

The springs are too strong for such action ;
So, howling and springing, and on the ground flinging
His sand-besoil'd body is nought towards bringing
Himself from the troublesome trap to him clinging—

Oh ! he is approaching distraction !

26.

He tries to bolt off, but his tail gives due warning
His tether's length's reach'd, which he cannot be scorning—
Oh ! nought can he now do by scheming or fawning—

The trap has a grip inexorable !

He raves and he swears in a dingo's wild fashion
When freezing with fright or just boiling with passion ;
But the trap is of steel, *sans* all fear or compassion—

Yes ! he's in a state most deplorable.

27.

But, ah ! there's a beaming of comfort still gleaming—
Not hopeless his fate, as it look'd at first seeming,
Frisk *may* escape yet, by means of some scheming,

For hide forms his torment's tough tether ;
And his teeth—that the steel has left broken and bleeding—
Are still in condition for biting and feeding—
And now gnaw a spring which, by slipping, is leading
Directly to "makings of leather."

28.

But, then, how would leather and hide put together
Resist Frisky's grinders ? Who thinks as to whether
He won't leave his quarters exposed to the weather,

Like Æsop's famed fox in the fable !

And soon his fierce snapping results not in gapping,
But severs the hide with its strong double lapping,
When gaining his freedom, at least from the strapping,
He once more for running is able.

29.

He gives one lithe bound like fresh uncoupled hound,
And then that vile incubus springs from the ground,
While Frisk and his shadow no longer are found—

He is off like the hunt of St. Hubert.

Don't talk of a cur with an ending of *kettle* !

None ever ran yet with the half of Frisk's mettle,
For he is just now in a fine racing fettle,

And could with a good coursing few spurt.

30.

A great greedy shark giving chase to a sailor—

A harpoon just stuck in a whale by a whaler—

A needle, point upward, sat down on by tailor—

Beat steam to promote locomotion.

And so are fierce tigers let loose from menageries,

Or pompous policeman when after a cadger he's

Running like winking, till he, like a badger, is

Quite "knocked out" with wrath and swift motion.

31.

But what are they all to the trap on Frisk's narrative ?

He flashes like light, or hot water through narrow sieve !

Oh ! Jupe', what a pace ! sure for long it can never live,

Unless he's possessed of a devil !

O'er plain and o'er sandhill, how scrubby no matter,

He races top-speed, just as mad as a hatter,

The trap bounding after with bump, thump, and clatter.

"Eclipse" he'd eclipse on the level !

32.

But now, by sad chance, not at all of his seeking,

He makes a bee line for his puppies all squeaking,

Where poor Lupulina, who feels rather peeking,

Is listlessly strolling quite near 'em.

And like a chain-shot through the startled air flashing,

Or typhoon of hardware thro' tulip-bed crashing,

The engine and Frisk of five pups made a hashing

Ere Lupe from their passage can clear 'em !

33.

(A loss ! by-the-bye, man ! for no mutton-pie man

Is there to convert them to "pies" in his high can,

Or sausages—primest of "German"—by sly plan.)

Frisk now is *not* careful of trifles !

Lupe gives him one glance, full of anger and sorrow,

Then thinks of the wiggling she'll give him to-morrow !

And wonders where he that fell fury could borrow !

He's off like pea-bullets from rifles !

34.

Oh, on speeds poor Frisky, on errand so risky,
 Demolishing bushes the Cornish call *"kiskee,"
 And next knocking over a "boomer" quite frisky,
 But never delaying to worry him.
 Through large flock of sheep, and without even biting them,
 And almost too fast to be even affrighting them,
 He leaves them to wonder why he is thus slighting them,
 And as to the thing that *must* flurry him.

35.

On, on, and still on, with a motion unceasing,
 By night and by day, and with haste still increasing,
 Thro' sunshine and storm, and e'en death there's no peace in—
 He keeps up a gallop eternal.
 Yea, on, and still on, tho' defunct, Frisk's careering,
 His looks, as time passes, becoming less cheering,
 For bones thro' his once glossy skin are appearing—
 He presents an appearance infernal.

36.

And little I doubt that his skeleton ghastly
 Will race on wild nights, and will frighten folk vastly—
 The rusty trap clinging, of course, to his "lastly."
 They'll think him a ghostly hyena!
 And fear his proportions will so magnify,
 While doing ghost business 'neath thunder-vex'd sky,
 That surely the more superstitious will fly
From wild woods of Walleberdina!

37.

MORAL.

Now, Benedicts all, when you leave your fond spouses,
 Don't visit queer friends at their shady town houses,
 And where—ungrammatic'ly speaking—such rows is,
 Or you'll know what a *trap* is, that's certain!
 And do not go leering at servant girls pretty,
 Whatever their names be—Jane, Martha, or Kitty—
 Unless you would find yourselves objects of pity,
 And also of lectures called "curtain!"

38.

And so from poor Frisky's sad story take warning,
 And do not this fine moral lesson be scorning,
 Or some time or other you'll understand pawning—

* Decayed.

Or, maybe, *too well*, do some writing—
 For though Frisky's friend *did* so suddenly vanish,
 You might attain some not so easy to banish,
 Whose "clinging affection," far stronger than clannish,
 Your whole after-life might be blighting.

39.

Then think of the time when your dim earthly taper
 By Death is blown out, and on Styx bank you vapor—
 I mean your vex'd shade—and with many a caper
 Try hard to gain Charon's attention.
 But he'll just pole on, with his craft leaking badly—
 In which, ne'ertheless, you would stow yourself gladly—
 And leave you behind him to think over sadly
 Those sins which I cannot here mention.

40.

And you, married ladies—to men so superior—
 For doting, dear hubbies don't heat the interior
 Of cottage or mansion, if once they are beery, or
 Look at the fair, who so try men ;
 For though even-tempered they are at first starting,
 And love you sincerely, if always they're smarting
 'Neath nagging so senseless, some day they'll be parting
 The ties both of love and of Hymen !

41.

And, readers, remember, each *pater* and *mater*,
 Such misgovern'd doings will, sooner or later,
 Incite to like action the cubs in your crater—
 The children, I mean, in your nursery !
 So, both for the sake of yourselves and your darlings,
 Just keep from their ears, if you can, all your snarlings,
 Or else, when they leave your hot nest, like young starlings,
 You'll look and they'll look, when you meet awry !



THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

"Another throw! I'll try just one more throw!
Double or quits! No? But I will, I say!
 You do not want my cash? Then why say 'No,'
 And talk to me about "the breaking day?"
 You only fear the notes will fly away
 From your swoll'n pockets back to me again;
 Or, should I lose, that I've no cash to pay—
 Just *one* more throw! 'Refusal gives you pain?'
 Then give me one more chance my money to regain.

"The same old luck! Damnation seize the dice!
 The devil of his children takes good care!
 Here is my I.O.U. And now a slice
 Of your good fortune I must claim to share.
 We'll try a dozen more—don't leave your chair!
 You would not let *me* quit when I would go
 Home quietly last night, and I declare
You shan't go now, till we the dozen throw!
 Follow your go, I say!—What! do you still say no?

"'Some other time' you'll give me my revenge?
 Then why not now? My luck is out, you say?
 What matters that to you? You feel no twinge
 Of sorrow for the losses that this day
 Will make me homeless! But I will away
 To those I've ruined—how my temples throb!
 Curs'd be the cards, the fatal dice, and they
 Who by their aid have just conspired to rob
 Me, and through me the helpless ones that pray
 In vain at home for him who thus can them betray!

* * * * *

"Upon my brow the morning's cold wind blows,
 But brings no coolness—fierce flames burn within
 That sear my brain!—but here the river flows,
 And with a sullen murmur, tempts me in
 'Neath its dark waters to conceal my sin,
 My shame, and vain regrets—yet I'm afraid
 Of *that* which I by this last cast may win—
 Yes!—I *must* face the ruin I have made,
 By folly hurried on—which now I can't evade!

"How shall I meet my wife and children dear,
 Who love me so? What story shall I tell
 To break to them their future prospects drear?
 While vain regrets within my breast must dwell,
 And form therein a gnawing, earthly hell
 Unquenchable! But ah! here is my home.
My home?—which *was*, and still might so remain
 But for those tempters, and my passion fell
 For play's excitement—that insidious bane
 Which has destroyed the peace I ne'er may know again!"



TO AN OLD MYALL TREE IN THE FAR NORTH- WEST.

Old myall tree, with twisted trunk and limbs—
 Like sylvan gnome by nature's hand distorted—
 You hear no dryad's tuneful matin hymns,
 Though in your crown strange dryads have disported—
 That is, when winter, with life-giving rain,
 Came like beneficent, transforming fairy,
 With magic wand to call bright Flora's train—
 And Flora here to show her pets is chary.

When summer's heats o'er sandy wastes prevail,
 And nature gasps as if in dissolution,
 The sultry winds amongst your branches wail
 Like mourners sad o'er cloudland's destitution.
 But now, as traveller with fevered frame
 Plods wearily for some far distant station,
 A famish'd crow—his eyes intent to claim—
 From your top twig croaks forth his exultation.

"I'll have them yet! you'll 'peg out' sure as fate!"
 Is what with croak and pantomime he's saying;
 "A little while is all I'll have to wait—
 But die at once—my banquet you're delaying."
 For long, long miles that crow on demon wing
 Has dogged the traveller with death to taunt him;
 And so, although you have him now to sing,
 As constant vocalist you cannot vaunt him.

Like sun-dried bushman dying for a drunk,
 You somehow live until the rain descending,
 With sap pervades those portions of your trunk
 Which still have pores, through which it way be wending.
 A veteran are you of countless years,
 While time and drought your uncouth bole have shattered ;
 Upon one branch alone some green appears—
 The rest are moribund, or round you scattered.

An ancient lizard may at times regard
 Your rugged form with eyes of fish-like wonder,
 To think that droughts which tried his being hard
 Did not succeed in making you go under.
 But so like death have you appeared in life,
 That as a sheaf ingathered, death might pass you.
 For bare existence yours the constant strife,
 And as a mummy arborists should class you.

OLD RUGGY.

Surely that traveller's horse I know,
 Loaded with rider and swag,
 A cripple, yet with a jaunty go,
 The wreck of a right good nag.
 Those keen cocked ears and those full round eyes,
 Those nostrils firm and square—
 My thoughts hark back to the bygone years,
 When all things seemed so fair.

Ruggy, old horse, is it really you ?
 Spur-marked, groggy, and blind—
 You, that as trustiest steel were true,
 Fleet as the hurrying wind ;
 You, that a horseman's claim could test
 To be as a horseman known—
 You, that have tried the seat of the best,
 And many a boaster thrown.

Never too long was the longest day
 For you, in those times gone by—
 Others gave in, yet you still were gay
 When we to the yard drew nigh.
 Galloping steer and warrigal cow
 You headed again and again—
 I seem to feel you under me now,
 Out on the moonlit plain.

From circling hills how the echoes rang
 To clattering hoofs and shout,
 To volleying whipcracks, mix'd with slang,
 Heaped on some new-come lout,
 When cunning old cow from a wing would slip,
 And he at her tail would canter,
 To find it quite a musical trip
 From round abuse and banter.

Yes, you could gallop for miles on end,
 Turn in the length of a stride—
 How you astonish'd our English friend !—
 Got up to the nines to ride—
 The very first turn and his knees they flew
 'O snap at his clean-shaved chin.
 Then he sat on the ground and looked while you
 The beast through the gates put in.

A pretty close shave for you and me
 Was that on the gum creek's bank
 When the big steer turned and grazed my knee,
 Then slightly gored your flank.
 You turned like a top as those horns glanced by,
 And off at a tangent flew ;
 That pretty close shave, it had been my last
 If mounted on aught but you.

'Twas hard to part when I left the place,
 No money would buy you then,
 And oft I've thought how we went the pace
 With right good prads and men.
 And poor old Frank, the first in the fun—
 The devil-may-care and free—
 He'll ride no more, for his race is run,
 We're well up, you and me.

I'll have you, old horse, from your owner here,
 I'll give him a younger nag ;
 I'll offer a price that he'll take, no fear ;
 You shall not carry a swag.
 We're both of us old, and battered, no doubt—
 You'll fatten again with a spell—
 And while at your ease you potter about,
 I'll dream of the old times still !

TULIP.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

Poor Tulip's a dusky, native flower
 That bloomed—(not scentless !) in this desert place,
 And blush'd unseen in Nature's simple bower,
 All unadorn'd—although of ancient race,
 That to old Adam and to Eve trace back
 A lineage, perhaps not always black !

2.

Who knows ? I don't—and so will not pursue
 The supposition further, but will state
 That though no person ever thought her Jew,
 She would not eat (what Pat would call) the "mate"
 Of grunting quadruped with cloven feet,
 Which Jews abhor, but Gentiles love to eat !

3.

'Twas rather odd—this abstinence from bacon—
 When coupled with a certain ancient rite
 Her kin indulge in ; not to be mistaken
 For aught save that which Moses, that meek wight
 On infant son perform'd—for which, we're told,
 From Zipporah some slight abuse then roll'd.

4.

Which plainly proves that e'en in olden times
 The "better halves" had tongues which glibly wagg'd
 As they still do in hot or frigid climes,
 Unless by fear, or force unmanly, gagg'd !
 And Tulip—well—at consorts she possess'd,
 Could hurl tongue-missiles sharply as the rest !

5.

And yet she was a cheery-hearted soul,
 With "perfect" English to express her mind
 In plaintive cadence, or with vicious roll—
 A tidal-wave of phrases of a kind
 Extremely plain—but of a flavor queer,
 Unsuitd quite to polished ears, I fear.

6.

So I'll omit them, and just say that she
 Who own'd the name of plant the Dutch love well,
 A native belle, at one time used to be,
 Sigh'd after greatly by each dusky swell ;
 Till old Tanbelta, as her parent's choice,
 Just took her home to grumble, or rejoice !

7.

And fight with Jenny—who was there before her,
 At simple wurley *menage* to preside—
 And who, from jealousy oft beat and tore her,
 When she would slumber at Tanbelta's side.
 But not one-sided was the warfare bitter,
 For Tulip was a terrible hard-hitter !

8.

But how both managed to sustain the whacks
 Which flashing waddies rain'd upon each head,
 And left thereon, or rather in, deep cracks,
 Which, like stuck porkers, most profusely bled,
 I'll leave you to imagine—but will say,
 Their loving lord, quite placid, view'd the fray,

9.

And would the slain have quietly interr'd,
 Had battle-royal come to fatal end—
 And, from his conduct, it may be inferr'd
 That simple friend he had induced to lend,
 Or even give, a "rib" to cook his "bardoo,"
 And pound her rival's head instead of "nardoo."

10.

But both had skulls which, like a clout-head nail,
 Seem'd made especially for being hammer'd !
 And so, when waddies were of no avail,
 They at each other like two fishwives clamor'd,
 Until the "gin" of Tura Jemmy died,
 And he sought Tulip for his second bride.

11.

That is, I, thinking old Tanbelta greedy,
 Told Jemmy with the lady to levant,
 When he—with promptness that was more than speedy—
 Of Tulip made a very pretty plant !
 Which so incensed her grizzled lord more lawful,
 That his expressions were—I'm told—most awful !

12.

But as he'd not the very least idea
 Of courts of law, or spicy *crim. con.* cases,
 He hunted like a demon for his dear,
 And her abductor, in all sorts of places ;
 But by good luck—and on their part some dodging—
 He found them not in their rude sylvan lodging.

13.

Then, by-and-bye, his wrath began to cool ;
 As did the love of Jemmy, that black rascal ;
 The former found he'd made himself a fool—
 The latter, that he'd lately had to task all
 His amatory graces, to be pleasant
 To his dark flame when no one else was present.

14.

So to society they both returned,
 And went to visit at Tanbelta's wurley.
 (To leave their cards our friends had not yet learn'd,
 And cared not whether they called late or early.)
 But I have heard that Jemmy had the grace
 To look uneasy when they reach'd the place.

15.

While old Tanbelta wore a sullen air—
 Which might mean mischief, Jemmy knew right well,
 So kept on him his optics—while the pair
 Of ladies told whate'er they had to tell—
 For both, delighted with the late transaction,
 Were willing now to form defensive faction.

16.

With converse sweet, they whiled the time away
 In gossip, light as that their fairer sisters
 At home indulge in on small topics gay—
 Dress, lovers, children, and new social blisters—
 The last of all, though touching friends most keenly,
 They, with prim looks, enjoy, Sir, quite serenely.

17.

But as I did not happen to be there,
 And niggers are not gifted shorthand writers,
 I cannot reproduce the fun most rare,
 Which they indulged in, those two whilom fighters ;
 And so I'll just suppose that they, like others,
 Convers'd about some other black gin's brothers!

18.

Or white ones, for that matter—for they both
 Were not averse unto a fair-skin'd lover,
 But liked his presents, being nothing loth
 To take a blue shirt as a fancy cover—
 Tobacco, matches—anything, in fact,
 In shape of luxury that either lacked !

19.

And so that ruction ended, though Tanbelta
 Would sometimes break out, and want Tulip back,
 When, like a lion lashed into a pelter,
 He roam'd about on Tura Jemmy's track,
 And had he caught him in a state unguarded,
 That worthy's "caul" would soon his hide have larded !

20.

But Master Jem, like weasel, kept one eye
 At utmost stretch, while he with t'other slumber'd—
 And, though his rival was extremely spry,
 His corpse not yet has this dry soil encumber'd,
 For he, the vagabond, lives to this day,
 Though, as with me, he's turning slowly grey.

21.

A sluggish tide was theirs of sleepy life,
 With Jemmy's jealousy its only ripples,
 Which oftentimes made him *pleasant* to his wife—
 A jealous man is just like one who tipples—
 It gallops with him, when 'tis fairly started,
 And death alone will see them ever parted.

22.

Yet strange it is, how custom can enthrall us—
 White, black, or tawny, and of any nation !
 Its beck, imperative, can always call us
 To do its will, whate'er our rank and station—
 And so it fell out that this tyrant, haughty,
 Our dusky friends commanded to be naughty.

23.

That is, our Tulip, by her *pro tem.* lord,
 Was render'd to Tanbelta's arms and wurley—
 Who then, to show how well his mind was stored
 With notions liberal as well as surly,
 Sent Wanna Jenny to the place vacated,
 When, for a time, the couples were cross-mated !

24.

But in such action there was nothing strange,
 For all their friends and relatives were doing
 The self-same thing along the Flinders Range,
 And which I told them they'd be likely rueing—
 But they just laughed and seemed to think me foolish,
 And I thought them a great deal worse than mulish.

25.

But times are changeable, and fancies too—
 And so it was with Jemmy, and Tanbelta,
 And all the rest of that free-thinking crew,
 Who went Commandment breaking helter-skelter—
 For, just as suddenly as they divided,
 They to propriety again subsided.

26.

And then? Well, then, for physic some enquired,
 While others should have done, but came not near,
 Who much an Esculapius required,
 And left this life for want of one, I fear.
 Howe'er, it did but help to clear more quickly
 This drought-scourged land, which ne'er was peopled thickly.

27.

And after that I neither saw nor heard
 Of poor old Tulip, till the other day—
 And only then—that she had been interr'd
 In leafy tomb, as is their simple way.
 And so methought I would her story tell,
 Which having done, I say to her farewell.



THE FOURTH OF JANUARY, 1864.

I.

The sultry night has pass'd away,
And Phœbus once again
Pervades the east, and opes the day
O'er valley, hill, and plain.

2.

But surely in a wrathful mood
Does he ascend his throne,
For withering the fiery flood
That from his face is thrown.

3.

The magpie sitteth silently
Upon the gumtree's limb—
He sendeth not toward the sky
His mellow matin hymn.

4.

The native sparrows round the spring
Crowd thick with panting breast,
With gaping beak, and drooping wing,
By sultry heat oppress'd.

NOTE.—The day described in this poem was the hottest I ever experienced. I was driving a team on the road from Port Augusta, and had started from Yadamalka with nothing save a bottle of very brackish water to last me the stage (twelve miles on a treeless track), and this only augmented my thirst, for before I had got six miles from my starting point my tongue began to feel too large for my mouth, while my lips cracked, and I experienced the greatest difficulty in respiration, the air being too rarified to properly distend my lungs, and I believe I should have fainted had I not remembered that in the waggon there was a bottle of sarsaparilla, of which I drank nearly half. This cleared my senses as if by magic, and I got within a mile of Warrakimbo when the duststorm burst on me. I subsequently learned that the thermometer stood at 122 degrees between two open doors in Malcolm Gillies' hut. Birds of many kinds, including magpies and crows, died by hundreds, and even bullocks, dogs, and sheep succumbed to the terrible heat. I continued to drink water, at short intervals, for nearly twenty-four hours before I could quench my inordinate thirst. I wrote the poem while making my next day's stage, and it appeared shortly after in the OBSERVER.

5.

The gasping emus now betake
 Themselves unto the creek,
 At reedy pool their thirst to slake,
 And gumtree's shade to seek.

6.

There eagerly the sheep all speed,
 Nor linger by the way
 Upon the saltbush sere to feed—
 They feel but thirst to-day.

7.

Now rugged range and arid plain
 Seem waving in the light—
 Their barren glare inflicting pain
 Upon the weary sight.

8.

And from the portals of the north
 The simoon's sultry breath,
 Like furnace blasts, comes sweeping forth—
 A burning wind of death.

9.

For upborne on its pennons strong,
 Vast clouds of dust arise ;
 Like whirling smoke they rush along,
 And darken all the skies.

10.

The native sparrows leave the springs,
 The magpies quit the creek,
 And, faintly, on nerveless wings,
 With man a shelter seek.

11.

Then, too, would come whole frighten'd flocks
 Of feather'd creatures small—
 The simoon every effort mocks,
 And numbers lifeless fall.

12.

For, even as they fly, the band
 Is wither'd by its breath,
 And falling, strew the wind-waved sand,
 Their wings collapsed in death.

13.

The shepherd on the glaring plain
Shrinks down a bush behind,
With cracking lip and eye of pain,
Beneath the scorching wind.

14.

He sees the duststorm coming high,
With side-wings spreading wide ;
No friendly shelter there is nigh,
No place in which to hide.

15.

He crouches low, he bows his head,
O'er him it howling flies,
As if the storm-king in it sped
Beneath the frowning skies.

16.

Dust, filth, and broken herbage fly
In black and stifling cloud ;
The sun is hidden from the eye,
While, thunder, pealing loud,

17.

Is rolling with stupendous crash,
While through the murky air
Fork'd lightnings in sharp zigzags flash
With sickly baleful glare.

18.

Now from the icy southern sea
A wind comes strong and chill,
Before which scatter'd raindrops flee,
Sprinkling the plain and hill.

19.

The shepherd feels the welcome blast,
Uplifts his weary head ;
The dust has from the landscape pass'd,
Upon the south wind fled.

20.

From off his brow he wipes the grime
And sweat with heavy hand,
And lays a curse upon the time
He came into this land.

21.

And well he may, for day by day
 'Tis naught but dust and wind;
 His sheep are starving and astray,
 Himself is almost blind.

22.

The very air he breathes is foul
 From sheep and cattle dead,
 While dingoes thrive and nightly howl,
 And kites sail overhead.

23.

Then ye who would a picture view
 Of desolation drear,
 Come, anti-squatters, all of you,
 Come North and see it here!



110° IN THE SHADE.

A JUSTIFIABLE GRUMBLE.

I.

ALACK! what are we coming to? Oh, dear!
 But two degrees 'neath burning fever's point!
 Our livers will not stand it long, I fear,
 And all our functions will be out of joint!
 Save the unpleasant one that doth anoint
 Our parboil'd cuticles with perspiration,
 Which might indeed be measured by the pint!
 And which insists upon a perpetration—
 A sort of liquid loan for instant liquidation.

2.

Too hot for work, we, listless, loll about
 In coolest quarter, handy to be found—
 And here, I own, I feel a lurking doubt
 That mystic bourne to which bad souls are bound—
 To suffer anything but to be drown'd—
 Can beat for heat this God-forsaken place,
 By Torrens' border, where the thirsty ground
 Gasps, with unnumber'd fissures on its face,
 For cooling breath of air, like fainting human race.

3.

The covers of the books are curling up,
 As if a student they would fain invite
 To pore o'er their crisp pages for a sup
 From learning's fount ; but who, with fly-vex'd sight,
 Would quickly leave them in a sorry plight,
 By pouring on them perspiration's rain
 In mighty spots—just like the splashing flight
 Of scattered drops, which patter on the plain
 Ere weather-clerk at times turns on his thunder-main !

4.

Poor Towzer, there, is lying in a hole—
 A scratch'd-out cavern 'neath a leaking tank—
 Nor thinks of mutton he so lately stole,
 And, from the crows, secreted in a bank ;
 But sprawls at length, with slowly heaving flank.
 Too heat-oppress'd to wag his bushy tail,
 He'd scarce "skeddadle" for a kick or spank—
 E'en at that caller, with his dusty swag,
 He will not rise to bark, though plainly an "old lag !"

5.

The panting fowls are gasping in the shade,
 Their dingy plumage hanging loosely round,
 While chanticleers, with warfare for their trade,
 Mope side by side, and nothing now would hound
 Them on to combat, or, indeed, to sound
 The martial challenge with their clarion shrill.
 Are *these* the birds which strut upon the mound,
 And, for a pullet's sake, are kill'd or kill ?
 Too hot it is for love ! e'en jealousy is still !

6.

That grim grimalkin stretch'd upon the floor
 Is surely dead, so motionless he lies—
 Upon the mucine race he'll prey no more.
 But if he's dead, e'en Death can't stand these flies !
 For see, he clutches at his half-closed eyes
 With sudden claw, to scare those insects vile,
 Which shirk the blow, and all inertly rise
 On lazy wing, to poise a little while,
 Then settle down once more, the luckless cat to rile !

7.

Upon the ear sounds forth no songster's note,
 To break the stillness of the sultry air,
 And all is silent, save where sheep or goat
 To water hurries with unhappy blare,

'Neath bushes dodging to avoid the glare
Of Sol's fierce glances, who hath fever got,
And is as pleasant as a scalded bear !
Now I must pause to take a cheering tot—
A nasty one, I mean—the water's nearly hot !

8.

O ! take me straight to iceberg's leeward side !
But not *too* near it, for extremes are bad—
But here I wonder that the dogs ne'er tried
To pass the time by going raving mad.
But, there, e'en dogs with rabies would be glad
To lie at ease, where they at flies could snap
Without exertion ; for their gentle fad
Of biting legs, while breaking record time,
Would be *too* mad for madness in this clime.

9.

I'm done up quite, and so will guzzle tea—
That is, of course, when nothing else remains—
And, by-the-bye, it really puzzles me
How soon good whisky from the bottle wanes !
The footless glass *must* suffer little drains,
Like perspiration, through its pores to ooze ;
But even guessing's bad for melting brains,
And so I'll try to soothe them with a snooze ;
But heat and flies prevent, and leave me nought to choose.

THE NATURALIST AND THE ICHNEUMON FLY.

1.

A certain benevolent, bald-headed mortal
Loved butterflies, moths, and the whole of their race,
In fact, with his yellow gauze net he had caught all
The insects, and ranged them in glass-cover'd case—
With one grand exception, a moth of great beauty—
And so a strict watch for it formed his chief duty.

2.

He offered rewards, and the bumpkins then brought him
Privet-hawks, peacock-moths, and old ladies a stock,
While one saucy fellow a *bat* saw, and caught him,
But got nothing for it to line his smock-frock.
And as for himself, why, he roam'd in the gloaming,
While great was the mess that he often came home in.

3.

But all was in vain, till, one day in a thicket,
 His eyes from their sockets near leap'd with delight,
 For, ah ! its great chrysalis—yes, 'twas the ticket !
 'Neath sheet of loose bark just appeared to his sight.
 And, oh ! as he carried it home to his study,
 An acre of smiles was his countenance ruddy.

4.

In a box with dry moss he bestowed his rich treasure,
 And covered it safely with gauze like his net,
 While early each morning, with keen, anxious pleasure,
 He'd lovingly gaze on his curious pet.
 Till O ! his vexation, and dire aggravation,
 Were plainly betray'd by a sharp exclamation !

5.

For, ah ! thro' a tiny round hole in the chrysalis
 A villainous ichneumon fly had come forth,
 And had that old gentleman sat on a thistle, this
 Surely had caused him less anguish and wrath.
 As it was, thro' that slender, black, wasp-looking pirate,
 He thrust a long pin, and felt sooth'd, though still irate.

6.

But then, like the ass of bad Balaam, the prophet,
 The ichneumon spoke, and these words did he say—
 "You think I've been cruel, so send me to Tophet,
 Though *you* are much more so to moths every day ;
 For while *we* are sent, by the All-wise, to eat them,
You, just for sheer mischief, impale and maltreat them."

TO A BLOW-FLY.

Oh, filthy vulture of the insect world !
 The loathing you inspire no tongue can tell,
 When, with loud buzzing busy wings unfurl'd,
 You sally forth upon your mission fell,
 Guided afar by keenest sense of smell,
 That laughs to scorn the bloodhounds. Thing of ill !
 Fiend-like, your business you perform too well.
 The poor maim'd lambs with living tortures thrill,
 When from fierce wild dog's fangs they 'scape for *you* to kill !

Your horrid zeal to propagate your kind
 Outrivals e'en the mad dog's rage to bite,
 Or tigers to destroy. Oh, wretch ! designed
 For foulest work ! You, with obscene delight,
 Gloat o'er destruction, and, with headlong flight,
 Speed to the carnival that death may spread,
 Or strife strew broadcast. To all creatures sight
 You are a pest to shudder at and dread ;
 And, could deep curses kill, then were your kind all dead !



SONG OF THE FAR NORTH MAIL.

[AFTER HOOD.]

With action weary and spent,
 With eyeballs sunken and dull,
 Four over-worked, half-fed horses strive
 A lumbering coach to pull.
 Drag ! drag ! drag !
 In a terrible scorching clime,
 Oh ! fain would stop each poor, struggling nag
 For a moment's breathing time.

Drag ! drag ! drag !
 With blistering sun above,
 And drag ! drag ! drag !
 While the *fures* get down and shove.
 'Twere better in a cart,
 As stock of the cat's-meat man,
 Where horses have ever to take a part,
 When past cab, coach, or van.

Drag ! drag ! drag !
 Though long their strength has failed.
 Drag ! drag ! drag !
 By merciless whip-thong wealed.
 Plain and sideling and creek,
 Creek and sideling and plain,
 And over the gutters they stagger weak,
 The end of the stage to gain.

Oh ! mail with letters fraught,
 Oh ! mail that hurries and drives,
 No senseless leather you're wearing out,
 But starving horses' lives.

Drag ! drag ! drag !
 In suffering, hunger, and grime ;
 Away up here in the dreary North
 Horse-killing is no crime !

But why should those steeds fear death ?
 Those ghastly frames of bone,
 Which, crawling on in skeleton shape,
 Would melt the heart of stone.
 Would melt a heart of stone
 To think of the fasts they keep.
 Oh, shame ! that horses thus should starve
 Though hay now be not cheap.

Drag ! drag ! drag !
 The whipcord never flags
 While a man for wages still will ply
 The scourge on those wretched nags.
 A hayless rack and a barren plain—
 Starvation everywhere—
 From well alone can they get their fill,
 And sometimes not e'en there.

Drag ! drag ! drag !
 A weary stage and long.
 Drag ! drag ! drag !
 Urged on by ruthless thong,
 Creek and sideling and plain,
 Plain and sideling and creek,
 Till staggering gait and drooping head
 Of sheer prostration speak.

Drag ! drag ! drag !
 With the noonday sun too bright,
 And drag ! drag ! drag !
 Through suffocating night.
 Till Larry falls asleep,
 To wake with a sudden start,
 As *they* soon know by the whip's sharp crack,
 And * "long oats" burning smart.

Oh ! for a hearty feed
 Of lucerne or hay so sweet,
 Or e'en the town nag's bed,
 Down-trodden 'neath his feet—

* Whipcord.

For only one short week
 In rural, rude brush shed,
 Before them stretched the well-filled racks
 Where once perchance they fed.

Oh! for a respite brief
 From galling collar and whip,
 From sweat-soaked trace and bit and rein,
 And dusty toilsome trip;
 A little feeding would give them heart—
 But pity nought avails.
 † *There is no feed* for those starving steeds,
 Gaunt slaves of Her Majesty's mails.

With action weary and spent,
 With eyeballs sunken and dull,
 Four overworked, half-fed horses strive
 A lumbering coach to pull.
 Drag! drag! drag!
 In a terrible scorching clime.
 Oh! fain would stop each poor struggling nag
 For a hasty bite from a feeding-bag,
 And a moment's breathing time.

† This poem was written in 1876, when the horses on the Blinman line had to subsist on what they could pick up on a country where *sheep* were starving! Like the "Frenchman's horse," they died before they got used to it. It appeared in "Geoffrey Crabthorne" at the time, and directed the attention of the authorities to the scandalous state of the mail horses. The matter was at once investigated, much to the horses' advantage.

THE FLIES.

What came of the devils (for devils can't drown)
 When fiend-possessed pigs to the water rush'd down?
 Well, just in the nick, e'er the waves could surprise,
 They popped from the porkers and into the flies;
 And ever since then, 'stead of plaguing one man,
 They've fiendishly tortured the whole of the clan,
 As all here declare to the rawest yahoo,
 Who *bleses* the flies and ne'er dies of *barcoo.

* Barcoo.—Violent retching induced by the flies.

They swarm on our dinners, they dive in our drinks,
 They get in, the wretches, all wrinkles and chinks,
 They crawl up our trousers, they creep down our backs,
 And laugh in derision at blessings and whacks ;
 They bung up our lips, and they bung up our noses,
 They bung up our eyes, till each optic discloses
 A lovely appearance, as if they'd had cracks on
 From terrible "mawleys" of Mr. P. Jackson.

In garbage unclean they wade up to their knees
 To gather the germs of zymotic disease,
 Then hasten to carry them round to mankind
 With fiendish delight that is worse than unkind ;
 And then, when we're sick unto death, they just drop in
 Each poultice to poison, each potion to pop in.
 And, ah ! such a buzzing they make when we're dead—
 You'd think they were gibing the soul that has fled.

They go for the horses, the cats, and the dogs—
 They go (but get into it there) for the frogs,
 'Cause froggy just bolts his tormentors, whose devils
 Must enter fresh flies to continue their revels.
 The blowflies I hate, they are Satan-possess'd—
 Mosquitoes are pleasant compared to the rest—
 For when the flood-waters in northern swamps lie,
 Ten devils, at least, lurk in each little fly.



SOLD.

"Whoa, old horse, the evening falls,
 And you a rest must need ;
 In rockhole near there's water clear,
 Around the best of feed.
 'Twas hereaway the blacks, they say,
 Killed poor old Sheepskin Joe.
 You're hobbled short, in case of sport,
 And urgent hint to go."

The bushman lit a cheerful fire,
 He boiled his pot of tea,
 He munch'd his bread, and grimly said,
 "They'll soon be here for me."

Then glancing round to landscape's bound
 He saw a grey smoke rise
 Like whirlwind dim, and it to him
 Occasion'd scant surprise.

"Just as I thought, you slinking curs !
 But some one else's caul
 Steal, if you please, your hides to grease—
 I'm certain mine's too small."
 Then, when the night obscured the sight,
 He roused a roaring blaze,
 Then he and steed went off at speed
 To safely camp, and graze.

Is it a wild dog creeping near ?
 Are there a dozen ? No !
 They're savage blacks upon the tracks
 Of him they deem their foe.
 No red flames bright that camp now light,
 Where sweeps the night wind cold ;
 Swart forms rush in, a caul to win,
 To find that they are SOLD !



THE DRAG HUNT.

AIR—"BONNY DUNDEE."

If you'd have some fencing and company, too—
 I mean the dear creatures who so love to view
 A hunt that is harmless—and also to see
 Young fellows in scarlet, why, trot out with me.
 Yes, trot out with me to the outskirts of town,
 Where hunters are gathered in tail coat and gown,
 Who'll follow on *wheels* while we follow pell-mell
 O'er wires well brushed, and stiff "railers" a *smell*.

CHORUS—

Then give me a drink and give me a drag,
 With plenty stiff fences and sure-jumping nag ;
 The soft clouds hang low and the paddocks are green—
 Hurrah for the hunt of the sweet kerosine.

There are lots of gay hunters in red coats and boots,
 With black velvet caps, and beneath them cheroots,
 On horses as gay as the gayest young larks,
 And, oh ! the girls beam on those sporting young sparks.
 The soft clouds are floating across the blue sky,
 Yet—mind, 'tis Australia—the weather is dry ;
 There's talking and laughing, and old hands can tell
 There's worse things in life than this hunting *a smell !*

CHORUS—Then give, &c.

The dragsman has started o'er course well laid out,
 So as to the finish of course there's no doubt,
 Unless you get pounded at awkward big fence—
 Small danger of that, if you've pluck and good sense.
 But here comes the huntsman, and here comes the pack,
 Which, though they the speed of big foxhounds may lack,
 Will give tongue like winking, and follow right well,
 If laid on correctly, a kerosine smell.

CHORUS—Then give, &c.

Hurrah ! we're away ! Take a pull at your nag,
 Unless half the hounds and the master you'd bag !
 Here's a fence ! Ah ! well over. A double comes next—
 And, though you don't want it, a rail you've annexed—
 Just leave it behind you, 'tis cheaper to buy
 Your wood from the woodyard. This creek we must fly.
 Hullo ! what's the matter ? Well, this is a sell—
 The hounds are at fault on another *sweet smell*.

CHORUS—Then give, &c.

They are laid on again, and are sailing as straight
 As a flock of wild pigeons. See, here is a gate.
 That fence is a rasper ! You'll take it ? Then, see,
 Just steady your horse, and be guided by me.
Now, stick him straight at it—don't funk, that'll do—
 We're over it flying, though someone may rue
 That fence, I am thinking. Yes, Snapper may tell
 He was not quite up at the end of the *smell*.

CHORUS—Then give, &c.

The pace is a cracker : but see, on the roads
 The various wheels are well up with their loads.
 Ah ! that drain I'd forgotten, but scramble out quick,
 The mud will not matter—you'll yet do the trick.

Our journey's near ended—this double's the last,
And now our drag hunt is a thing of the past,
While nothing is hurt save the fellow who fell,
When we run in and *kill* the late fugitive smell.

CHORUS.

Then give me a drink and give me a drag,
With plenty stiff fences and sure-jumping nag ;
The soft clouds hang low and the paddocks are green—
Hurrah for the hunt of the sweet kerosine.

NOTE.—If anyone fancies that aniseed and not kerosine should form the drag—or rather scent it—let them alter the rhyme to suit their fancy, or even make a fresh song.—R. B.

TO ELEPHANTA.

[Written the morning after visiting it.]

Oh ! lonely monument of vanished years,
Lost in the dream-like chronicles of eld,
Find thou a voice and tell to mortal ears
Of Pagan glories that thou hast beheld ;
Tell, if thou canst, the sculptor's names who wrought
The stony features of thy helpless gods,
Which crumble 'neath the will of HIM who thought
The universal plan, and from the sods—
Of earth primeval—form'd the thing of clay
Whose seed-carved idols but all helpless, then,
Left them devoid of animation's ray,
As stumbling-blocks for superstitious men,
To deify with attributes of might,
Of hellish darkness and pervading light—
Speak ! e'er thy monsters, hast'ning to decay,
Pass like the dust on whirlwind borne away.

No words are thine, yet eloquent art thou
The utter nothingness of man to prove
Beside the grandeur of *our* God, Who now,
As in the past, the universe can move,
Whilst, like the plaything of an idle child,
Their origin unknown, defaced, despised,
Thy gods are broken and with dust defiled,
Altho' eternal deemed by those who them devised.
A few short years, and 'neath thy cavern'd hill
A loathsome den of reptiles shall remain,
Void of all form, a monument of will,
God of men's hands, whose attributes are vain.

TO KANDY.

By lovely lake, fair Kandy, sittest thou,
 While zephyrs fan thee, and subservient bring
 The subtle essence of eternal spring
 At eventide, to sprinkle on thy brow.
 From verdant hills bright crystal brooklets flow,
 And, as they wander, ever crisply sing,
 While stealing past, on all unheeding wing.
 Time marks no record his advance to show—
 Leaves, fruit, and flowers, flowers, fruit, and leaves,
 Their patron goddesses profusely twine
 In garlands fair as ever Nature weaves,
 And all their treasures are for thee—are thine.
 Ah ! if in *gold* thy peerless charms were set,
 The crown thoudst wear of Eastern Empress yet.



TO BOTANIC GARDENS, ADELAIDE.

[TO DR. SCHOMBURGK.]

Delightful garden—in this sunny land
 Without a rival—O, how fair art thou !
 And still thy grace increases 'neath the hand
 Of him who loves thy every bud and bough ;
 Through whose kind care thy loveliness hath grown
 Till Eden's glades scarce fairer could have been,
 E'er from its precincts innocence had flown,
 Or death intruded on its outskirts green.
 Here floral gems from many lands are seen
 In bright profusion, while the stately trees—
 A gather'd throng from every clime and place—
 Their pleasure whisper to the passing breeze,
 And as their sprays fraternally enlace,
 Umbrageous shield and clothe thy form with grace.

AS TRANSIENT RIPPLES WE.

We sit beside the sunlit stream,
 And watch its ripples bright,
 That for an instant's space will gleam,
 Then disappear from sight.

When other ripples in their place
 Will glance and disappear,
 And yet to us that streamlet's face
 The self-same look will bear.

And so it is on river wide,
 That ever onward flows—
 We cast a ripple on its tide
 Of mingled joys and woes.

Then disappear, as ripples do,
 For ever known no more—
 Yet still that river is to view
 The same from mundane shore.

The rich, the poor, the meek, the proud,
 The lowly born, and king—
 Each is a ripple in the crowd,
 A briefly noticed thing.

The king may ripple in the light,
 The pauper in the gloom ;
 But each as speedily from sight
 Is lost within the tomb.

And still flows on the human stream,
 Its ripples past forgot,
 For careless present ripples gleam
 As if they'd rippled not.

Then ye who think, with senseless pride,
 Without you could not flow
 The stream that seeks the "darksome tide,"
 Your value truly know !

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

I sing the never ceasing strife
 Convulsing every human life,
 Whose legions desp'rate fight
 For fame and gold, nor pause awhile—
 When death strikes down the rank and file,
 They grieve not at the sight.

Urged on by quenchless love of gain,
 Their brains and nerves they fiercely strain,
 Their fellows trample o'er ;
 As on the crimson battle-field
 The victors force their foes to yield,
 Or seek the silent shore.

The time-scarred vet'ran, spent with toil,
 Sinks down upon the trampled soil—
 The grave receives its right.
 When, ardent to the front instead
 Leaps the strong youth, by instinct led,
 To join the madd'ning fight.

One motive rules the eager throng—
 The will to prosper, right or wrong—
 Its motto, "All for self!"
 To each his neighbour is a foe,
 Each thrives on neighbor's overthrow,
 Its constant aim seems self.

Keen competition is the cry
 That steels the heart, that clears the eye,
 And swells the battle's din ;
 That makes the soldiers sternly laugh,
 When fellow-mortals' hopes, like chaff,
 Disperse, that they may win.

The lawyer sharp, the statesman sly,
 The merchant shrewd, the parson dry,
 The busy burgess stout,
 The sons of toil with brawny arms,
 And women with resistless charms,
 Their rivals strive to rout.

And so 'twill be while mortals still
 Have frames to clothe and mouths to fill,
 And babes are born to join
 As raw recruits the army vast
 That surges, like a whirlwind's blast,
 About almighty coin.

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do!" 'Tis a terrible thing,
 For mischief flits near on invisible wing,
 To whisper in idle ones' ears,
 Who then, like the "Washford" of Ingoldsby, feel
 An impulse for naughtiness over them steal—
 The germs of remorse for long years.

"Nothing to do!" How some people repine
 At having to labor, and vow 'twould be fine
 To waste in inaction the hours.
 Oh! little they know of the *ennui* that blights,
 And renders insipid all human delights
 Which are of existence the flowers.

"Nothing to do!" Yes, it sounds very nice ;
 And so it is, too, if a very small slice
 The weary just take as a tonic.
 But sit not too long to enjoy it, or soon
 You'll find, when too late, your much coveted boon
 Has become a calamity chronic.



THE OUTCAST TO HER BABY.

Child of sorrow! in this world so dreary,
 Stray we through a wilderness of woe,
 Faint are we, and of the journey weary—
 Hopeless always, as we onward go ;
 Ever o'er us brood the clouds of sorrow,
 Closely to us pain and hunger cling—
 All my longing is to 'scape the morrow—
 From us now the load of life to fling.

Child of sorrow! in the silent river,
 Flowing darkly, we may find some rest ;
 'Twill to us at most mean one more shiver—
 One more spasm to each aching breast.
 Mercy, baby, we may find hereafter,
 Scorn alone has been our portion here—
 Mirth we've known not, saving ribald laughter.
Life, not death, is what the wretched fear!

THE HERO OF '91.

Come, list to the tale I'll tell to you—
 You'll scarcely believe it, yet 'tis true—
 As true as the truth can be—
 Of a gay young chap, with smooth-shaved chin,
 Who swam in the jaws of death, to win
 A life in the tropic sea.

Don't prate to me of your soldiers' fame,
 That's won by the sword midst smoke and flame
 And din of the battle-field ;
 For it to his is as stars' faint ray
 To the all-pervading light of day
 The glorious sun can yield.

For comrades' cheers in the fierce charge there,
 The drum's loud roll and the trumpet's blare,
 Can drive from the breast all fear ;
 While he—but my tale I'll tell, and then
 You'll own that with all time's bravest men
 His claim to be classed is clear.

In Aden's gulf, one red-hot day,
 The swift Massilia held her way,
 'Neath sky that had no cloud,
 When a Lascar fell from her lofty side,
 With sounding splash in the heaving tide,
 That roused our languid crowd !

For some rush'd here, and some rush'd there,
 And left to cool was each easy chair—
 To the deck the novels dropped—
 While scarce had that Lascar 'gan to swim
 Than a buoy was snatch'd and flung for him,
 And the engines, too, were stopp'd.

Our young "fourth" sprang to the davits quick,
 And cried, "Cast off those falls!—be slick,
 And lower her handsomely ;
 And mind you, my lads, that all is clear,
 For death wont wait if we stay long here—
 To give way ready be !"

But the cry was raised, "Sharks! sharks! There's three,
 And the boat too late to save will be!"
 With many an "ah!" and "oh!"
 But Cooper, seizing a seaman's knife—
 With never a thought for his own young life—
 Plunged into the waves below.

Three sharp fins stole through the dark blue brine,
 And those three sharks seem'd in haste to dine
 From their helpless human prey,
 Who well-nigh died in his mortal fear,
 Though he saw the brave young Yankee near,
 As he shot through the flashing spray.

But how could a man with *three sharks* fight,
 Alone, immersed, and in open sight?
 All hearts save his own stood still.
What could he do? Why, his dauntless air
 Could even *sharks* from their banquet scare.
 Hurrah! for his iron will!

The sharks they *swerved*, but the man swam *straight*,
 As it seem'd, to Death's wide-open'd gate,
 To stain with his gore the tide.
 But, ah! like a flash, beneath the flood
 He dived, and the waves were red with blood—
 But 'twas from a monster's side.

O, that fierce fiend-fish had then to find
 Relentless foes in its savage kind,
 And fled, as the hunted may;
 While he who had used so well his knife
 In fight for his own and a Lascar's life,
 Won a deathless fame that day.



THE LOST ARGOSIES.

In waking dreams I can see a bark
 Thrown on the past's dim shore,
Its phantom crew are my youthful hopes,
 Now dead for evermore.
My heart was light when I trimm'd its sails
 To fortune's winds that blew,
For bright to me was the sea of life,
 A joyous band, my crew.

And oft I can see a fairer bark
 Under those springtide skies—
A trusting heart of her freight was part,
 And shining, love-lit eyes.
But ah ! as we sailed, the storms of fate
 My consort snatched from me,
And she too lies on the silent shore,
 By my lost argosy.

Full many an eager voyager
 The corsair grim hath slain,
Since cast away on that weird shore
 Those once fair ships have lain.
Yet still as I sail in time's own bark
 On life's cold winter seas,
I oft-times sigh, 'neath the darken'd sky,
 For those lost argosies.

THE TEACHING OF THE WAVES.

Q.

Bright, restless waves that roll upon the shore,
 Yet leave no record save in figured sand,
 Which waves succeeding blot for evermore,
 As though with touch of Time's unsparing hand.

Seek ye to show the vanity of those
 Whose search for pleasure all their thoughts engage,
 Who waste their lives, who to themselves are foes,
 And leave, at last, a soiled, unwritten page?

Or would ye give this motto to us all—
 "Who fear not failure, fortune shall obey!"
 For though impalpably ye seem to fail,
 You wear, in time, the hardest rocks away.

A.

We teach true wisdom, though the heedless band
 Of human butterflies pause not to read;
 For them all lessons written are in sand,
 Save only those which cause the heart to bleed.

The wise will read, and from our teaching find,
 "Like flowing waves should their endeavors run;"
 The first may leave no lasting trace behind,
 Yet, all combined, shall see their object won!

THE CALL OF DEATH.

1.

O THOU, to whom both young and old,
The cringing slave, the freeman bold,
Resign their breath—
At whose dread call must pass away
The spirit from its house of clay—
Thy name is Death !

2.

The ailing infant wildly press'd
To broken-hearted mother's breast,
At thy request
To its Creator yields its life,
Escaping sorrow, sin, and strife,
And findeth rest.

3.

The agéd man with silver hair,
Weighed down by weary years of care,
His blear'd eyes dim,
A weak resistance makes—in vain—
To thee, when from his life of pain
Thou callest him.

4.

The king upon his couch of state
Must yield him tamely to his fate
When thou dost call ;
For bishop's prayer or army's might
Avail him nothing in thy sight,
Thou king of all !

5.

The beggar on his bed of straw,
Spread on the mouldy cellar floor,
Cannot prevail
On thee to lengthen out the span
Allotted to him as a man
By whining tale.

6.

The lawyer, like the common thief,
Is summoned from existence brief
By writ of thine—
To answer for his moral flaws,
And plead his soul's eternal cause,
In courts divine.

7.

No legal quibble can avail,
No human law 'gainst thee prevail—
He must away,
And wait—with those whom for a fee
In earthly court defended he—
The judgment day.

8.

The soldier, in the battle's din,
Who fain a crown of fame would win,
By foeman's hand
Is whelmed beneath war's horrid wave,
And sinks into a blood-stain'd grave
At thy command.

9.

The sailor, calm when tempests lower,
And resolute e'en in the hour
He meets with thee,
On stormy coast is helpless cast,
And midst fierce breakers breathes his last,
At thy decree.

10.

The poor old widow's only son,
Who by his toil her bread has won,
No pity gains ;
For, stalking grimly on thy prey,
His fainting soul is forced away
With racking pains.

11.

The prodigal, who all his life
At home has been the cause of strife,
And now away
Against his parent's just command,
Must quit his wanton comrade band,
And thee obey.

12.

The fearless horseman, strong and young,
 Who to his only brother clung
 With single heart,
 All helpless on the level plain,
 Falling from quiet horse was slain
 By thy fell dart.

13.

The sneaking coward, who afraid
 Of e'en the shade himself has made,
 And danger shirks,
 Altho' he double like a hare,
Must fall at last into the snare
 Thy fell hand works.

14.

The miser old thou dost surprise
 At midnight, when with greedy eyes
 He counts his gold ;
 He fears the parting more
 From it than thee—that yellow shining store,
 So often told.

15.

The lucre gain'd in many lands
 He clutches in his skinny hands
 Till his last gasp ;
 But what no tale of misery
 Could make him give, is torn by thee
 From his close grasp.

16.

At thy approach the infidel,
 Who oft has laugh'd at heav'n and hell,
 Now with despair
 Beseeches thee, with sighs and tears,
 To grant him yet a few more years—
 Ah ! fruitless prayer.

17.

His time is come, he must away—
 But to what place ? Ah ! who shall say ?
 He will be tried
 By *Him* who gave a soul to man,
 And in whose sight no mortal can
 Be justified.

18.

The dying Christian calmly waits
 Thy call, and thro' thy frowning gates
 Can glory see ;
 And longing for the joys above,
 Where all is painless peace and love,
 He welcomes thee.

19.

Tho' *thou* canst claim the mortal frame,
 Thou canst not interfere with fame ;
 For tho' all die,
 A good man's name is ever dear,
 And lives with his descendants here
 In memory.

20.

Then let us all improve each day
 Of sojourn here, that when away
 We too must hie,
 Like Christians we may meet our end,
 And bid each sorrow-stricken friend
 A calm good-bye.



DEPARTED FRIENDS.

When fortune smiles, when hopes run high,
 And youth with pleasure glides along,
 E'en if the best and dearest die,
 Our mourning for them lasts not long.
 Yet, latent in our hearts, the pain
 Sleeps but to wake in time again.

For trouble comes in sombre guise,
 And age his heavy hand extends ;
 Then, with sad souls and tearful eyes,
 We muse on our departed friends—
 The mists of years before us fall,
 And we their priceless worth recall.

Oh ! hearts by weary yearning wrung !
 How all your pains and sorrows swell,
 If conscience, with upbraiding tongue,
 Of cold neglect to them can tell !
 Ye writhe in torture, self-accused,
 'Neath what once sophistry excused.

Then you to whom kind fortune gives,
 To cheer and glad your onward way,
 Dear friends and loving relatives,
 Devotion show them while you may,
 And when they are no longer here,
 Your lonely hours shall mem'ry cheer.

IN MEMORIAM.
PRINCESS ALICE.

Unloose true sorrow's tearful tide,
Let all its founts be opened wide,
Ye denizens of earth ;
For heedless death has stricken down
A shining jewel in the crown
Of piety and worth.

A lady of right royal line,
She gracious wisdom could combine
With duty in the sphere
Of usefulness, so grandly trod,
With gentle love to man and God,
With conscience ever clear.

From blushing maidenhood alway,
Bright virtue was the guiding ray
That led her footsteps right,
In godly path of narrow bound,
Where mortals are so seldom found,
From life's morn till its night.

Her dying sire with pious love
She tended, till, like wearied dove,
His spirit sped away ;
A pattern child—a faithful wife—
A mother who her priceless life
For loved one's life could pay !

Then silently, with lowered head,
The mem'ry of the sainted dead
All tearfully bedew,
And treasure it with sacred things,
Till sternly, on unswerving wings,
Death calls at last for you !

IN MEMORIAM.
THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Relentless death, to whom all mortals bow
In that dread moment which must come to all,
No bribe thou'lt take : no suppliant can move
Thee to forbearance, or avert thy blow ;
Else had a countless nation's heartfelt prayer
Redeemed that life so priceless to the State.

O look around thee, if thou art not blind,
As well as pitiless, and say, O King,
Have not the victims of thy fatal dart
Been piled of late upon thine altars vast
In limitless profusion ? Wherefore, then,
Didst thou not spare this young, this joyous life?

Our poor, young Prince of unaffected mien—
Yet, with the innate courage of his race—
Had been a King—if God had so ordained—
Would need no armies to maintain his crown,
For in his subjects' hearts he would have reigned
With her who soon had been his consort true.

O Death ! thy stroke has fallen ; yet shall live,
In faithful hearts, the memory of him
Who, though the heir to England's mighty throne,
Was yet so loving, formed to be so loved.
For thy dread sacrifice thou hast but clay—
His soul is God's, his fair fame here remains.

THE SOD OF TURF.

A TRUE STORY.

1.

Green land of Old Erin ! thy sons and thy daughters,
Where'er they may wander, think ever of thee !
No matter how distant on earth's spreading quarters,
Their hearts are still with thee, thou gem of the sea !

2.

And here, to Australia, across the wide ocean,
Came one, whose affections were tender and true,
Her heart warm and steadfast, her life a devotion
To stern self-denial for friends, old and new !

3.

And though of a station in life poor and lowly,
With small earthly treasure, she did what she could
To succour her neighbours—and what is more holy
Than, like our Great Master, to try to do good ?

4.

Long years had departed of mixed joy and sadness,
When, from the Old Country, news came that a friend
Intended to join them ; she heard it with gladness,
And wrote to her kindred a "turf-sod" to send.

5.

For oh ! 'twould remind her, that strange, simple treasure,
Of scenes of her childhood, in Erin's fair isle !
No jewellery costly, could give such a pleasure
As that magic mirror, her cares to beguile !

6.

But as o'er the billows the gallant ship bounded,
That brought to Australia the turf and the friend,
They laid her to slumber, 'neath mound low and rounded,
In silent God's acre, her ashes to blend

7.

With those of the pilgrims departed before her,
Who came from the country they loved till they died !
A love, that her children have fervently bore her,
Unmatch'd by e'en that of a man for his bride !

THE DEATH OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

At last he comes, that angel dread,
And hovers waiting o'er the bed
Whereon the statesman lies,
Whose ever dauntless heart, till now,
No evil stroke of fate could bow,
No sharp reverse surprise.

Nor is he, now, surprised by fear,
Though knowing well that death is near,
A harvest ripe to reap.
"I'm overwhelmed," he whispers low,
His face assumes a placid glow,
He gently falls asleep !



IN MEMORIAM. CARDINAL MANNING.

And thou art gone, O venerable priest !
Who, though a member of that ancient Church
Which brooks no rival, no communion holds
With any other doctrine, sect, or creed,
Would, like thy Master when he trod this earth,
Extend thy hand to all who help might need.

By "golden rule" thy steps were ever led
In thy research for poverty and woe,
And, finding them, thou couldst with words of fire
Burn into hearts, all adamant else,
The stern conviction that 'tis deadly sin
To feast, like Dives, while the millions starve.

Within thy soul a gentle pity reigned,
Yet had thine heart a warrior's courage high ;
Thou wast a giant, with a giant's might,
To combat fell injustice, wheresoe'er,
And in what guise, it reared its hydrahead,
It never met thee but to be o'erthrown !

Yes ! thou art dead ! but in the hearts of all
Who rev'rence piety and sterling worth,
Thou livest still, and shall to times remote,
When names of kings and princes, empty words,
Shall sound in listless ears. Upon thy tomb
Should be inscribed—*He lives for evermore !*

TIME.

1.

Old Time strides on with steady pace,
 His speed he quickens never ;
 Yet still he runs a winning race,
 And keeps the course for ever !
 By night and day, while worlds decay,
 He strides along for ever.
 For ever, yes, for ever !

2.

He glances down, with scornful face,
 On mortals swift and clever,
 And, as each drops from out the race,
 He leaves them there for ever.
 Both great and small, he leaves them all,
 And strides along for ever.
 For ever, yes, for ever !

3.

But still yourselves, ye mortals brace,
 For *Fame*—it dieth never !
 And though ye drop from out the race,
 Your name may live for ever.
 Then gain a name, and let your fame
 Stride on, with Time, for ever !
 For ever, yes, for ever !

SELF-RELIANCE.

March on ! march on ! thou mortal bold,
 In van of life be thou enroll'd,
 And breathe thou, aye, defiance
 To Fate—whose darts shall blunted be
 On stubborn armour worn by thee,
 Of sturdy "Self-Reliance."

March on ! march on ! with courage high,
 With manful heart and steadfast eye,
 And charge, with cheer like thunder,
 Misfortune's legions ! whose array,
 With gloomy banners, bar thy way,
 And fain would bear thee under.

March on ! march on ! with Hope to lead,
 And Faith to aid in time of need,
 And Fortune's steep rock clamber.
 And should'st thou fall upon the way,
 Like knight in harness, pass away
 To Death's calm realms of slumber.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

In quiet village, busy town,
 Through our adopted land,
 True women, garbed in russet brown,
 Seek hopefully a heavenly crown
 At their Great Master's hand.

For sorrow and for misery
 They search with anxious care ;
 No sinners vile they hurry by
 With cruel scorn or frowning eye,
 But help their woes to bear.

With pleasant words, with loving hearts,
 They do their Master's will ;
 With gentle hands they soothe the smarts
 Of fell disease's rankling darts
 That but for them would kill.

With steady faith they onward go
 With wretchedness to cope ;
 The orphan's pain, the widow's woe,
 Are softened by their ready flow
 Of charity and hope.

No trumpet blast with flourish loud
 They sound to tell their worth ;
 But quietly amidst the crowd
 They meekly glide, with visage bowed,
 To do His work on earth.

Then honor show them everywhere—
 Whate'er your creed or birth—
 These gentle souls, whose kindly care
 Both innocent and wicked share—
 Angels are they of earth.

SUSPENSE.

1.

What equals thee for evil, pale Suspense?
 For keen malignity, and torture fell?
 Oh! 'twould to virtue be a hoist immense
 Could we be sure that, in the place call'd Hell,
 Thou canst contrive thy baleful powers shall swell
 The endless torment to the souls of men
 Doom'd, for their sins, within its flames to dwell!
 Oh! if thou canst, all I can say is, then
I'll not go willingly to that well-lighted den,

2.

But rather roam, a melancholy ghost,
 By Nova Zembla's icebound, dreary shore,
 With nought save Northern Lights at which to toast
 My frozen shade; alone for evermore
 With howl of wolf, and savage white bear's roar
 By way of music; but that desolation
 Would not protect me; *you'd* be to the fore,
 To tantalise me with the expectation
 That other ghosts *might* come on polar exploration!

3.

When some dear friend lies at the door of death,
 What silent tortures tear the aching heart!
 As by the bed we listen for the breath
 At times near still, till, with a sudden start,
 It strives again to baffle death's fell dart!
 Then, *thou* art near, the troubled mind to rack
 With dread uncertainty's protracted smart,
 Till we are *almost glad* when, on that track,
 The spirit takes its flight, from whence it ne'er comes back.

4.

Oh! what is hunger to the empty pain,
 Thy tugging at the heart-strings, when we watch
 Month after month for all-refreshing rain,
 And start at midnight with strain'd ear to catch
 Its welcome patter on the dusty thatch?

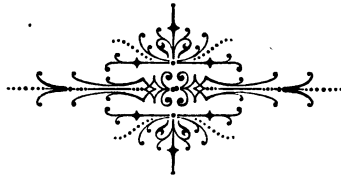
A few drops fall ! when, ah ! that gusty wind,
 That veers to south, will surely overmatch
 The "weather-clerk's" intentions to be kind—
 The brooding soft clouds flee, but *thou* art left behind

5.

To jostle Hope, till with Despair she blends,
 And is a mixture hard to be defined,
 But through it thou —Suspense—attains't thine ends,
 And so indeed it must be most unkind—
 A vulture fell to prey upon the mind.
 As "hope deferred," beneath a friendly mask,
 You sickly tortures for your victim find,
 Till, crush'd at heart, he with despair shall ask
 For fortune's fellest stroke, or seek the soothing flask.

6.

I'll write no more ! for thou to all mankind
 Too well art known and hated as a pest,
 The greatest, sure, that even fate can find
 To fix for torture in the human breast
 To murder sleep, and banish peace and rest.
 No cheerful word can mortal say for thee,
 Tho' all must curse thee with a hearty zest !
 And so, farewell ! I would the same to me
 Thou couldst for ever say, and absent ever be !



THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

[Subject suggested by Mons. Loredan, of the first "Pinafore" Company.]

In the ancient "quartier Latin,"
 In an attic high I dwell—
 If you'd know my name, 'tis Etienn—
 I'm a literary swell !
 Yes! a sou a line's my business,
 So I use my eyes and ears
 To ingather food for laughter,
 For sensation, and for tears.
 So that when in search of "copy"
 I perchance too often pry
 Into what should not concern me,
 With a keen, enquiring eye,
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 As I toiling skyward go,
 I just look in on my neighbors
 In a friendly way, you know,
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 You must know !

On the first floor, as I enter,
 Is the door of Monsieur B——,
 Thro' the keyhole I am peeping,
 And 'tis luxury I see :
 Flashing silver, dainty viands,
 Lacqueys gliding noiselessly,
 And the purse-proud banker sitting
 With his napkin on his knee ;
 And I ask, as, thro' the keyhole,
 I see partial favors heaped,
 Why *one* man should be so pamper'd,
 I in penury be steeped ?
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 There's a world of plenty. Ah !—
 So close, I almost touch it,
 Yet from *me* it is so far—
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 I but see !

I have pass'd the second landing,
 I am pausing at the door,
 I am peeping thro' the keyhole
 At the majesty of law.
 For the judge, whose word can doom men
 To the guillotine, is there—
 The protector of chaste women—
 But O! *Mon dieu*! how I stare,
 For his arms are round the housemaid,
 And his lips to hers are press'd;
 While his gleaming eye confesses
 What I see is not a jest.
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 What a lesson meets my eye.
 I can see the judge a villain,
 I can note his life a lie;
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 Yes, I see!

I am on the third floor landing,
 I will pause to take a look
 At another page of nature
 In this interesting book.
 Ah! a couple newly married!
 How the lady yawns and sighs,
 While the bridegroom to his paper,
 Like a brute, devotes his eyes,
 And to questions of his lady
 Grunts an absent "Yes," or "No;"
 While she muses—"Would his rival—
 Handsome Henri—use her so?"
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 I see seeds of coming strife,
 And the hasty flight of Cupid
 From an ill-match'd man and wife!
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 I can see!

Now another stair I've mounted,
 All the *beau monde* are below;
 Still, I'll look in on the lodgers—
 Just a passing peep, you know—
 And what see I? Birds in springtime?
 No! 'tis Leon and Lisette—
 He a reckless, purse-bare student,
 She a black-eyed, trim grisette—

Crack'd each plate and cup and saucer,
 Rather coarse the fare I see,
 Yet love gilds the feast for Leon
 And for Lisette—on his knee,
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 A queer paradise on earth,
 Rendered bright by merry laughter,
 Magic wrought by youthful mirth.
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 I can see!

No more stairs are now above me,
 At an attic door I pause—
 I've not seen the widow lately,
 And I ask myself the cause?
 Then I peep in thro' the keyhole,
 And a mist obscures my eye,
 For a dead child lies before me,
 With a woman kneeling by—
 A broken chair and table,
 An empty grate is there,
 While the cupboard, standing open,
 Shows its shelves all bleak and bare—
 But ah! a rat comes stealing
 By the woman's bowed head.
 She starts not! stirs not! *Mon Dieu!*
 The mother, too, is dead!
 Thro' the keyhole, thro' the keyhole,
 Death I see!



A BUSHMAN'S ADDRESS TO THE MORNING STAR.

I.

Hail, morning star! thou fairest gem
 In night's refulgent diadem!
 I hail thee with delight,
 When in the silent realms of space
 You shine, a queen of matchless grace
 To my enraptured sight.

2.

Though constellations, hung on high
 To grace the glowing midnight sky,
 Like heav'nly jewels shine—
 Not they, nor meteoric flame,
 Nor even Phœbe's self, can claim
 Such loveliness as thine !

3.

Through winter's night my vigils drear
 I keep, among the saltbush sere,
 In solitude supreme,
 Where ghost-like night birds flitting past
 Such strange and sudden shadows cast
 Beneath the stars' faint gleam.

4.

Like phantom, passionless and vast,
 Time quits the present for the past.
 And sleep deserts mine eyes
 When memories of bygone days
 Crowd thickly round me as I gaze
 Into the starlit skies.

5.

Stars slowly set ; but still the night
 Waves not her sable wings in flight
 Before the God of Day,
 Till in pure radiance you rise
 To herald, in the eastern skies,
 Aurora's first faint ray.

6.

No longer lonely do I feel,
 For o'er the fields of fancy steal
 Sweet trains of musing fair ;
 When ah ! what luxury for me !
 My mind, like soaring lark, is free
 Awhile from earthly care.

7.

Then hail ! all hail ! thou planet bright !
 So dear to lonely bushman's sight !
 No star can vie with thee,
 When, like pure seraph passing fair,
 You watch the world from upper air,
 And seem to smile on me.

8.

But now an all-pervading light
 Gilds old Mount Arden's craggy height,
 Announcing Phœbus near ;
 The stars have vanish'd one by one,
 And thou, thy cheering mission done,
 Must also disappear.



THE NEW YEAR COMES—1893.

List, marching soldiers of the earth !
 I'd have you, fellow mortals,
 To moderate your Christmas mirth
 E'er entering the portals
 Of '93—A.D.—to you
 By mystery enclouded—
 You know not what may meet your view
 Before that year is shrouded.

Your steps good fortune may attend—
 The worst misfortunes follow ;
 You know not where your way may wend,
 Or who may be your fellow ;
 With lifted dart the "Enemy"
 To strike you may be lurking ;
 Again, a score of years may see
 You hale and fit for working.

And so I'd say, with faith and hope
 To guide you in the future,
 Gird up your loins that you may cope
 With every fresh adventure.
 Couch truthful lance, don honor's mail,
 Be circumspect and steady,
 And, while not fearing you may fail,
 For death be always ready.

Then shall you find, though life is short,
 And fortune shy of wooing,
 The steadfast win in war or sport,
 And all that may be doing ;
En avant, then ! the "Stranger" comes !
 Hark ! hark the bells are ringing,
 With trustful hearts, give hearty cheer
 For what he may be bringing.

ARAB LEGEND OF THE HORSE.

As flew the lightnings from the hand
 Of Allah, o'er the desert land,
 His all-wise mind, with equal speed,
 Conceived in them the Arab steed.
 The motions swift, the heart of fire—
 These, these, the everlasting sire.
 In supple form, replete with grace,
 Bestow'd on first of equine race,
 And temp'ring all with Southern wind,
 Said, "Truly love and serve mankind."

With mane high toss'd and nostrils spread,
 The creature o'er the desert sped,
 While boldly forth its thrilling neigh
 In echoes floated far away ;
 As like the wind, in whirling gale,
 It tried its speed with streaming tail.
 Swift as its parent lightning, still
 It cross'd the plain and scaled the hill,
 Then, as the wheeling bird of air
 Would to its distant mate repair,
 Its hoof-strokes vex'd the sounding plain,
 Pursued by fretful dust in vain ;
 Till, flecked with foam, it snorting stood,
 And Allah smiled and said, "Tis good."
 And from that time the horse has been
 The noblest friend which man has seen ;
 In war his stay, in peace his pride,
 Dear to the Arab as his bride.
 And while the human race shall dwell
 On mundane shore, shall story tell
 To those who henceforth run and read
 Of glory, won by man and steed.

WEDDING CAKE AUGURIES.

[Written for a young lady on receipt of her wedding cake.]

A youthful myrmidon—of “Rowland Hill”—
 Who, e'en on Sunday, cannot quite be still,
 Our entrance gate is passing briskly through,
 Which, swinging backwards, clatters loudly to.
 But I'll forgive him, for a box he brings
 For me, I'm certain! How the villain rings!
 “A box for you, Sir,” Betty says, and “O!”
 The youngsters chorus, “wedding cake, we know!”
 True prophets they! true prophets, aye, indeed!
 Come, fly ye wrappers with a lover's speed;
 Come, creamy casket, raise your lid in haste,
 That scent, impatient, may be join'd to taste.
 “'Tis wedding cake!” again the youngsters shout,
 And he were senseless, who such fact could doubt?
 True-lover's knot! white tissue! cards—and there
 The pond'rous section lies revealed and bare.
 Back, urchins! Back! Whilst, with an augur's sight,
 I read the fortunes of the pair aright.

First, then, observe, were currants, spice, and peel,
 Eggs, cream, and sugar, mix'd with miller's meal,
 These of prosperity right truly tell,
 Of coming joys and comforts mingled well;
 While just above them, with their essence mix'd,
 A broad, grey layer of rich sugar fix'd,
 Unerring, points to settled, calm delight
 When flowing locks betray a tinge of white;
 When yet with sighs the past is not deplored,
 When future years seem years with pleasures stored,
 When comely branches from the parent tree
 Show bloom of knowledge that choice fruit shall be.
 And though of youth is pass'd the vernal glow,
 No twinge of failing sov'reign prime shall know;
 A glorious summer, cloudless and serene—
 Life's springtide flowers and its snows between.
 Now, crowning all, a spotless drift appears,
 A tale unfolding of respected years;
 Of placid comfort, and of calm repose,
 Which conscious worth and long-tried love bestows.
 Enduring love, that—see the ribbon tied—
 Shall last unbroken to dark river's side—
 That mystic river, o'er which Faith can see
 A joyous vision of eternity!
 Such are my auguries; and such, I pray,
 May be your fortunes from your wedding day.

THE RAFT.

The sun went down with a blood-red frown,
 'Midst clouds that loom'd like a mighty fleet ;
But never a drop of rain would come
To slake the thirst which had made me dumb,
 Though wavelets wash'd my feet.

The sharks prowld round, for they soon had found
 My low, frail raft on the boundless sea,
They seem'd to know I was helpless there,
So smack'd their jaws at the human fare
 They thought they saw in me.

Six days had sped since the cyclone dread
 Had left me there, of my crew the last,
And now, as I felt my senses fly,
I pray'd for death, though I fear'd to die—
 My foes would break their fast !

With fever's pain in my tortured brain
 Through that dread night to the sharks I raved—
But morning broke—and its blessed light
A ship brought down, with her canvas white,
 And I from the raft—was saved.

REMINISCENCES AWAKENED.

[On seeing a sparrow for the first time in Australia after twenty years' absence from England.]

Here, Johnny, just tell me what small bird is that I see
 In the Eucalyptus tree,
 O'er the way,
 With it's jaunty, cunning air? 'Tis a sparrow, I declare.
 There's another ! there's a pair !
 Chirping gay.

Yes ! they're sparrows, pert and bold, just such sparrows as of old
 Oft I've caught, ere trouble roll'd
 O'er my head,
 What a prize I thought one then, and oh ! how my heart beat when
 One approach'd the small brick pen,
 Strewed with bread.

How my breath would almost stop, when at last the bird would hop
 For a bread crumb, on the top
 Of the trap,
 And suspecting not the trick, would light down on trigger-stick,
 When, with sharp metallic click,
 Fell the flap.

How I rushed, with gleeful shout, to the trap, then paus'd in doubt,
 For, to get that sparrow out
 Was a task
 Which oft ended in its flight to the nearest tree in sight—
 To the bird's, or my delight ?
 Need I ask ?

Many years have pass'd away since those days so blithe and gay,
 And some playmate's hair is grey,
 While the grave
 Hides in many lands the rest ; yes, the bravest and the best,
 Yet their mem'ry to my breast,
 Like a-wave

Rolls impetuous again, with a long, attendant train,
 Scenes of scented wood and lane,
 At the sight
 Of those sparrows on the tree—English sparrows, pert and free—
 Yes, old times come back to me,
 Fresh and bright.

THE HEARSE AS A CARRIAGE OF PLEASURE.

NOTICE.—For every horse, or other beast of draught, drawing any coach, Berlin, landau, chariot, calash, *hearse*, caravan, chaise, or other *pleasure carriage*, the sum of fourpence.—*Vide* Toll Act, Black Horse Toll-gate.

Some people of pleasure right pleasantly prattle,
And notably so the quaint Town Clerk of Battle,
Who—*vide* the charge-board at Black Horse toll-bar—
When bent on a frolic, sticks not at a car,
But, doubtlessly guided by state of his purse,
Rides forth in chaise, caravan, calash, or *hearse* ;
A *carriage of pleasure* is each in its way,
And, to *our friend's fancy*, all equally gay,
Though to an economist nought could be clearer,
The *hearse* than its compeers must surely be dearer
In matter of *tolls*, for plus those on the road,
A *toll* meets the *hearse* when it sets down its load.

NO FRIENDSHIP IN BUSINESS.

[Written from painful experience.]

When dealing with a canny friend
You'll always find that, in the end,
O'ercarelessness upon your part
Will lead to certain after-smart ;
And so with care your bargains make,
No matter what may be at stake.
Then shall he say—"My friend is wise,
His friendship it were well to prize ;
Right honestly I'll deal, and still
My vows of amity fulfil."

But should you lean to friendship's side,
And leave his profits *far* too wide,
His latent greediness awakes,
And *Honor* in her castle quakes.
For generosity appears
To indicate an ass's ears ;
And, as an ass is not a beast
Well fitted for true friendship's feast,
You quickly feel the rod of scorn,
And, what is worse, you lose your corn !
Your *friend*, ere this, you've lost, and *he*
Has lost far more—his probity.
Then recollect, lest friendship cool,
"Good-nature's garb proclaims the fool !"

A WOMAN'S SMILE.

A woman's smile is a mighty thing,
 Though sweetly bright as the sunny spring
 Of Austral's gracious clime ;
 For bow'd to it has the race of man,
 As helpless slaves, since the world began,
 And will thro' coming time.

The despot fierce, who can say, "Go there!"
 "Do this!" "Do that, or for death prepare!"
 To countless thousands, still
 By honeyed smiles of a maid can be—
 Like sighing swain of a low degree—
 Compell'd to woman's will.

Ho! ho! the saintly priest, he may preach,
 But acts not aye as he oft doth teach!
 Ho! ho! a woman's smile
 Can move the soul of an anchorite
 To slight his prayers in the still midnight,
 And muse in godless style.

The lawyer's thoughts from the musty law
 The magic smile of a maid can draw—
 The Judge upon the bench
 The heedless slave of a smile can be,
 When he and his twelve *true men* agree
 To pet a comely wench!

Oh! who can tell what a smile hath done
 For men who live, or whose race is run,
 To drag them down to hell!
 In countless hosts are their souls below,
 And still in a countless host they go,
 Within its halls to dwell.

Yet who in this weary world would live
 Without the joy that a smile can give,
 To clear men's hearts from care?
 For with the smile of a woman good,
 From girlish bloom to old womanhood,
 Nought earthly can compare.

GRATITUDE.

If you'd see sport of cheering sort,
 However you may doubt it,
 Just hunt the mood call'd gratitude,
 Nor hesitate about it.
 Go save the life of neighbor's wife
 From burning house or river,
 Then count the cost, in friendship lost—
 The gain, in burn or shiver.

An outcast child from dreary wild
 Of life, go hunt and take it
 To home and heart, then dress it smart—
 In fact, a prime pet make it.
 Well, if a maid, I'm much afraid
 She'll get you in hot water ;
 Whilst if a lad, 'twill be as bad,
 He'll bolt off with your daughter.

For cunning plan take smart young man—
 More plausible the better—
 Into your firm, then for long term,
 Do all your "biz" by letter.
 As he was poor, you're very sure
 He'll do for you discreetly ;
 But by-and-by, with starting eye,
 You'll find you're *done* completely.

"Poor relatives," it sorely grieves
 Your feeling heart to view them—
 So down at heels, in want of meals—
 With favors you bestrew them.
 They swarm each day, indeed, they stay
 From house and home to eat you,
 Then when you're "broke" they of you joke,
 Or evilly entreat you.

You warn a man of rascal's plan
 To ruin him, or worse, Sir,
 And you shall find some cut unkind
 Rewards you, or a curse, Sir.
 From "Torrens Dam," or classic "Cam.,"
 Or other lake or river,
 You fish a friend, and in the end
 He's *borrowing* for ever.

Yes, gratitude in churl or dude,
 Wherever you pursue it,
 You'll find so shy, that in the sky
 Alone you're like to view it.
 And yet, *sans* doubt, no toper stout,
 As bad game should ignore it,
 For in each case he's bound to face
 A great big IN(N) before it.



THE VOYAGE.

A voyage o'er the ocean wide
 Is like a man upon the tide
 Of Time's eventful current strong,
 That whirls him rapidly along
 From natal hour to that when he
 Must launch upon eternity.

For, as the good ship leaves the dock
 On Ocean's heaving breast to rock,
 Who knows what gales may her oppose?
 What rav'ning billows o'er her close?
 What rocks or quicksands haste her doom,
 And sink her in untimely tomb?
 Just as no mother can foresee
 The fate of babe upon her knee,
 While, smiling upward in her face,
 She sees the victor in the race
 For wealth, for happiness, and fame,
 And all the fortunate may claim—
 Yet who, in after life, may be
 A wreck upon life's stormy sea.

Sails, wing-like, flutter, hearts beat high,
 Winds softly blow 'neath summer sky,
 Whence shines the sun with gracious ray,
 As if to speed her on her way;
 Spectators raise the cheering shout,
 Which in it hath no tinge of doubt,
 While, shoreward, answering resound
 The hurrahs of the homeward-bound.

Her speedy prow the flood divides
 As sailing, swan-like, on she glides,
 With pinions, spread in conscious pride—
 A gallant show on conquered tide.
 Her brain and eyes, the captain true,
 Her nimble hands, the hardy crew,
 The helm her conscience, and her guide
 The steadfast compass, often tried,
 Which points the way she ought to steer—
 Like Word of God to mortals here.

The "log," "the sun," "the stars of night,"
 And "charts" all counsel her aright—
 As teachers true and parents kind
 Would fain direct the youthful mind.
 The sounding lead, with prudent care,
 Detects the deadly, lurking snare,
 While Providence, by night and day,
 Presides to guard her on her way;
 For as the "Great High Admiral"
 Commands, unto her so it shall
 Be, as his fiat gives to life
 Prosperity, or fatal strife,
 To end at last in haven fair,
 With pilot, Hope, to take us there,
 Or shattered, where the wild winds wave,
 She finds a sad, untimely grave.

Then ye who sail upon the sea,
 Put all your trust in God, for He
 Is mighty to stretch forth His hand,
 To save on ocean as on land.
 Then, humbly trusting, should you fail
 To reach an earthly port, your sail
 Of faith shall waft you on your way
 To haven of eternal day.



RICHES.

Philosophers and saints may sneer
 At "filthy lucre" gathered here—
 Just let them say their say.
 But watch them well, and you *may* see
 Them selfish to the last degree,
 In Life's parts they may play.
 For saints and sinners clutch at pelf,
 And pouch it if they can,
 For love of gain, and love of self
 Are wedded fast in man !
 O Money ! 'tis funny
 How love of thee can sway ;
 Till Death's dart, with fell smart
 Drives it and Life away !

For money winsome maidens sell
 Their charms to Age ; and often dwell
 In misery and sin.
 And bosom friends, when interests clash,
 Of enmity soon feel the lash,
 Their inmost souls within.
 While gallant men, in aught beside,
 For it their honor fling !
 For rough-shod o'er us it can ride,
 And conquer Conscience's sting.
 Tho' cash, sirs, is trash, sirs,
 How strong are golden chains,
 To gag us, and drag us
 To grovel in our gains !

Yet strive your best bright gold to win,
 In Life's stern battle's press and din,
 As store to have at hand,
 To form a potent barricade
 'Gainst fell Misfortune's force, array'd
 In haggard, sullen band ;
 And, as we march along through life,
 To have our mite to give,
 And, shunning avaricious strife,
 To let our neighbour live.
 Then earn ye ! nor spurn ye
 The yellow shining store ;
 But air it, and share it,
 With Merit at your door !

AN ECHO.

An old man to the altar led
A gay and frisky lass ;
Then afterwards, like Echo, said
A-las ! A-las ! A-las !



YOUNG MAIDENS WHEN THEY MARRY, CHANGE.

There is a golden circlet small,
That fits a maiden's finger fair ;
But, O be careful, lovers all,
How you may help to place one there—
For it is true, as it is strange,
Young maidens when they marry, change.

Then voices soft, which, to your ear,
Was music in your courting days,
Will make you wince, when, sharp and clear,
They don't exactly sing your praise—
For 'tis as true as it is strange,
Young maidens when they marry, change.

The little pink-nailed fingers plump,
You used to press with beating heart,
Will still your pulses cause to thump,
But not with pleasurable smart—
For it is true as it is strange,
Young maidens when they marry, change.

But don't suppose that I'd say, "No,
You must not buy a wedding ring !"
It can't be help'd at times, and so
I never thought of such a thing—
Besides, 'tis true as it is strange,
A *few* do for the better change.

LEAP-YEAR.

IN VERY SHORT METRE.

1.

One day,
 A pair—
 He gay,
 She fair—
 The breeze
 Beside
 The sea's
 Salt tide
 Enjoy'd,
 And toy'd.

2.

Said Jane—
 "Dear Ned,
 I fain
 Would wed—
 Leap-year
 'Tis now—
 So here
 I vow,
 I'll wed
 Thee, Ned."

3.

Said he—
 "My dear,
 For me,
 I fear,
 Too gay
 You'd prove.
 Good day,
 My love!
 You'll wed
 Not Ned!"

4.

MORAL.
 From this
 True tale,
 Each Miss
 Don't fail

To be
 Well warn'd ;
 For she
 Is scorn'd
 Who tries—
 Like Jane—
 A prize
 To gain.
 Beware !
 Take care !

CLERICAL J.'sP.

[On reading instances of very severe sentences for trivial offences,
 clerical J.'sP. being on the Bench.]

See on the Bench stern Clericus appear,
 Law's vials fierce to pour throughout the year
 On trembling clowns for rabbits rashly slain,
 Or turnips tasted in sequester'd lane.
 He all astounded that a brazen tramp,
 When howls the tempest, in some sty should camp,
 Or, more luxurious, to cowshed hie,
 To sup on fancy, and on straw to lie—
 Consigns the culprit to the lictor's rod,
 With gorgon glances and appalling nod.
 Or—crime stupendous—should the starving steal,
 With greed outrageous, bread to form a meal,
 The graceless glutton to the gaol he sends,
 And stern upbraidings with the sentence blends—
 Then plumes his virtue with a glass of wine,
 And hopes for appetite wherewith to dine.

Should Christ the Saviour, who so dearly bought,
 With priceless blood, the mercy that he taught,
 In purchas'd pulpits be proclaimed by those
 Who smote poor sinners with the hardest blows ?
 Who, quite forgetting what He wrote before
 The woman's censurs on the temple's floor,
 Sharp missiles hurl to crush the bruised head,
 Which comfort knows not, and whence hope is fled,
 Yet preach forgiveness, and for mercy pray ?
 Ask sense and justice, they will answer, Nay !

SHE SYMPATHISES WITH THEM.

"Dear Mrs. Jones, have you been reading
Those really dreadful sweating cases?"

"I have, and oh, my heart is bleeding—
I'd *like* to scratch the monsters' faces!
Just *think* of friendless creatures toiling
From early morn to midnight mirk
For barest pittance! My blood's boiling—
Don't talk to me of barb'rous Turk!"

"I'd near forgotten. I *must* show you
Some really first-class shirts I bought
At Starve and Sinwell's. O, I know you
'll call there early, and you ought.
For *just imagine*—good stuff in them—
Only two and three, my dear!
For double that I'd not begin them—
I'll always deal there while I'm here."

"'Tis harrowing! It kills me nearly
To hear how starving wretches slave
At matchbox-making, late and early,
And *just* to keep them from the grave."

"O, that reminds me, Mr. Cozen
He charges quite a penny less
Than other tradesmen for the dozen,
And *that's* a saving, you'll confess.

"Of course, a penny on such small things
Amounts to little, you may say,
But I *do* love to cheapen all things,
And O, my dear, I make it pay!
Besides, for other people's sake, you
Really ought to beat them down.
To 'Starve and Sinwell's' shall I take you?"
"Yes." "Well, let us start for town."

GUSHINGTON, JUNIOR'S, VISIT TO ELYSIUM.

[A SENTIMENTAL RECITATION.]

How sweet it is at eventide to meet
 One's "ownest own" in some sequestered nook,
 Where limpid rill meanders at your feet
 In tiny creek—I mean a sylvan brook—
 Where o'er you sigh the grand old gumtree's sprays,
 Where zephyrs waft the wattle's perfume sweet,
 And where beneath chaste Dian's silver rays
 The merry "jacks" their laughter oft repeat.

Ah, sweet indeed, and who with manhood's heart
 And vernal fire would as a hermit live,
 When he might play the favored lover's part,
 And taste delight that only love can give?
 Ah! who indeed? And so when Ethel Ann
 To my entreaties whispered; "I'll be there,"
 I thought myself a goddess-favored man—
 But oh! what goddess could with Ann compare?

That afternoon I deemed old Time was lame,
 Or sleeping soundly—horologues' hands stood still—
 And yet, at last, the evening duly came—
 As to all time the evenings surely will.
 So then I watched the roseate twilight die,
 But thought it died so slowly that a day
 Might through its periods inertly fly,
 And yet depart without so much delay.

With beating heart I wandered forth to find
 My darling girl beneath the old gumtree;
 But ah! strange rumblings floated on the wind,
 Though signs of thunderstorm I could not see.
 'Twas strange indeed, the countless gems of night
 Gleamed from her brow, undimmed by cloudy veil;
 The insect world proclaim'd a strange delight—
 That eerie sound! 'Twas but a curlew's wail.

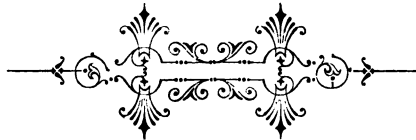
I like not curlews. Ah ! a gumtree's root
 Disturbed me slightly, for I saw it not
 Until I felt with my unconscious boot
 And sought the earth to prove what I had got,
 I left it there, and brush'd from off my knees
 Those portions of the path which to them clung,
 And after that I felt not at my ease.
 But what then happened shall be quickly sung.

[To some solemn air.]

I whistled to show I was brave then,
 But oh, with a bark like a roar,
 A snap at my breeks Cæsar gave then,
 And took all their seat, and some more.
 Thus lightened, I cleared a rail fence then,
 But Taurus was waiting for me,
 And, acting with *malice prepense* then,
 Induced me to light in a tree !

[With animation.]

How peaceful seemed the silent realms of space
 That stretched above me in stupendous bow ;
 But ah ! just then it was another case
 With those two denizens of realms below.
 Oh, cruel fate, the demons raged awhile,
 Then waited there to see if I would come.
 My darling wept at what she deem'd my guile,
 The while I prayed till morning in that gum !



S U E Z.

Where Lesseps' ditch two continents divides,
 And sullen Red Sea rolls her bitter tides,
 There Suez stands, with thieves and donkeys rank—
 Both sorts of brutes, detestable and lank—
 Greed, lies, and scab the human reptiles brand
 As noxious vermin, bred of filth and sand—
 Vermin from which e'en flies must flee away
 As more annoying viler pests than they.

Each mongrel tongue for "backsheesh" loudly yells,
 In filthy streets replete with filthy smells,
 Where mangy dogs with mangy implings lie,
 And share with fleas possession of the sty ;
 Where, vending pictures filthy as the land,
 Vile Grecian cheats by day unblushing stand ;
 Where virtue dwells not in the vicious race—
 Of earth the dark, inscrutable disgrace ;
 Where—hold my muse, no mortal pen can paint
 The blackness, Suez, of thy moral taint !

From off my feet thy dust I on thee fling,
 Thou than Gomorrah's more detested thing ;
 Nest of foul vices, loathsome as a sore,
 Fester and fry upon thy arid shore,
 Until on thee descends the brimstone rain
 That to Gehenna sent the cities of the plain.

NOTE.—Written after a day's experience of the donkey boys and pictures. - So I expect I was in a bilious frame of mind.

ON SEEING A MALTESE PUPPY FONDLED BY
A VERY PRETTY WOMAN.

I would I were a puppy small,
From Malta's sunny isles,
I'd run delighted at thy call,
I'd revel in thy smiles ;
I'd wink at soapsuds in the eyes,
The comb's keen teeth I'd bear,
I'd heed not e'en Australian flies,
Could I enjoy thy care.

O ! I would dare each dog's disease,
I'd yelp upon the chain,
I'd be a small preserve of fleas,
Could I thy favor gain !
But *puppy* I could *never* be—
Whate'er my friends opine—
And so, as hope departs from me,
I give this hopeless whine.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE ABOVE PUPPY.

[As reported by "The Briefless One."]

Weep, all ye friends of M——d fair,
Weep all who fancy puppies rare,
For one that had the kindest care
Is now past calling.
Weep for her pet, dark Montague,
O'erflow with tears the ocean blue,
Weep all ye Siam's motley crew,
Like rain down falling.

Weep, all ye maidens fair, who spoon
About the decks till night's high noon—
All pups ye love, so in a swoon
Fall, but take care !
And you, ye false creation's lords,
Who whisper aye deceitful words,
Weep, for this death on tender chords
Should sadly jar.

Weep, children, for a playmate lost—
He's dead and to the fishes toss'd—
Though he a prince's ransom cost
So late at Malta.

Poor snow-white pup, on him ye trod,
And caus'd to yell, with pinch and prod—
But now not either boot or rod
Would make him falter.

Weep, too, ye wrinkled, graceless crew
 That o'er your draftboards daily stew—
 Ye cross old dogs—for he to you
 Would often wander,
 Attracted, though he could not tell,
 By strangely sympathetic spell
 Which makes kind love its kind right well—
 Like goose and gander.

Weep, every one—weep, earth and sky,
 Till ocean's cavern'd bed be dry,
 Till scatter'd clouds forget to fly,
 And ev'ry eye's hard.
 But ah ! as trickles down my nose
 The saline soother of our woes,
 That puppy tumbles o'er my toes.
 O ! *Mr. Izard.*

Yes, though you're but a "briefless one,"
 The artless bard you've nicely done,
 And well a lawyer's life begun
 With tarradiddle.
 And so, no doubt, thro' life you'll try
 To drain the fount of credence dry,
 And make all statements, save a lie,
 A very riddle.

MORAL.

Now, ye whose tears *too* lightly flow,
 Near fledgling lawyers do not go—
 Or even old ones—for you know
 They aye cause sorrow.
 Nor listen to each idle tale
 Of puppies who on ocean sail,
 Or lassies who in every gale
 Your feelings harrow.

But rise—like me—with morning sun,
 Refresh'd by sleep from virtue won,
 Then pass the day, so well begun,
 In harmless pleasure—
 Say "Nap," and smoking, draughts, or "bull,"
 Till of them all you're more than full—
 Then pass in slumber, on the wool,
 Your well-earned leisure.

OUR WIDOW.

Our widow ! We've a charming one
 On board the "Siam" stout,
 Who loveth well good, wholesome fun,
 And knows what she's about.
 She laughs at time, she laughs at care,
 Scorns parrot still and cat—
 Our widow with the silky hair,
 And poppies in her hat !

Her smiles are sweet, her figure neat,
 She moves like lithe gazelle—
 To look at her is quite a treat—
 She is, I vow, our belle.
 She's not too tall, she's not too spare,
 She never will be fat—
 Our widow with the silky hair,
 And poppies in her hat !

With glances sly—that through you fly—
 She sweetens e'en the tea ;
 I gazing sigh—to go should try—
 Yet would her captive be.
 Yes, she could charm the grimmest bear
 That ever walked or sat—
 Our widow with the silky hair,
 And poppies in her hat !

Don't talk to me of maidens—she
 Could give them miles and miles—
 I would to me, her lily hand,
 She'd give, and all her smiles !
 For then of bliss I'd have my share.
 But "No" she says quite pat—
 Our widow with the silky hair,
 And poppies in her hat !

FAREWELL TO MY FELLOW-PASSENGERS OF
THE "SIAM."

Ye comrades free, who on the sea
Made days and weeks pass pleasantly,
To-morrow we must part,
The surging, eager crowd to swell,
All hoping aye to prosper well
In Fame and Mammon's mart.

'Tis passing strange that never more
We're like to meet on mundane shore,
Where sever'd wide we're cast—
That only in kind fancy's dream
Your faces bright shall on me gleam,
Like pictures of the past.

The merry jest, the hearty laugh,
The "Nap" and whist—well mix'd with "chaff"—
Like transient poppy flowers,
With pleasant tints old time bestrewed,
Who dull had else been, with his brood
Of lagging, listless hours.

But human life, from birth to grave,
Is—on dry land and liquid wave—
A strange kaleidoscope—
The pieces ever changing fast,
Bright scenes into confusion cast—
But should we therefore mope?

For turning onward we may yet
More pleasure-raising pictures get,
To gladden heart and eye.
And trusting such may really be,
From now until eternity,
I'll bid you all "Good-bye."

DEAR OLD ENGLAND.

England ! home of freedom ! fairest island
 Earth can boast—the birthplace of the brave—
 Though so distant, still I call thee *my land*—
 I shall love thee till I find a grave !
 Wife and children fill my home with gladness,
 Friends have I, as true as friends may be,
 Health and strength, and causes few for sadness,
 Still I pine, my native land, for thee.

CHORUS.

England, dear old England ! how I love thee !
 Though so long an exile from thy shore ;
 As the stars, that ceaseless shine above thee,
 So my heart is with thee ever more !

Sunshine, glorious sunshine, smiles upon me,
 Plenty reigns, and liberty is here,
 Still I long once more to look upon thee,
 And those scenes to mem'ry ever dear.
 Of the comrades of my boyhood golden,
 Few remain who roam'd those scenes with me.
 'Tis the friends of those times, sweet and olden
 I so yearn for—who in dreams I see.

CHORUS—England, dear old England ! &c.

England, dear old England ! still thy meadows,
 Grey old church, and sunny cricket-green,
 Summer clouds, with softest lights and shadows,
 In my musings are, like pictures, seen,
 Still I hear my gentle mother speaking—
 Jeannie's whispers—woodland minstrelsy—
 Nests and garlands I am once more seeking,
 When alone I camp 'neath my all tree.

CHORUS.

England, dear old England ! how I love thee !
 Though so long an exile from thy shore ;
 As the stars that ceaseless shine above me,
 So my heart is with thee ever more !

CHRISTMAS DAY—1889.

Once more the flying feet of time
Have gain'd the Christian's day of days,
When joy bells ring in ev'ry clime,
And loudly sounds the voice of praise.
Who murmurs that a year has flown—
A year for ever pass'd away?
Who thinks of shorten'd life to moan?
No, only joy marks Christmas Day!

One impulse moves the Christian mind—
A joyous one with great and small—
To cast all trouble to the wind,
And yield to smiling pleasure's thrall.
The galling bonds of want and sin
Seem loosen'd by the cheering ray
Of gladness, that its way should win
To all abodes, on Christmas Day.

What heart is now so stern and cold,
As not with gracious mood to glow?
E'en misers part with cherish'd gold,
Some little charity to show—
For as God sent his only Son,
To rend the sting of death away,
So let his will on earth be done,
And mercy reign on Christmas Day.

THE LAST KISS.

Oh ! my darling, since your love you told me,
 Long ago upon that summer's eve,
 Oft I've longed your arms might once enfold me,
 Ere this bright world's pleasures I must leave.
 I have longed ! oh ! I have longed to hear you
 Tell again your love in accents low ;
 I could die contented were you near me,
 Dearest love, to kiss me e'er I go !

Oh ! my darling, do these eyes behold you ?
 Yes, 'tis you who kneel beside me there ;
 Do not weep, altho' the truth they've told you,
 I am happy—do not so despair.
 Say you love me—place your arms around me—
 Take my head upon your bosom, so.
 Hark ! they call me—angel forms surround me—
 Kiss me, dearest ! kiss me ere I go !



THE SONG OF THE SEA.

Q.

What is the burthen of your song,
 That sounds so sadly sweet,
 O liquid lips of summer sea,
 As ye the south wind greet ?
 What words are they your wavelet tongues
 All lisp in accents low ?
 Say, do they sing of those who sleep
 The restless tides below ?

A.

We sing their story, till arise
 Rude storm-winds, hoarse and strong,
 When they, with mighty billows, take
 Up, thunder-voiced, the song ;
 And while brave seamen sink to rest,
 And tides shall ebb and flow,
 We'll still the tale and requiem sing
 Of those who sleep below.

WITHERED LEAVES.

Leaves of autumn, fallen, widely scatter'd,
 Ghost-like fugitives before the wind,
 Emblems are ye of my young hopes shatter'd,
 Bruised and scatter'd by fate's gales unkind.
 'Neath the bright skies of my girlhood's dreaming,
 Fair as springtide's tender leaves were they,
 Manifold as summer's glories gleaming—
 Like those glories have they pass'd away.

Leaves of autumn! In his green grave sleeping,
 Arthur lies, and I am left to weep ;
 Heedless time for me is coldly creeping,
 While beside him I so long to rest.
 Yet, like young leaves, in due season springing,
 Where it wither'd, hope springs in my heart,
 Gentle comfort to my spirit bringing—
 I shall meet him, never more to part.



DOWN IN THE SCENTED LANE.

At early morn, when the old folks sleep,
 Out of the house I steal with Jane,
 To gaze, of course, at the cows and sheep,
 Down in the scented lane.
 I press her hand, and she presses mine—
 O ! but we kiss, and kiss again—
 Few words we say, though our arms entwine,
 Down in the scented lane.

The skylark sings in the azure sky,
 Ears have we none for his joyous strain ;
 Sweet flow'rets gleam, but we pass them by,
 Down in the scented lane.
 This life is care—so the old men say—
 Never a care have I or Jane,
 For O, we love, as the young folks may,
 Down in the scented lane.

CAMPING ALONE.

Only old Beppo grazing nigh,
 My camp-fire's red gleams leaping high ;
 Only the whispering trees that find
 Gossip enough with the sighing wind ;
 Only a saddle beneath my head,
 Only the stars above me spread,
 Only my pipe and pot of tea,
 Out in the lonely bushland free.

Am I alone ? Not I ! Not I !
 For the laugh and the song I hear
 Of joyous friends, and their music blends
 With the bells of a glad new year,
 With the bells of a glad new year,
 Which peal on a frosty air,
 While the glance that flies from my sweetheart's eyes
 Is joy beyond compare.

I hear my Annie whisper low,
 " I love you Fred, I love you so.
 Oh ! dearest, from me do not stray,
 For life is sweet e'er heads grow grey ;
 With love like ours our home would be
 A palace, e'en with poverty.
 For Austral's gold, ah ! do not go—
 I have no wish for riches—no !"

The flames are sinking low,
 And the wind in a myall tree
 Is whisp'ring sadly, " Do not go,"
 As she whispered it to me,
 With the Southern Cross below.
 Lonely am I and grey,
 But Annie sleeps where daisies grow,
 And peep from ont the lingering snow,
 In churchyard far away.

THE ZEPHYR.

"I have no home and I have no care,
But wander around in the realms of air,
To hustle the gnats in a shady lane,
Or rifle the sweets of the floral train—
Ever a vagrant, light and free,
Never a vagrant else like me.

"I fan the cheek of the languid fair,
I nestle an instant 'midst their hair,
And, venturesome aye, from their ruddy lips
Snatch kisses sweet as a butterfly's sips.
Never a maiden frowns on me—
I am a vagrant zephyr free.

"I stir the face of the placid stream,
And mottle the calm of its silver gleam,
Then gliding away to the distant deep,
I settle me down on its breast to sleep.
Ever at home on land or sea—
I am a vagrant zephyr free."



WHISPERING WIND.

"Whispering wind from the far-reaching sea,
Met you his ship where you happen'd to be?
Long has my lover's adventurous sail
Skimm'd o'er the billow and courted the gale.
Met you my lover? Oh! sent he by thee,
Whispering wind, a kind message to me?
Whispering wind, bring your message to me.

"Whispering wind, has the treacherous sea
Snatch'd in its rage my own true love from me?
What do you whisper? Oh, what do you say?
Sails my own true love in safety this way?
What is the message you bring from the sea?
What is the message you whisper to me?
Whispering wind, oh, be truthful to me."

THE MISTLETOE.

O ! mistletoe,
 Long, long ago,
 When Britons painted blue,
 The Druid's scythe
 Took sacred tithe
 From old oak tree, of you.
 Then shrieks rang loud
 O'er savage crowd
 From idol's blood-red flame—
 The oak is dead,
 Those Druids sped,
 But you are still the same.
 Then hip, hip, hip !
 For the mystic slip !
 Hurrah for the mistletoe !

'Midst Christmas show,
 'Tis there you glow,
 O'er festive crowd hung high,
 And maidens fair
 Feign martyr'd air,
 When men to kiss them try.
 Your berries white
 Flash back the light
 On laughing eyes below,
 And hearts *are* cold
 Which *must* be told
 They're 'neath the mistletoe !
 Then hip, hip, hip !
 For the mystic slip !
 Hurrah for the mistletoe !

BE HAPPY WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.

Some good folks, when growing old,
Lament much—so I am told—
Youthful pleasures on their consciences, which burn ;
But I rather think that they
More regret, when growing grey,
Those pleasures that old age is forced to spurn.

CHORUS.

Then be happy while you're young,
While your joy bells still are rung,
And care from youth's glad laughter flies away ;
Pleasure calls us every hour, with a bright, mysterious power—
Let us hasten, let us hasten to obey.

We are certain, you and me,
That kind, stolen kisses be,
To maiden and to youth, as honey sweet,
But just think of grandpapa
Kissing Jones' grandmamma !
And *endeavouring* to fancy it a treat !
CHORUS—Then kiss when yet you're young, &c.

Enjoy now tuneful songs,
Ere you have to list for gongs,
With sound-conducting trumpet at your ear ;
And dance, too, while you can,
Be you maiden or young man,
For age is creeping on you year by year.
CHORUS—Then dance, &c.

I don't say, my friends, at all
That to folly you should fall,
But accept of each good gift that pleasure brings ;
Just have lots of harmless fun,
Ere your springtide course is run,
And black shadows 'gin to fall from trouble's wings.

CHORUS.

Then be happy while you're young,
While your joy bells still are rung,
And care from youth's glad laughter flies away ;
Pleasure calls us every hour, with a bright, mysterious power—
Let us hasten, let us hasten to obey.

WAITING.

He's gone to the land of the bright sunny South,
 Where gold may be won by the willing and strong.
 The weeks into months, and the months into years,
 Go crawling like snails, for to me it appears
 The time is so weary and long.

He said he'd no fear when he kiss'd me good-bye,
 My love would sustain and encourage him there,
 And soon, if kind Providence bless'd him with health,
 He'd come back to give me his hard-gotten wealth.
 But I—oh, I almost despair !

But ah ! Who is that ? Sure that step I should know.
 The door it flies open and Charlie comes in,
 All bearded and brown, but with love in his eye ;
 His arms are wide open, and thither I fly,
 A happy new life to begin.

THE MAIDEN SLEEPS.

The tired maiden soundly sleeps,
 She dreads no morning's call,
 The clamours of her farmyard friends
 For her unheeded fall.
 All careless of the hints to rise
 From swiftly mounting sun,
 She dreams not of her parents wrath
 At duties left undone.

She soundly sleeps, no jealous tear
 On pillow trickles down ;
 No phantom rival now provokes
 A dark, tho' fleeting frown ;
 No smile upon her visage plays
 Of happy dreamland mirth—
 She has a daisy coverlet
 And narrow bed of earth.

"A GALE FOR ME."

The daylight dies in the cloud-capp'd west,
 Where sea and sky in a circle sweep ;
 Old Ocean's breast is in strange unrest,
 Though the waves surge not and the winds all sleep.
 The sails they droop from the spars on high,
 As I for a strong sou'-wester sigh ;
 My own true love, I am bound for thee.
 Then hey ! a piping gale for me !
 A gale, a gale for me.

I hear thy voice in the murmurs soft
 Of Ocean's sigh and the breezes light,
 I see thine eyes in the stars aloft,
 And chide old Time for his tardy flight ;
 The sails they shake as I sigh below
 For a welcome western wind to blow.
 My own true love, I am bound for thee.
 Then hey ! a piping gale for me !
 A gale, a gale for me.

Hurrah ! a gust with a roar comes down,
 The bending masts to its fury bow ;
 But what care I for the storm king's frown—
 She lies her course with a hissing prow.
 The wind it howls, but I laugh ho ! ho !
 For the sails all draw, and our course we go.
 My own true love, I am bound for thee.
 Then hey ! a piping gale for me !
 A gale, a gale for me.



THE BUSHMAN'S DREAM.

Thousands of miles from my native land,
 Out in the bushland free,
 Wrapp'd in my rug 'neath the myall old,
 What do you think I see ?
 Why, a grey village on English soil,
 Set in a landscape fair,
 With many a nook and many a tree
 I knew in my boyhood there.

Friends of my youth, O, ye laugh again—
 Laugh with a heart-felt glee—
 There in the shade of the verdant lane,
 Down by the hollow tree.
 Hark to the singing of happy birds !
 Blythe as those birds are we,
 For Annie and Joe, and bonny young Jane,
 Again are my comrades free.

 Back to my heart comes its youthful glow,
 Glorious hope and mirth ;
 Jenny, I clasp you again to my heart—
 Happiest boy on earth.
 What do I hear ? Not a lark's clear note ?
 No, 'tis a curlew's scream—
 And the night-wind sighs mid the myall sprays
 At the flight of a bushman's dream.

THE GHOST.

When darkness reigns o'er the weary world,
 When bats flit forth and the owlets cry,
 'Tis then in the gloom, with shroud unfurled,
 I dreadful loom to the startled eye ;
 The hingeless gates of my silent home,
 With never a touch, wide open fly,
 And I am free for the night to roam.
 A ghost ! a ghost ! O, a ghost am I.

 A hundred years to the past have fled
 Since knife gleam'd red o'er my victim slain,
 Yet aye I flit where her soul I sped,
 And oak-roots blush'd with a crimson stain.
 That oak still stands, of no storm afraid,
 Yet seems to groan, as the wind sweeps by,
 With horror deep at the guilty shade.
 A ghost ! a ghost ! O, a ghost am I.

 That oak shall rot in the years to come,
 To dust her tomb in the churchyard turn,
 Yet I must feel—in my torture dumb—
 Her blood, like lightning, blast and burn ;
 Ere rolling world, when "the trump shall sound,"
 To rayless void, with its dead may fly,
 In endless night shall I wander round.
 A ghost ! a ghost ! O, a ghost am I.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

(Written on revisiting my native village, after an absence from it
of 27 years,)

Where are my friends? my boyhood's friends !
 I left behind at home,
 When, young and bold, for Austral's gold,
 I cross'd the ocean's foam.
 The lark still sings on mounting wings,
 The mavis on the tree,
 But sylvan scene and village green
 Are tenantless for me.

Where are my friends? my boyhood's friends !
 That long unchanged band
 I met at night, in visions bright,
 In Austral's far-off land—
 The winding stream, which erst did teem
 With comrades splashing free,
 Flows onward still—and ever will—
 It empty is for me.

Where are my friends? my boyhood's friends !
 The brave, the blythe, and fair?
 In silent grave, beneath the wave,
 And scatter'd here and there ;
 While those still left, of youth bereft,
 With feelings changed, I see—
 Alone I stand on native land,
 For changed is all to me !

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

The sunshine of my life is veiled
 By clouds of sorrow dark,
 And yet it seem'd but yesterday
 I sang like joyous lark.
 How charming then were earth and sky,
 The winds in music blew—
 It seem'd as if in haste, for joy,
 The eager moments flew.

For George to me had told his love,
 And I had mine confessed—
 No maiden ever yet was clasped
 Unto a truer breast.
 He seem'd so strong—he was so brave—
 I thought his love a shield
 That could protect me everywhere,
 And joy undying yield.

Ah ! hapless love ! we said good-bye !
 He to the wars must go—
 A cruel bullet found him there,
 And quench'd his brave heart's glow.
 What wonder then that mine is broke—
 That joy is from it fled !
 I would that on my soldier's breast
 Was laid my weary head.



DOWN WHERE THE POPPIES GROW THICK IN THE CORN.

Down where the poppies grow thick in the corn,
 There on the pathway, by footfall scarce worn,
 Jessie, dear Jessie, you promised to be
 More than the world and its treasures to me.
 Nature's own music was ringing, but ah !
 Young love's low whisper was sweeter by far,
 Filling our hearts with a rapturous bliss,
 Crown'd, my own Jessie, by many a kiss.
 Down where the poppies grow thick in the corn,
 Down where the poppies grow thick in the corn.

Down where the poppies grow thick in the corn,
 O, we were happy that bright summer's morn—
 Happy as only true lovers may be.
 Why were those pleasures so fleeting for me ?
 Poppies' bright petals too quickly are shed,
 Joy, like a wind-wafted petal, is fled ;
 Memory only, lost Jessie, to me,
 Now when I wander aye whispers to me.
 Down where the poppies grow thick in the corn,
 Down where the poppies grow thick in the corn.

FAR FROM HOME.

Beside the sea in solitude,
 Upon a summer's day,
 A minstrel maid, in pensive mood,
 The moments mused away.
 Her light guitar upon the sand
 Unheeded lay, while she
 In fancy saw a smiling land
 Beyond that summer sea.
 But ah ! she starts, she strikes the strings,
 And, plaintive o'er the foam,
 The notes rise softly as she sings
 Of her far distant home.

O, land of love ! O, land of light !
 O, land of purple wind !
 I muse with longing and delight
 Of orange-tree and vine ;
 The castanets I hear in thought
 When shine the moon's soft rays,
 I join again the merry sports,
 The dance of bygone days ;
 And though the weary way be long
 That I have yet to roam,
 Of thee shall be my constant song,
 My lov'd, my far-off home.

PLEASE BUY A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

"Please buy a bunch of violets,
 Only a penny, sir,"
 A poor child begg'd, whose wistful eyes
 Were softly blue as southern skies,
 Though shoeless were her feet.
 A pretty child, half clad, was she,
 Almost too shy to speak to me,
 My custom to entreat.
"Please buy a bunch of violets—
 Indeed, sir, they are sweet."

" Please buy a bunch of violets,
 Only a penny, sir."
 That voice, those timid eyes, they seem'd
 Like voice and eyes of which I'd dream'd
 In days for me long fled,
 When I a maiden loved, and she,
 By parents urged, though loving me,
 Their favored one had wed.
 My gaze was on the violets,
 My thoughts were with the dead.

" *Please* buy a bunch of violets,
 Only a penny, sir."
 I chose some bunches, as I said,
 " I'll be thy friend, my little maid,
 To me thy story tell."
 And then I found life's changeful sea
 Had cast a helpless waif to me
 From her I loved so well.
 That orphan no more violets
 For daily bread shall sell.

"IT IS NOT MY FAULT, I DECLARE."

What are you winking at, impudent star,
 Is it at Philip and me ?
 Well, wink as you will from your station afar,
 You cannot tell tales, don't you see.
 If Philip does happen to stroll to the stile,
 When somehow I chance to be there,
 And we on the top rail should linger awhile,
 It is not my fault, I declare.

Dear Philip is handsome, and Philip is kind,
 And Philip, they say, is my spark,
 So somehow or other we frequently find
 It nice to just chat in the dark.
 And if now and then our lips happen to meet,
 And he has to clasp me up there,
 'Tis owing, of course, to that awkward old seat,
 And is not my fault, I declare.

WAITING IN THE LANE.

By mossy old gate, where you told me to wait,
 I watch whilst the last gleams of daylight decline,
 The nightingale sings for his brown little love,
 The rabbits are sporting about, while above
 The stars are beginning to shine.

But landscape so fair, and the soft summer air,
 No charms have for me while you're absent, my dear ;
 The nightingale sings, but I sigh for my Jane,
 And lonely to me is the sweet-scented lane,
 Until your light footsteps I hear.

Each fluttering leaf makes me start like a thief,
 Who thinks in the dark he has pounced upon gold,
 But when you come not, O, how sad is my heart !
 For nothing can cure its keen love-hunger smart
 Till you to it closely I fold.

THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

St. Valentine's Day, with its fluttering hearts,
 Is over and gone for the year,
 Yet Love is still busily plying his darts,
 For springtime, glad springtime, is here.

Though blustering winds, on bleak, rain-laden wing
 Of winter still rave, as in fear,
 Near spent is the reign of the grim, icy king,
 For springtime, glad springtime, is here.

The snowdrop so pure, and the crocuses gay,
 Proclaim that their goddess, so dear,
 Is thinking of beautiful garlands for May—
 Yes, springtime, glad springtime, is here.

The swallow and cuckoo are now on the wing,
 Old England, the happy, to cheer.
 Forgetting the winter, come let us be gay,
 For springtime, glad springtime, is here.

MY JACK WAS A SAILOR.

A BALLAD.

My Jack was a sailor, so handsome and true,
The envy of landsmen, the pride of his crew,
But oh ! o'er the treacherous ocean he's gone—
I wept when we parted, but now I'm forlorn !

His ship was a clipper—he said she'd outsail
The swiftest of sea-birds, and laugh at the gale.
But ah ! to the bottom she went, like a stone,
And I my own true love am left to bemoan !

How happy were we when, a long voyage o'er,
My Jack, with his pockets full, hasten'd on shore,
His Sue, in her rig, should be second to none—
But now, thin and threadbare, his loss I bemoan !

But ah ! his dear image still sits on my knee—
A brave little Jack, who a sailor shall be—
And though, poor and friendless, I'm left here alone,
I've something to love, while his loss I bemoan !

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

Herald of summer ! hail swallow, you're welcome
Back to your home, 'neath the sheltering eaves ;
Scarcely have Flora's first pets to each dell come,
Hiding still shyly 'midst pale-tinted leaves.
Chill winds, sleet-laden, may rail at your coming,
Vaunting that winter still reigns o'er the scene,
Gnats will be whirling, and bees will be humming,
Shortly, o'er hedge-row, o'er streamlet and green.

Welcome, blythe swallow, from sunny lands winging
Hither your flight, to the land of the free,
Small repairs needing, your nest is still clinging—
It, as my roof-tree, is sacred to me.
Bring your mate home then, the surly winds scorning—
Seasons change soonest when worst they appear—
Rest well to-night, friend, and fear not the morning,
Summer, with sunshine attending, is near.

WHEN HE RETURNS FROM SEA.

When I am waiting for my Joe,
 Who sails the stormy deep,
 'Tis little rest or peace I know,
 Not even when I sleep ;
 For then I dream of dreadful storms
 That snatch my Joe from me.
 But O, the happy times I know
 When he returns from sea !

For then I need not slave all day,
 I need not grieve all night,
 For Joe is like a sunny ray
 That renders all things bright.
 He laughs when I of danger talk,
 And says that from the sea
 He's bound when he has gold enough,
 To aye return to me.

MONEY.

There's nothing in this world of ours
 Like money !
 It seems to strew our path with flowers,
 Does money !
 The only salve that *nearly* cures
 All ills which puny man endures,
 Is money, money, money !

A dwarf may have a strapping wife
 For money !
 A snob may move in highest life
 With money !
 A rich man easily can be
 A sinner with propriety,
 With money, money, money !

But time a moment will not stay
 For money !
 From death you cannot gain a day
 With money !
 So I'd advise this simple plan,
 Enjoy, dear brothers, while you can,
 Your money, money, money !

“DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT.”

They say the British Lion's tail
 Is down, like any cur's,
 Because he's peacefully inclined—
 But don't believe such slurs.
 He does not want the free to slay,
 He does not want to roar,
 But aye is ready for the fray
 To guard his native shore.

CHORUS—

He's ready, then, to leave his den,
 And bound, with open jaws,
 Upon his foe, to lay him low,
 In freedom's sacred cause.

They say a kettle to his tail
 Is banging at his rear ;
 Their tails should smart, who thus assail,
 With idiotic sneer,
 The Lion grand, that sea and land
 Roams, in his pride and might,
 The strong to beard, the weak to save,
 And aye uphold the right.

CHORUS—

He's ready, then, to leave his den,
 And bound, with open jaws,
 Upon his foe, to lay him low,
 In freedom's sacred cause.

LOVE LANE.

There's a lane that has rustic old stiles,
 And quaint pollard elms at each side,
 Where young lovers stray in the loitering way
 They affect in the bright summer's tide.
 The wild briar trails o'er the moss-covered rails,
 The newly mown hay scents the air,
 And Love with his wings hides all unpleasant things,
 From the eyes of the happy young pair.

The lane close adjoins the old church,
 And mischievous Love oft impels
 A young couple in, 'mid the welcoming din
 Of the sycophant, silver-toned bells.
 A plain golden ring is no terrible thing,
 Yet potent indeed is its might,
 For Love, it would seem, from the bright burnish'd gleam
 Of a wedding ring often takes flight.

Then *high* are those *nasty* old stiles,
 All *muddy* the path, and besides,
 What *noxious* things crawl 'mongst the *fierce* nettles tall,
 Which *infest* the rank grass at the sides.
 The wild briar's spray has sharp prickles, they say,
 That fierce stinging gnats fill the air,
 For Love, in his flight, takes the scales from the sight
 Of the e'erwhile too happy young pair.

WE'RE OFF THE HORN.

We're off the Horn, we're off the Horn,
Where western winds blow strong,
And icebergs glide o'er gloomy tide
In strange, majestic throng.
'Midst driving sleet each tack and sheet
Are thickly frozen round,
Yet cheerily we sail the sea.
Hurrah ! we're homeward bound !

We're off the Horn, we're off the Horn,
Where sea birds, wheeling high,
To stormy sea's rude minstrelsy
A wild fandango fly.
The fog lies low, the deadly floe
Is in our pathway found,
Yet cheerily we sail the sea.
Hurrah ! we're homeward bound !

STUPID PETER.

DEDICATED TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Air—"Juanita."

1.

Leaning o'er his liquor,
 Lingering lolls the fledging fop,
 Grins a senseless snicker,
 Strokes his chin's "down crop."
 On the barmaid slender
 His sheep's eyes they love to dwell ;
 Fuddled looks, yet tender,
 Throws this would-be swell.
 Peter, stupid creature !
 She don't care a pin for you ;
 Peter, stupid creature,
 What I say is true !

2.

He'll take to pawning,
 Nought cares he, but drinks again,
 And, prudence scorning,
 Looks his love in vain.
 Grog his breath all scenting,
 Like an oyster is his eye ;
 Oh, he'll be repenting
 Ere the night's gone by.
 Peter, stupid creature,
 You that yet may be a man,
 Peter, stupid creature,
 By "Darwin's plan."

TOM BLANK, THE HONEST LAWYER.

Tom Blank was a lawyer, so honest, that he
 Would never receive a retainer or fee,
 Until he was certain his client was one
 Who never the slightest injustice had done,
 And even had such a one come for advice,
 'Tis certain that Tom would have said in a trice,
 "Beware ! O, beware of the law, if you're wise,
 For lawyers, not clients, rake in every prize !"

A good man was Tom, in his gown and his wig—
 A too utter saint in piratical rig—
 For though wealthy clients would come to his door,
 He'd send them away to attend to the poor ;
 For *justice*, not law, was the aim of his life,
 And truth even dearer to him than his wife.
 With conscience so tender, what wonder that he
 Was never enabled to pocket a fee.

His children grew ragged, his wife she grew wan,
 And Satan—the saint of all lawyers—began
 To whisper to Tom that the truth was no go,
 And justice a thing that was terribly slow.
 So Tom took to quibbles, extortion, and lies,
 And, from that same moment commencing to rise,
 Is now a law magnate, whose wealth and renown
 And stylish turnout is the talk of the town.

Now those who have listened to this, my queer song,
 Don't think I'd advise you, my friends, to go wrong,
 To quibble, tell lies, and extort cent. per cent.,
 For such, I assure you, is not my intent.
 Oh, no, not at all—for I *do* love a man
 Who's good to the poor, and tells truth when he can—
 But this I do say, "O, beware of all lawyers,
 'Tis *fools* and their *money* that makes them top-sawyers !

POLLY AND JACK.

JACK— "O, Polly, my darling, a craft I have got,
 Her skipper I am, do you see,
 So what say you, lass, about sharing my lot,
 And sailing with me on the sea?
 The Mary Ann's cabin is fit for a Queen,
 She's safer than houses ashore,
 As dewdrop she's fresh, as a new pin she's clean,
 I love you! What can I say more?"

POLLY— "O! dreadful the storms are on ocean's rude breast,
 And frightened I'm sure I should be."

JACK— "You'd just be as safe as a bird in its nest—
 You would not be frightened with *me*.
 With love at the helm, lass, our course would be plain,
 No quicksands or rocks should we find."

POLLY— "Dear Jack, I will venture with you on the sea,
 And Providence, sure, will be kind."

BOTH— "A ship on the sea to true lovers may be
 A palace and haven of rest;
 We'll fear not the wind, in rude tempests unkind,
 That vex in their rage ocean's breast.
 Then O for a life on the bonny blue tide,
 With love for our pilot and friend,
 Contented and happy together we'll glide,
 United and true to the end!"

BAT LANE.

So modest was Mary, my sweetheart, that she
 To harvests of kissing would never agree,
 And certainly "Tantalus" felt no such smart,
 From fruitlessly longing, as I, in my heart,
 For truly her two lips as rosebuds were sweet,
 And fain would my two lips her twin roses greet.

But Mary—so modest—was timid, and she,
 When startled, would cling like a woodbine to me ;
 And so it once chanc'd, when we stroll'd in a lane,
 And I for a kiss had been longing in vain,
 A nasty great bat gave my darling a scare—
 Where gnats a cloud-polka were dancing in air.

She turn'd to me quickly, with short little shriek,
 And dropp'd in my arms, quite too frightened to speak,
 When I, to compose her, ah ! labor of bliss,
 Just lifted her sweet face and gave her a kiss ;
 And somehow or other—so great was her fright—
 Unchided I kiss'd her full often that night.

So longing young lovers, whose sweethearts are shy,
 Just take them to lanes where a lot of bats fly,
 And when one approaches don't wait for a shriek,
 But kiss them directly on lips and on cheek.
 For if you by kissing once cure them of fright,
 Henceforward in bat-haunted lanes they'll delight !

I'M LONELY 'NEATH THE OLD GUM-TREE.

The twilight fades in darkening skies,
Whence stars peep forth, like prying eyes,
And I am waiting here for thee,
Where oft we've met 'neath old gum-tree ;
Amidst its sprays the sighing wind
A pensive sweetheart seems to find.
Oh, Marjory, I sigh for thee—
I'm lonely 'neath the old gum-tree.

The crickets sing, they've company,
The laughing Jacks, they laugh at me,
The 'possum's happy on the limb—
He has his sweetheart there with him ;
Not even moths or beetles fly
Without a sweetheart flitting nigh.
Oh, Marjory, I sigh for thee—
I'm lonely 'neath the old gum-tree.

The curlews, though they sadly wail,
For sweethearts never seem to fail,
But roam in pairs amid the gloom,
Where sable wattles shed perfume.
I, only, have no sweetheart dear,
And long your footsteps light to hear.
Oh, Marjory, I sigh for thee—
I'm lonely 'neath the old gum-tree.

PAUL PERIWINKLE PROPOSES.

Postprandial performance. Place—Penwotham. Pretty Phœbe Percival pleadingly promenaded past Paul Periwinkle. Paul, perceiving Phœbe's purpose, pretended preoccupation. Phœbe, pensively persevering, Paul persistently peer'd past Phœbe. Phœbe, provoked, paused poutingly. Paul pinched Phœbe playfully. Phœbe pleasantly permitted Paul's pinch—perhaps preferring pinches. Phœbe's pliability pleasing Paul, Paul proposed piano. Phœbe—perfectly proficient performer—playing plaintively, Paul's pretended preoccupation passed. Phœbe, perceiving Paul's phrenological predisposition, played perseveringly. Paul, presently producing photographs, presented portrait—priceless picture. Phœbe, profoundly pleased, placidly permitted Paul's peculiarly pleasant personal pressure. Paul ! Paul !—prolonged playing, peculiar pauses, perturbation, * * * * * “Periwinkle ? Pooh ! perfectly preposterous !” protested Phœbe provokingly.

“Periwinkle ! Perfectly presentable !” pleaded Paul persuasively. Phœbe, pretending present persuasion, promised—pa permitting. Paul—Phœbe prompted—precipitately pestered Pere Peter Percival. Pompous paterfamilias—prodigiously pleased—pathetically promised Paul Phœbe's proprietorship, provided Paul's patrimony permitted plentiful provision. Pro petit Periwinkles ! Paul, phenomenal plutocrat, pretensions perfectly permissible.

Preparations ! presents ! parson ! perennial pleasure ! perambulators ! perplexity !

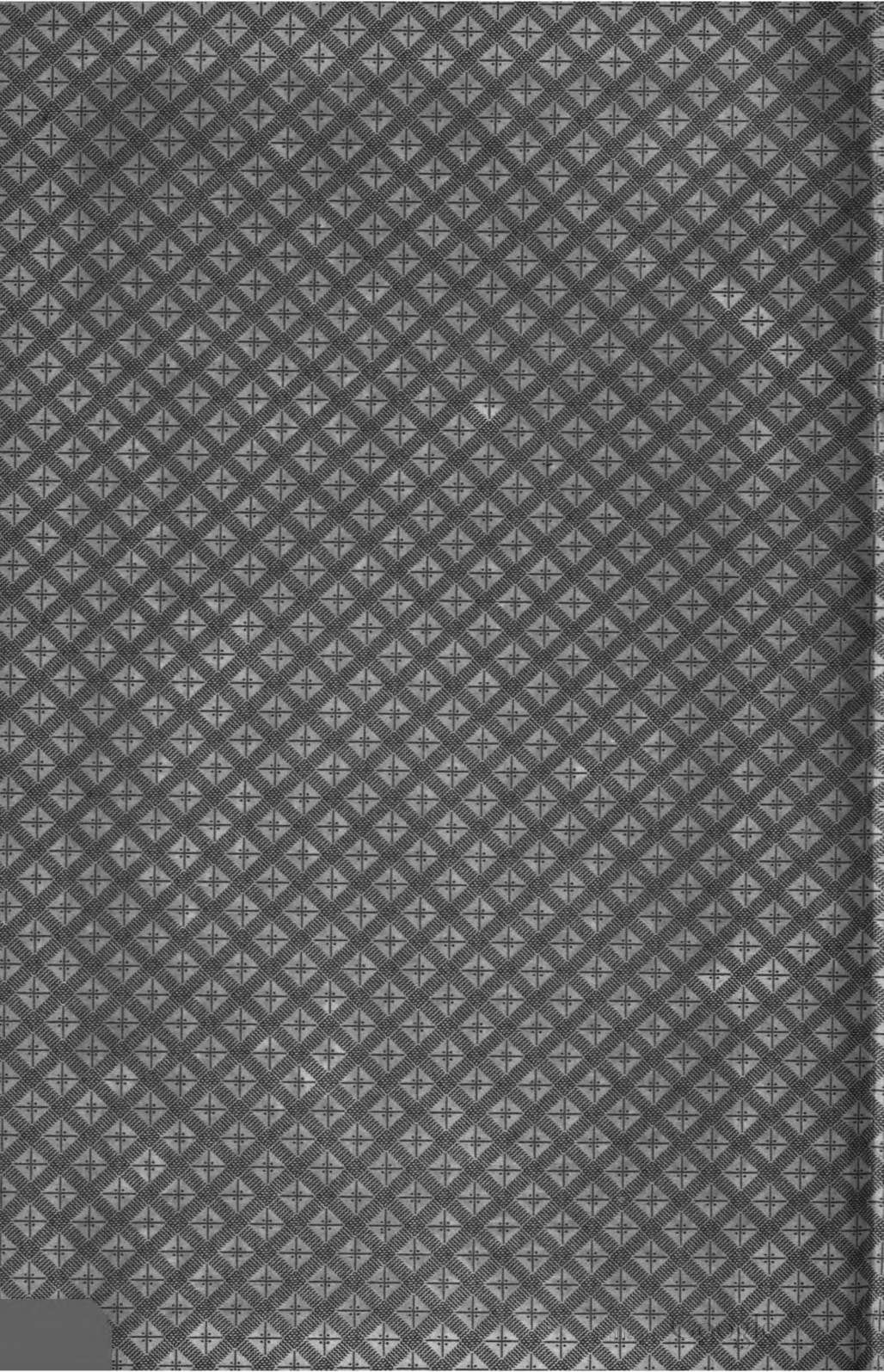
PEREGRINE PEABODY.

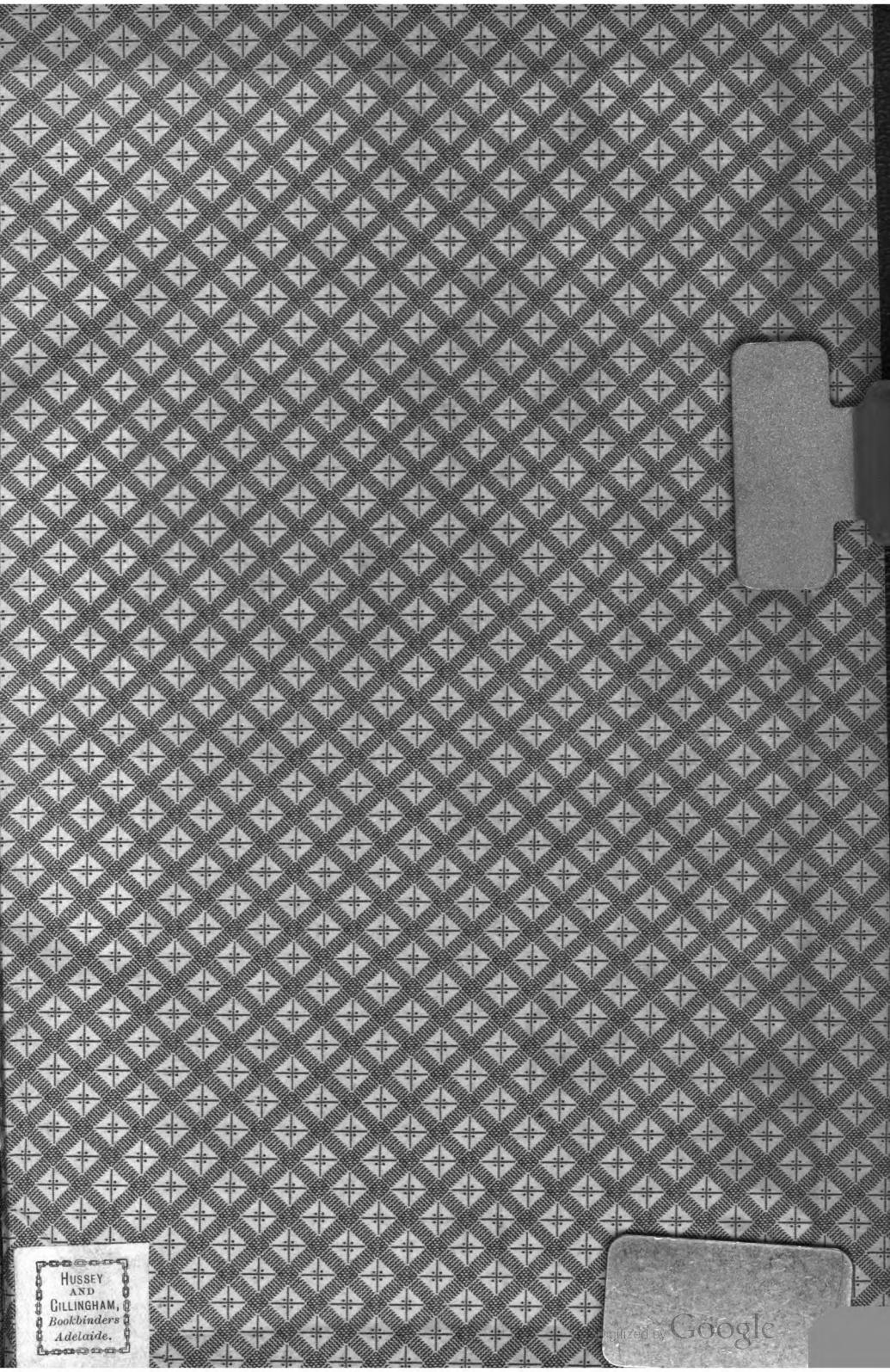
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